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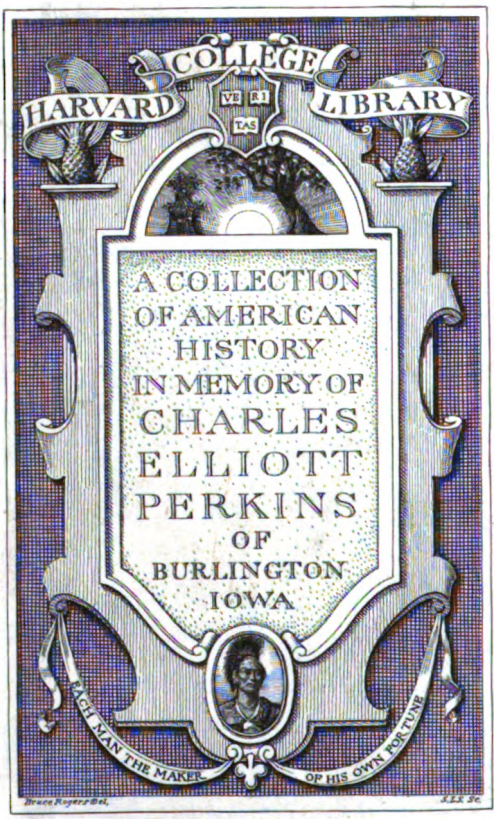


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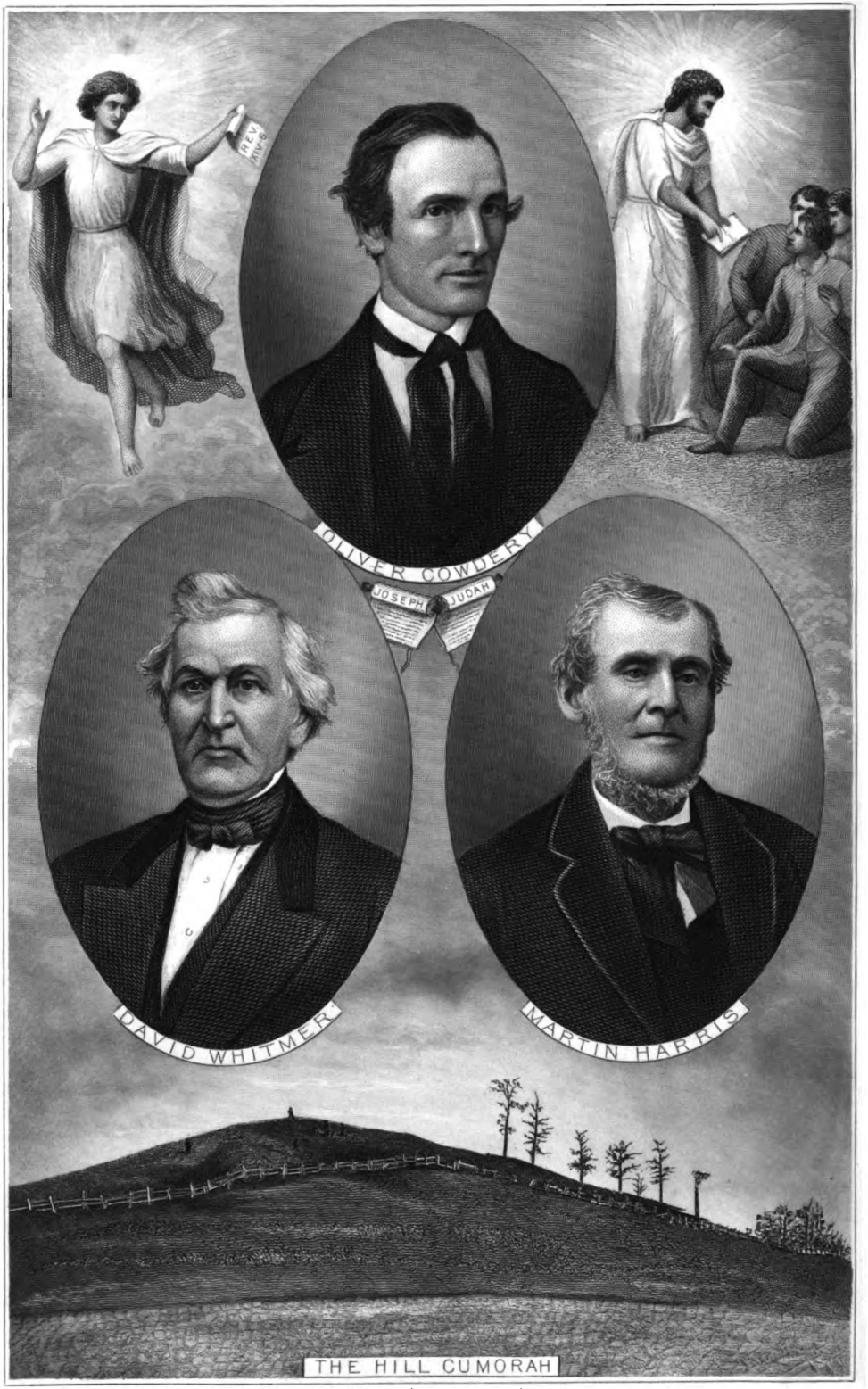


# THE THREE WITNESSES.

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*"The Glory of God is Intelligence."*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR,

REPRESENTING THE YOUNG MEN'S AND YOUNG LADIES'
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF
THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

VOLUME FIVE.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY JUNIUS F. WELLS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
PRINTED BY DESERET NEWS COMPANY.
1884.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1883. No. 1.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

### The Testimony of Three Witnesses.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shewn unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes, nevertheless the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

Oliver Cowdery
David Whitmer
Martin Harris

I.

THE ORIGINAL RECORDS.

SHORTLY after the arrival of Lehi and his little colony on the promised land, Nephi received a commandment from the Lord to make certain "plates of ore" upon which to engrave a record of the doings of his people. Some time later, or between thirty and forty years after the departure of Lehi from Jerusalem, Nephi was further instructed regarding the records. The Lord then said unto him, "Make other plates; and thou shalt engraven many things upon them which are good in my sight, for the profit of thy people." Nephi, to be obedient to the commandment of the Lord, went and made these other plates, and upon them were engraven the records from which the first portions of the Book of Mormon are translated; or those parts known to us as the First and Second Books of Nephi, and the Books of Jacob, Enos, Jarom, and Omni.

The two sets of plates manufactured by Nephi were both used as records of his people and called by his name; but their contents were not identical. Upon the



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first set was engraven the political history of the Nephites, upon the second their religious growth and development. The one described the acts of their kings, and the wars, contentions and destructions which came upon the nation, the other contained the story of the dealings of the Lord with this people, the ministry of His servants, their teachings and prophecies. Of the contents of the first we know but little, simply that which we gather from incidental remarks made in the second; but the second is given to us in its completeness in the translation contained in the Book of Mormon.

It would have been very interesting to students of history to have received the detailed account of the reigns of the kings who governed the people of Nephi, that is, to those who would accept these records as of God; but it was far more important that those most sacred truths contained in the revelations of Heaven to that people should be made manifest to this generation: the one would be a satisfaction to our intellectual natures, but the other is necessary to our eternal salvation; for the Book of Mormon contains "the fulness of the Gospel," and also many things "plain and most precious" that have been taken out of the Jewish Scriptures, through the craft or ignorance of apostate Jews and Christians. For this most important reason those portions of the Nephite records that are now contained in the Book of Mormon were first revealed; we should never have been willing to have accepted the others without them, for it is upon the basis of religion, not of history, that the Latter-day Saints accept the Book of Mormon. We also have the promise that other plates will be translated and given unto us in the Lord's due time, and doubtless among them will be those first plates upon which Nephi recorded, with such detail, the travels and labors in the wilderness of his father and associates.

The plates of Nephi containing the sacred annals of his people were not entirely filled with engraving until about two hundred years before Christ. They were made by Nephi between the years 570 and 560 before the advent of the Redeemer; but the record on them goes back to the time when Lehi left Jerusalem or 600 B. C., so they in reality contain the history of God's dealings with that branch of the house of Israel for about four hundred years. During this time they were in the possession of nine historians, who held them, as near as can be gathered from their own statements, as follows: Nephi, from —- to 546 B. C.; Jacob, from 546 to —; Enos, from —- to 422; Jarom, from 422 to 362; Omni, from 362 to 318; Amaron, from 318 to 280; Chemish, from 280 to —; Abinadom, from — to —; Amaleki, from — to 200 (about). By this time they were full of engraved characters, there was no room to write any more history on them, and Abinadi handed them to King Benjamin.

We next come to the commencement of Mormon's abridgment of the later annals. According to this prophet's statements, contained in the book that is entitled "The Words of Mormon," but which in reality takes the place of a preface or introduction to his condensation of the Nephite records, it appears that he had also made an abridgment of Nephi's historical or political record, but finding these other plates (frequently called the small plates) he discovered thereon so much that was desirable and precious, that he placed them with the remainder of his plates and by this act they came into the possession of Joseph Smith as a part of Mormon's record. It may probably be most satisfactory to give, in his own words, his reasons for doing so. He says:

> And now I speak somewhat concerning that which I have written; for after I had made an abridgment from the plates of Nephi, down to the reign of this king Benjamin, of whom Amaleki spake, I searched among the records which had been delivered into my hands, and I found these plates, which contained this small account of the prophets, from Jacob down to the reign of this king Benjamin; and also many of the words of Nephi.
>
> And the things which are upon these plates pleasing me, because of the prophecies of the coming of Christ; and my fathers knowing that

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many of them have been fulfilled; yea, and I also know that as many things as have been prophecied concerning us down to this day, have been fulfilled, and as many as go beyond this day, must surely come to pass;

Wherefore I choose these things, to finish my record upon them, which remainder of my record I shall take from the plates of Nephi; and I cannot write the hundredth part of the things of my people.

But behold, I shall take these plates, which contain these prophesyings and revelations, and put them with the remainder of my record, for they are choice unto me; and I know they will be choice unto my brethren.

And I do this for a wise purpose; for thus it whispereth me, according to the workings of the Spirit of the Lord which is in me. And now, I do not know all things; but the Lord knoweth all things which are to come; wherefore, he worketh in me to do according to his will.

We shall hereafter discover what this wise purpose in the Lord was.

The introduction of these "Words of Mormon" at this place, in the Book of Mormon, has led many superficial readers into confusion. Some have imagined that it was some other Mormon than the father of Moroni, while with others it has produced an inextricable confusion of dates; but the fact is that these "Words" are simply the connecting link that unites the plates of Nephi with those of Mormon. That which was recorded on the plates of Nephi was engraven between 600 and 200 years before the coming of our Savior while the rest of the Book of Mormon was not written in its present form until the lifetimes of Mormon and Moroni or between the years 311 and 421 after Christ; the former being the date of Mormon's birth, the latter the time that Moroni closes his record.

Following the "Words of Mormon" are the Books of Mosiah, Alma, Helaman, III Nephi, IV Nephi and Mormon. At the end of the seventh chapter of the last named book, Mormon's record closes, and in the commencement of the eighth chapter his son Moroni informs us of his father's death. From that point to the close of the sacred volume the writings are those of Moroni, which comprise the two last chapters of Mormon, and the books of Ether and Moroni, the Book of Ether being Moroni's condensation or synopsis of the history of the Jaredites; and the Book of Moroni his personal experience, teachings and prophecies. Thus we find that eleven historians have written the Book of Mormon in its present form—nine on the plates of Nephi, with Mormon and his son Moroni. But of these eleven, four—Nephi, Jacob, Mormon and Moroni—occupy almost the entire book. Of the others, some engraved only a few lines, while a page or two sufficed for the record of the remainder.

But to understand clearly the abridgments of Mormon and Moroni two things must be remembered. The first that they frequently interpolated or inserted their own views or reflections on what they were writing, as a commentator in these days would insert foot notes to an ancient work he was editing. Foot notes appear to have been unknown to the ancient Nephites, so, as Mormon and his son went on with their labors, they inserted their remarks into the body of the work, and these annotations or interpolations are amongst the most valuable portions of the sacred volume. If the fact of these post-Christian insertions be remembered it will cause difficulties in the text to disappear as if by magic, and seeming contradictions of dates or facts will be immediately harmonized and reconciled. The second thing to be remembered is that both of these servants of God in making their abridgments, inserted in full certain records, epistles, communications made and discourses or speeches delivered by the persons of whom they write. Among such appear to be—"The Record of Zeniff," in Mosiah; certain sermons of Alma, Amulek and others, in Alma; the commandments of Alma to his three sons, in Alma; the epistles of Helaman, Moroni, Ammoron and Pahoran, in Alma; the prophecies of Nephi and Samuel, in Helaman; the teachings of the Savior, in III Nephi; the epistle of Giddianhi to Lachoneus, in III Nephi; the discourse of Mormon, in Moroni; the epistles of Mormon, in

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Moroni. These appear from the text to be exact transcripts from the original records, which view is borne out by the fact that the language in most of them differs from the style of Mormon; some phases that appear in them being peculiar to the extracts in which they are found, while certain words that are frequently used therein are rarely or never found in other parts of the volume.

The following are the periods embraced in the contents of the various books which compose Mormon's abridgment: Mosiah, with Mormon's preface, one hundred and nine years, or from 200 to 91 B. C.; Alma, thirty-nine years, or from 91 to 53 B. C.; Helaman, fifty-two years, or from 52 to 1 B. C.; III Nephi, thirty-four years, or from 1 to 34 A. C.; IV Nephi, two hundred and eighty-seven years, or from 35 to 321 A. C.; Mormon, to end of chapter viii, sixty-five years, or from 321 to 385 B. C. Moroni's record closes four hundred and twenty-one years after the coming of the Messiah in the flesh.

The names of the historians whose writings Mormon abridged to form his record, with the periods during which they held possession of these sacred treasures (as correctly as can be gathered from his condensation), are as follows: King Benjamin from (about) 200 to 125 B. C.; King Mosiah, from 125 to 91 B. C.; Alma (the younger), from 91 to 73 B. C.; Helaman (the elder), from 73 to 57 B. C.; Shiblon, 57 to 53 B. C.; Helaman (the younger), from 53 to 39 B. C.; Nephi, from 39 to 1 B. C., Nephi (the disciple), from 1 to 34 A. C.; Nephi, from 34 to 110 A. C.; Amos (the elder), from 110 to 194 A. C.; Amos (the younger), from 194 to 306 B. C.; Ammaron, from 306 to 320 B. C.

In the above table one thing will probably strike the attention of the observant reader. It is the length of time that the historians who lived in the happy age of righteousness immediately succeeding the visit of Christ to the Nephites, held the records. Nephi, the son of the disciple of the same name, had charge of these precious engravings seventy-six years, his son Amos eighty-four years, the second Amos, the son of the last named, the marvelous period of one hundred and twelve years, or a total of two hundred and seventy-two years for three generations—grandfather, father and son. What a powerful sermon this fact preaches in favor of an age when all God's laws were implicitly obeyed by a whole nation for three succeeding generations.

When Mormon delivered up the plates to his son he says:

> And now I, Mormon, being about to deliver up the record which I have been making, into the hands of my son Moroni, behold, I have witnessed almost all the destruction of my people, the Nephites. And it is many hundred years after the coming of Christ that I deliver these records into the hands of my son; and it supposeth me that he will witness the entire destruction of my people. But may God grant that he may survive them, that he may write somewhat concerning them, and somewhat concerning Christ, that some day it may profit them.

When Mormon was dead, Moroni wrote:

> Behold, I, Moroni, do finish the record of my father, Mormon. Behold, I have but few things to write, which things I have been commanded by my father.

Afterwards, finding his life was lengthened beyond his expectation he again writes:

> Now I, Moroni, after having made an end of abridging the account of the people of Jared, I had supposed not to have written more, but I have not as yet perished; and I make not myself known to the Lamanites, lest they should destroy me."

When four hundred and twenty years had passed since the advent of the Redeemer, he wrote his closing exhortations and sealed up the records. At this point the inspired history of ancient America closes.

It would appear from the text that the plates, upon which the records of the people of Nephi were kept, continued to be called the plates of Nephi down to the time of Mormon. Of Ammaron his predecessor in the charge of these sacred things, it is written:

> And it came to pass that when three hun-

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dred and twenty years had passed away, Ammaron, being constrained by the Holy Ghost, did hide up the records which were sacred; yea, even all the sacred records which had been handed down from generation to generation, which were sacred even until the three hundred and twentieth year from the coming of Christ.

And he did hide them up unto the Lord, that they might come again unto the remnant of the house of Jacob, according to the prophecies and the promises of the Lord.

Mormon writes on the same subject:

And now I, Mormon, make a record of the things which I have both seen and heard, and call it the Book of Mormon.

And about the time that Ammaron hid up the records unto the Lord, he came unto me, (I being about ten years of age; and I began to be learned somewhat after the manner of the learning of my people,) and Ammaron said unto me, I perceive that thou art a sober child, and art quick to observe;

Therefore when ye are about twenty and four years old, I would that ye should remember the things that ye have observed concerning this people; and when ye are of that age, go to the land of Antum, unto a hill, which shall be called Shim; and there have I deposited unto the Lord, all the sacred engravings concerning this people.

And behold, ye shall take the plates of Nephi unto yourself, and the remainder shall ye leave in the place where they are; and ye shall engrave on the plates of Nephi, all the things that ye have observed concerning this people.

Further on he writes:

And now the city of Jashon was near the land where Ammaron had deposited the records unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed. And behold I had gone according to the word of Ammaron, and taken the plates of Nephi, and did make a record according to the words of Ammaron. And upon the plates of Nephi, I did make a full account of all the wickedness and abominations; but upon these plates I did forbear to make a full account of their wickedness and abominations, for behold, a continual scene of wickedness and abominations has been before mine eyes ever since I have been sufficient to behold the ways of man.

From the above quotations it appears reasonable to suppose that only those plates and records necessary for his purpose were handed by Mormon to Moroni. Certain it is that the abridgment was not hidden up unto the Lord in the exact same place as the other records. When revealed unto Joseph Smith the plates on which it was written were found in a stone box in the hill Cumorah, with the instruments necessary to their interpretation, the Urim and Thummin, with them. The numerous other records hidden up by Ammaron, were not in that box, nor has it ever been definitely made manifest to the world where was the exact locality of their place of deposit. *George Reynolds.*

The science of life may be thus epitomized—to know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

## WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE GEYSERS—I.

AMONG the natural wonders of the world, none fill the mind with such awe and mysterious surprise as the geyser. Volcanoes we are partially prepared to look upon without marvel, for we have learned in our primary geographies that "they are mountains, sending forth smoke, ashes and streams of burning lava." The Geysers were not so well known when our geographies were made as they will be in the future, when they will take a place by the side of Ætna and Popocatepetl as among the great natural wonders of the globe. The next generation may, therefore, look upon the eruption of a geyser without wonder as we gaze into the burning crater of Vesuvius without fear.

But of geysers there are many; the hot spouting springs of California are so called, and the geyser district of New Zealand is remarkable for its bewildering profusion of boiling springs, steam-jets and mud volcanoes; though Iceland has been the secluded home of the geysers, known to greatness and to fame, for many years. Conical mounts

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emitting steam, and oft times mineral waters are scattered over many lands, and have their local notoriety commensurate with their merit; but the Geysers of the World are set apart in the National Park of the Yellowstone, for the admiration, the delight, the surprise, the awe and wonderment of all men of all nations for all time to come.

What are geysers? Let us before proceeding farther, discover if we may, from the definitions of the learned, what these mysterious columns of boiling water signify in the divine economy of nature, and why and how they are produced. It appears from the writings of Professor Bunsen, and the experiments of Professor J. H. J. Müller, of Freiburg, who constructed a most successful artificial geyser, that the cause of the phenomenon is the sudden evolution of steam. In describing his theory, Bunsen, in effect, says: "Let us suppose an underground cavity, communicating with the surface by means of a pipe, the cavity being partially filled with boiling water, upon which the confined steam exerts such pressure as to force the water to the opening of the pipe. If we suppose a sudden addition of heat to be applied under the cavity, a quantity of steam will be produced which, owing to the great pressure, will be evolved in sudden starts, causing the noises like discharges of artillery and the shaking of the ground." The professor admitted that this could be only a partial explanation of the facts, and that he was unable to account for the frequent and periodical production of the necessary heat.

It is observed by scientific investigators that any hot spring capable of depositing silicious material, by the evaporation of its water may, in the course of time, transform itself into a geyser, a tube being gradually built up as the level of the basin is raised; and every geyser continuing to deposit silicious material is preparing its own destruction; for as soon as the tube becomes deep enough to contain a column of water sufficiently heavy to prevent the lower strata attaining their boiling points, and thus interrupt the creation of extraordinary steam pressure, the whole mechanism becomes deranged. In geyser districts it is easy to find thermal springs busy with the construction of the tube; warm pools or *laugs*, as the Icelanders call them, on the top of silicious mounds, with the mouth of the shaft still open in the middle, and dry basins from which the water has receded entirely.

Professor Tenney in writing of the Iceland geysers, says: "Thermal springs are intimately connected with volcanic phenomena. They occur in almost every country remote from volcanoes as well as near them. The geysers in the southwestern part of Iceland have long been noted. The Great Geyser issues from an elevated basin, fifty feet in diameter, which gradually contracts into a pipe or tube eight or ten feet in diameter, with a perpendicular depth of about eighty feet. The basin is sometimes empty, but is generally filled with boiling water. Sometimes a column of water is thrown up one hundred or two hundred feet. This violent action lasts only a few minutes. After the water is thrown out of the pipe, an immense quantity of steam rushes up with a deafening roar, then all is quiet for a time."

The conclusion from reading the reports of professors and doctors and learned examiners, is inevitable that they fail to see much farther in the ground than the ordinary run of men. That the immense cloud of steam which envelops everything near a geyser in eruption and floats to the sky above, is produced by the boiling of water; that the water is made hot by fire and thrown from its subterranean fount by an incalculable force, produced by the confinement of steam or some other wonderful agency, is apparent to any one who sees a geyser perform. Who the stokers are, and under whose direction they put on the coals, and why they do it, is at present more a question of sectarian religion than of science.

Why the grandest of all geysers should be located on the upper waters of the Madison River, right under the

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Continental divide of the Rocky Mountains, on the eastern slope, and as it is often expressed, "right on top of the world," remains a mystery. There we found them. Crossing a heavily timbered mountain from the main branch of the Madison River, over a government road, cut thirty feet wide through a forest of pine poles, so straight and slender and plentiful that they might be used to fence the world around at all the zones, we came into Firehole Basin, and found ourselves upon the same river we had left over the mountain; but here it is called the Firehole River—a name given to it, doubtless, by the Indians, to express their idea of the wonders distributed along its banks for twenty miles, as it meanders through the basin or valley which has also taken its name. Coming down the mountain avenue, we suddenly emerge from the timbered parks that stretch on either side as far as the eye can reach, and behold before us a grassy plain that leads down to the steaming river, whose sides are lined with hot springs, some even bubbling up from the middle of the stream. This is Lower Geyser Basin, and within two miles from our entrance to it is located the Fountain, a beautiful unpretentious little spouting spring that plays for the entertainment of new comers every evening, about the time they arrive by either the Beaver Canyon or Northern Pacific route.

In the vicinity is the Queen Laundry an immense fountain of scalding water, of such softness and cleansing properties that it takes rank as the chief washing machine of the world. It has an orifice thirty by fifty feet, through which great volumes of water are hurled to a height of five or six feet, overflowing in a series of pools until it finally spills into a beautiful basin twenty to thirty feet in diameter and five feet deep with walls that look like ivory. Here the water has become cool enough to afford a luxuriant bath. Not far from this spring is located a boiling chalk vat from thirty to forty feet in diameter, in which bubbles and boils, incessantly, hot silicious clay of various shades of color, from a greyish white to a deep pink. This clay in certain stages of cooling is in excellent condition for modelling. Some of our party displayed considerable ingenuity in fashioning out of it mantel ornaments of curious design, which on getting cold became hard and smooth as the finest polished marble, the colors being coral pink and silvery white.

In two hours drive from the Lower Basin over a road that the Superintendent of the Park is having much improved, we reached the Upper Geyser Basin in which are located the grandest natural fountains in the world. We had just driven into the shade of some stately pines and were unhitching our horses when someone cried out: "There goes old Faithful," and looking a quarter of a mile away we saw, amid dense clouds of snow white steam, floating in marvelous folds to the sky above, a column of boiling water six feet in diameter and from a hundred and fifty feet to two hundred feet high, breaking and descending in a lovely shower of glistening pearl drops. When the water falls it fills a succession of porcelain reservoirs, clustered in terraces about the dome, of every conceivable shape and endless variety of tints and vivid colors. This geyser is a general favorite, though his shaft is not so high nor the volume of water thrown so great as others, yet his regular performance, occurring every sixty-five minutes, night and day, gives all visitors an opportunity of watching and studying his eruptions and becoming acquainted with him as with no other of his companions, whose periodicity is much longer and more uncertain. With us Old Faithful was a friend from the beginning. The happy elderly gentleman of our party, and father of us all, called him "Old Regular," and when being corrected said, "beg pardon, Old *Reliable*." No one could complain, for "Faithful," "Regular," or "Reliable," they all apply.

We were very hungry when we reached Upper Basin and were about to get dinner after the reception Old Faithful had given us, when a U. S. guide or police-

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man called out, "Look out for 'The Grand!'" We rushed pell mell, leaving camp in confusion worse confounded, across the narrow foot bridge and up the silicious bank, a few hundred yards to get a nearer view of the marvelous sight presented by the "Grand Geyser of the World." It is on the summit of a knoll whose sides slope down to the river. Above the throat or aperture which extends to a depth of a hundred feet is a basin several feet deep and twenty by twenty-five feet in diameter. When an eruption is about to occur this basin fills with boiling water to its brink, then, suddenly, with heavy concussions and terrific sounds, as of ponderous cannon immense clouds of steam rise to the height of five hundred feet, and the whole body of water in the basin is thrown straight into the air in a gigantic column a hundred feet high. From the apex of this enormous shaft shoot up radiating jets to the wonderful height of two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. The earth trembles under the descending deluge from this wonderful fountain as the seething water flows over the sides of the dome, plowing up and washing away the shelly strata to the river below. It is the grandest, the most majestic and terrible fountain ever seen by human beings in the world. This eruption was repeated as we stood awe-struck, dumb, gazing upon it from a safe distance, yet as near as possible, seven times, each eruption equal to the others, and all beyond comparison to anything we ever saw or heard of before. The geyser played thus for twenty minutes, when the water gradually lowered into the crater out of sight, the steam ceased to escape and all became quiet. Our whole party were wild with admiration and enthusiasm some declaring that the water rose three hundred feet.

The Grand had scarcely ceased, when the indicator of the Beehive declared his readiness to claim our attention. Forgetting dinner and everything else, we ran down the slope across a little meadow and over the river twice to be on time when this appropriately named, industrious, vigorous and determined fellow should begin to play. The Beehive is so named because it is a cone, the exact shape of an old-fashioned straw beehive. It is about five feet in diameter at its base, and stands four feet high. Its aperture in the top is about two feet in diameter, and is somewhat irregularly shaped. When the geyser is quiet, no water can be seen in it and visitors lounge about the peculiarly shaped structure, leaning upon its sides and casting pebbles into the crater; as they drop, a faint sound is produced by their striking the sides of the shaft, but they give no evidence of resistance to their fall by water below.

We waited but a few moments when a hissing, gurgling, puffing noise so deafening that human voices sounded sepulchral and hollow, was heard above all other sounds. This was accompanied by a sudden terrific eruption from the top of the hive of a column of boiling water two feet in diameter, which rose to the great height of two hundred and nineteen feet, where it continued for five minutes, breaking and spreading at the top into a shower of lovely crystals and globules, which lit by the heavenly hues of the rainbow and the glistening of the sunlight gave it the appearance of a fountain of Paradise. The tremendous force of the eruption as the column shoots away into the air carries great boulders a hundred feet on its course if thrown fairly into it, and hurls sticks or lighter objects beyond its summit a considerable distance. The wind carrying the descending shower off to one side permitted us to approach the ascending column so that we could place our hands within an inch of it, the velocity of the eruption was so great that to have touched the furious stream would have cost a hand or arm.

*De Vallibus.*

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FOOLSCAP.—The story may or may not be true that King James I of England knighted a chine of beef that pleased his palate particularly well, and so immortalized the name "Sir-loin." But this is only one of a hundred nouns in common use whose history is equally

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whimsical. Everybody knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred of those who use it can tell why it is so called. When Oliver Cromwell became Protector of England, he caused the stamp of the Cap of Liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II, when he had occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this government paper was brought to him. On looking at it he inquired the meaning of it, and on being told, he said, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap." Thus originated the word foolscap, which has since been given to a size of writing paper, usually about sixteen by twenty-three inches.

Affliction, like the ironsmith, shapes as it smites.

## INTERVIEW WITH DAVID WHITMER.

I met an aged man the other day,
In Richmond, Missouri, in County Ray.
His step was feeble, but his eye was bright,
And in it beamed intelligence and light.

He once was chosen witness, with eleven,
Of ministrations from the courts of Heaven.
His fellow witnesses have passed away,
And he has now but little time to stay.

Three score and ten have bleached his aged head;
His Prophet friends lie numbered with the dead.
He, on Missouri's battle field, alone
Was left to grapple with the dread cyclone.

It took away his home, but left intact
The room and box with scripture records packed,
And finished up its sacrilegious raid,
Within the old churchyard, among the dead.

It ruthlessly destroyed the tombs, which care
Of sympathetic friends erected there;
And recklessly tore up the very ground
Where Oliver's remains might once be found.

Give me the quiet valleys of the west,
Of all our broad domain, in which to rest;
For there the righteous may escape the rod
Of the Eternal and Almighty God.

"Pray is it true," I asked, "that you have been
With heavenly messengers, and have seen
The records, called the plates of brass and gold,
Of which Moroni, in his book, has told?

"'Tis said you saw an angel from on high,
While other witnesses were standing by,
And that the messenger commanded you
To testify that this great work is true.

"Not questioning your statement that I've read,
Or what the other witnesses have said,
Yet I would like to know from you direct,
If we have read or heard these things correct."

He lifted up his voice, and thus replied:
"My written statement I have ne'er denied;
I saw the messenger, and heard his voice,
And other things that made my heart rejoice.

"Joseph Smith and Oliver were there,
And what I saw and heard I do declare,
With words of soberness and sacred truth;
I've borne this testimony from my youth.

"I do not know the angel's rank or name,
Who on the great and glorious mission came;
I know that he was clothed with power and might,
And was surrounded with effulgent light.

"No tongue can tell the glory and the power
That was revealed to us in that blest hour.
The plates of brass and gold, with angel's care,
Were placed before us as we waited there.

"We saw the fine engravings on them, too,
And heard the voice declare the book was true.
And what we saw and heard was by the grace
Of Him who died to save the human race.

"We've done as they commanded us to do,
And testify the Book of Mormon's true,
And was translated by the power given
The Prophet Joseph by the God of Heaven.

"Thousands of people have been here to see
The copy Oliver has left with me;
The characters, moreover, Martin took
Professor Anthon—words of sacred book.

"Some visit me who 'Mormonism' hate;
Some ranking low, and some of high estate.
I tell them all, as now I tell to you,
The Book of Mormon is of God, and true.



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"In yonder little room I have, with care,
Preserved the copy and the words so rare—
The very words from Nephi's sacred book,
That Martin to Professor Anthon took.

"If this be not truth, there is no truth,
And I have been mistaken from my youth.
If I'm mistaken, you may know from hence
That there's no God, no law, no life, no sense.

"I know there is a God—I've heard his voice,
And in his power and truth do still rejoice;
Though fools may ridicule and laugh to-day,
They yet shall know the truth of what I say.

"I've suffered persecution at the hands,
Of hireling preachers and their Christian bands;
I've braved their hatred, and have them withstood
While thirsting for the youthful Prophet's blood.

"They came, four hundred strong, with visage bold,
And said, 'Deny this story you have told,
And by our sacred honor we'll engage
To save you from the mob's infuriate rage.'

"A mighty power came on me, and I spake
In manner that did make the mobbers quake,
And trembling seized the surging crowd, and fear,
And evidenced to me that God was near."

Thus spake the aged witness of the way
The Lord commenced his work in this our day.
If men will not believe what God hath said
They'll not believe should one rise from the dead.

Here was a man who, in his youth, amazed
Had on a messenger from Heaven gazed,
Presenting plates of rich and varied size,
And filled his soul with wonder and surprise.

Not only he, but there were other ten,
All truthful, brave and honorable men,
With same integrity, have ever told
That they had seen the sacred plates of gold.

I asked a Gentile lawyer if he knew
The witnesses, and if he thought them true.
"Well, yes," he said, "I've known them from my youth,
And know them to be men of sterling truth.

"What David Whitmer says the people know,
May be regarded as precisely so.
He's not a man to shade the truth, or lie,
But one on whom you safely may rely.

"And Mr. Cowdery, I have known him too;
More truthful man than he I never knew.
And as lawyer he was shrewd and bright,
And always made an honorable fight."

"Think you that Joseph Smith could them deceive,
By forging plates, could make them all believe
That they had seen an angel of the Lord,
Or perjure them, and all, with one accord?"

"These men," said he, "were not that kind of stuff
Of clever swindlers the world has not enough,
To blind their eyes or swerve them from the truth,
And such has been their character from youth."

I asked a Gentile doctor, and was told
That David Whitmer's word was good as gold.
"His honesty is fairly crystallized—
His name will ever be immortalized.

"Although its all a mystery to me,
I know he's honest as a man can be;
I'd stake upon his word my very life,
And so would this my good and noble wife.

"I never go to hear these parsons preach,
They nothing know, can therefore nothing teach.
My wife can tell me more of truth and God,
Than all the doctors in their grand synod."

I interviewed an aged lady there—
The doctor's guest, moreover, his *belle-mere*.
In youthful days, Miss Whitmer was her name,
And changed for Cowdery, of historic fame.

Nobility was stamped upon her face,
Like royal signet of her father's race;
And David's lineaments were plainly there,
But moulded, it would seem, with greater care.

She spoke of thrilling scenes of early life,
When she and Oliver were man and wife.
But he has passed the dark and mystic river,
By order of the Author and the Giver.

"I know," she said, "this work will never fail,
Though all the nations may its friends assail.
'Tis come, as I have heard the Prophets say,
To stand forever, though heavens pass away."

Such is the substance of an interview
That tends to show this mighty work is true;
And being true, 'tis folly to oppose
The unseen power by which the system grows.

Some States have spent upon it rage and fury,
Despoiled its people without judge or jury;
And forced them in the mountain vales to hide,
And trust in Him who doth His people guide.

'Twas not the province of poor, erring man,
To formulate this great and glorious plan,
Nor is it in the power of man to stay
Its onward progress, or block up its way.

*James H. Hart.*

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# POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

I.

In treating a subject so much developed historically and so little formulated by scientific rules, I prefer to show how political institutions have grown, rather than open a discussion upon the definition and branches of government. The precursor of government is found in the formation of society, which develops in consequence of the wants of man, and because God has ordained that it is not good for man to be alone. The imperfect conditions and wicked inclinations of all mankind enter largely into society, each of whose members is forced to give up a portion of his comforts to protect himself against the intrusion of others. The wickedness on the part of the children of God necessitates punishment, which can be inflicted only by laws devised by man. These laws, in the beginning, according to history, have been the very essence of imperfection; but when we realize that our mission on earth is the education and perfection of mankind, that the laws of man must be made perfect, even as the laws of nature or the laws of God are perfect, we are prepared to conceive the importance of the progressive methods to be employed in administering justice and controlling the affairs of man.

If government became so absolute and tyrannical in consequence of the immoral attitude of man, then the cure must be found in the moral, rather than the intellectual conditions of his life. I speak of these conditions in their primary sense. In their advanced condition they enter more or less into a compound, and at times have become a component part of a nation. It is not recorded in history that the intellectual preceded the moral, but that nations have built upon moral qualifications—the whole network of intellectual pursuits. When, however, the two terms are held in contrast, it is from a primary condition into which both enter. When morality is at the foundation of a nation's growth, the mental attainments of the people are healthy and the political institutions are sacred; but it frequently happens that governments which have become prominent, by a mixture of the two, in the acme of their strength lose their moral force, and become subject to the elements of destruction, and fall into obscurity. Virtue belongs to the healthy condition of every country; and whenever virtue, or any of the factors of a nation's growth are disregarded, the political institutions become diseased, and mortify with exceeding rapidity.

Whenever a man abandons the habits of living that make him strong and healthy, there is no longer safety from disease and destruction. It is eternal vigilance and adherence to the laws of right living that insure health. Nations, like men, grow, oscillate, and die as they have lived. The term growth is no more applicable to the individual man than to the nation, for nations grow from birth with all degrees of strength and character; they are subject to disease and all the infirmities of the man who collectively makes them. Now, when we know what effects are consequent to certain causes, when we know why some men are wealthy, and some poor, why some possess one trait of character and some another; and above all, when we know exactly what kind of discipline will insure the greatest benefit to the child, or what kind will destroy its manhood and usefulness, we are prepared, in a great measure, to understand the circumstances of a nation's growth. If personal growth and characteristics may be applied to a nation, why not speak of the world as made up of individuals, whose union indicates instead of an individual an universal man? Thus speaking of the world as an universal man, we include all the attributes of its constituent parts. Looking then upon the world as a man, we must view its birth, growth, maturity and death, from the standpoint of individuality. But as

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our domain in treating this subject extends only over political institutions, that part must suffice in what we believe to be a striking comparison.

In a retrospective view, trace the conditions of a man's growth, and especially that part which has most to do with the government under which he has been placed from childhood. As a child, the parental control has been absolute, he goes and comes at a parent's bidding, and assumes no responsibility which belongs to the independence of manhood. As the child grows, he contends for his own way, in which, at times, he may greatly err. The struggle goes on between parent and child; the former points to the inability of the latter, and for misused privileges, denies the child a certain liberty. The latter propelled by the instinct of manhood, resists the restraint, as the strife goes on. At each period of his life, the individual has had to contend for the liberties and responsibilities of that period. Soon manhood dawns upon him, and the parent no longer dictates; he is able to act and think for himself; he is forced to defend and protect what the parent was pledged to defend. He accumulates and thinks for himself, and so acting, takes his station among men.

Thus we find government in childhood absolute, and certain liberties accompanying every progressive step. In perfect manhood we recognize a perfect liberty. The world was born into an absolute government. No nations of antiquity, through the established authority, conceded any rights to their subjects, whatever; the great principle of the rights of man had never fully illumined the horizon of the ancient world. Government, absolute in its form, characterizes the ancients. Broken fragments glittered in their firmament in the days of Greece and Rome; but liberty never shone in the full vigor of day until the advent of modern civilization. It must then appear to every thoughtful man that the grandest principle ordained of God is growth: the growth of man, yes the growth of every living thing, for with things as with men, usefulness is attained only in their growth.

The birth of everything, whether the vegetable, the animal, or the man, is not of our giving, but their growth is left to our keeping. Then it is rather the growth than the birth of political institutions that we have to look to. Growth implies infancy, and the principles of government, developed in the minds of men, have had their infancy. Infancy is coupled with weakness and dependence, and dependence signifies those conditions which belong to servitude. If we know nothing of the history of government more than (like everything associated with the principles of life) it must grow, we might feel assured that in its ancient form it was absolute even as parental government is absolute. But this absolutism does not imply an injustice to a people any more than it does to a child.

We are prone to remark that if a child has its own way its ruin is inevitable; nor is this any more true than it would be applied to nations of antiquity, or even modern times, if those nations were not qualified by experience and all the other conditions of liberty. The possession of liberty does not insure its continuance in man any more than in the nation. The maintenance of liberty is based upon well defined laws which society enforces according to conditions of the aggregate, which is the sum total of all the dispositions of the individual man.

It is readily understood then from what precedes that government is the effect of certain conditions of man, that systems make government, and that to know how political institutions are formed, we must know the systems out of which they grow. The religious, intellectual, and moral conditions of a people must be known. I put the religious first, because religion, more than all others, has to do with making nations, it is the most potent factor in the civilization of the world. Indeed an eminent writer has said, "show me your religion, and I will tell you your government." I distinguish religion

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and morality, for though religion should include both, it practically excludes morality in the most striking historical illustrations of national maturity. It is the express purpose of what succeeds to indicate at least why political institutions have been tyrannical or liberal, how they have grown, and why they have crumbled; why the world has developed them from infancy to their present advanced state. But it might be said that God has so ordained the growth of man, who collectively makes systems. While it is true that the hand of God controls the progress of nations, it does not follow that there are no fixed moral laws or order and science in their growth. Since man is endowed with a higher and more perfect organization than inorganic matter, it follows that the laws which control and marshal his forces are higher and more advanced than the laws pertaining to the material world. Or it might be said that the moral law is higher than the natural law, terms that differ more in degree than kind.

An error which many fall into might here be mentioned, that those who study political institutions may know that the conditions of man are not in consequence of the form of government, but that government is the outgrowth of the conditions of man; it should be considered an effect rather than a cause. Nor does the form of government so much affect the welfare of a people as a consistent application of its principles, and the strict maintenance of its laws, or to quote from Merrick: "Laws or constitutions have but little value, except public opinion demands their enforcement. When the universal sentiment of a free people is opposed to a statute, it might as well not be written; it is practically a dead letter. It therefore seems to be of little avail to contend about the adoption of laws distasteful to the community in which they are to be enforced, and little use in passing them. The only true method of obtaining beneficial legislation is to educate the people, who are to enforce the laws among themselves, to understand their necessity or usefulness. Most communities, when left free to act, understand their own wants and necessities better than anybody else." The principles and history of political institutions warrants the conclusion that no nation ever enjoyed a government, absolute or liberal that was not in exact accordance with the wants, necessities and virtues of the people who made it, and for whom it was made.

*J. M. Tanner.*

## A MASTERLY RETREAT.

ON the seventeenth of January, 1781, Colonel Morgan had routed the forces of the dashing British Colonel Tarleton; and Lord Cornwallis, determined to punish the victors and recapture the prisoners, burned his baggage, put his troops into light marching order, and started in hot haste after the Americans, who were on their way to join the main army under General Greene, now crossing the Catawba.

Three large rivers rise in the northwestern parts of North and South Carolina, and flow southeasterly toward the Atlantic. The first, or most southern one, is the Catawba, which empties into the Santee; next is the Yadkin, flowing into the Pedee; and the most northern is the Dan, winding back and forth over the Virginia line, and emptying into the Roanoke. A retreating army between a deep river and a powerful antagonist is in a very perilous situation; while one between two armies effectually separates them for some time. Morgan having joined Greene, and passed safely over the Catawba, the great effort of Lord Cornwallis was now to overtake his weak adversary somewhere between the great rivers; while General Greene was making every effort to keep a stream dividing him and his foe. Heavy rain storms had swollen the river so as to prevent the British commander from

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crossing. But after a couple of days' delay, he decided, by a night march to a private ford, to deceive the patriots and cross the river without opposition; in this, however, he was disappointed, for the ever-vigilant Greene had stationed a body of militia there to dispute the passage. Before daybreak the British column had reached the river; the rain was falling in torrents, and the turbid, foaming stream, whose roaring broke the solemn stillness of all else around, seemed indeed uninviting in the gloom. Cornwallis reined his steed on the bank, and gazed long and anxiously through the misty darkness. All seemed quiet, but the soldier's keen eye detected occasional flashes of camp fires in the forest, showing too well that his foe was not to be caught napping. The order to advance was given, and the troops boldly entered the channel, holding their muskets over their heads, and steadying each other on the slippery bottom. The cavalry plunged through, though many a horse and rider was borne down by the rapid stream.

The head of the column had scarcely reached the centre of the river when the sentinels on the opposite shore gave a warning signal, and a few moments after five hundred Americans poured in a destructive volley, thinning the ranks of the advancing foe. Cornwallis' horse was shot under him, but the noble animal struggled onward, bringing his rider safely to shore. The intrepid troops moved quickly forward, and the militia were compelled to give way before superior force. The British commander was now on the same side as his adversary, and determined to follow him up and crush him at a blow. Greene had no sooner learned of his enemy's successful movement than he was on his way to the Yadkin. For three days the worn and ragged patriots dragged themselves and baggage through the deep mud and drenching rain, stopping but a few hours to eat and rest. By midnight on the evening of February 3d, the last of the American army were embarked, the British advance guard being so close as to give them a parting volley. Not a boat was left behind, and the heavy rains had made the river unfordable, compelling the British to halt. Next morning saw the two armies encamped within view of each other, the Yadkin surging and threatening between, as if guarding the patriots and bidding defiance to the invader. Furious at this second escape of their enemy, the British planted their artillery along the banks of the river, and began a heavy cannonade on the American camp; but the latter rested in security behind an elevated ridge. A small cabin, almost hidden behind the rocks, was chosen by Greene as his headquarters. This was a special object for the British marksmen, and it was not long before the roof of the cabin was struck, but the stern warrior within wrote on peacefully, while his troops were enjoying the repose so hardly won.

Four days passed before Cornwallis was enabled to move forward. Crossing the river a few miles below, he advanced to where the Americans had encamped, only to find them on the march for Guildford Court House, where Greene had directed a large body of troops to meet him, and where he had determined to turn on his pursuer. But to his great disappointment, on reaching Guildford, he learned that the re-inforcements promised had not arrived. Here was now a serious difficulty. The English army was composed almost entirely of well-disciplined veterans, and numbered nearly double that of the Americans, who at best were but raw troops, and it would be madness to risk a battle under such circumstances; while retreat was now next to impossible. In the hope of obtaining sufficient additions to his force to enable him to hold the foe in check, Greene had suffered Cornwallis to approach so close that there seemed scarce a hope of escape, and the British commander deemed his prey at last secure.

But Greene was not to be daunted. On the tenth of February, the Americans were again in motion. The armies were now about twenty-five miles apart. The next river—the Dan—was deep, and

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had to be ferried over, except at a ford a considerable distance up the stream. This Cornwallis knew, and expected Greene to make for the fords; he therefore placed his army (which could move more rapidly than the Americans, who had their baggage to carry) in a position to assure a complete victory. Greene at once divined the intention of his wily antagonist, and gave orders for all the boats to be congregated on the lower Dan, where he expected to meet the reinforcements from Virginia, and at the same time place his army in safety. It was now necessary to deceive the British in order to follow out this plan. For this purpose, and to better cover the retreat, Colonel Williams, with a large detachment of chosen troops, was sent to keep the foe in check. Williams immediately marched boldly against the entire British army, with the evident intention of giving battle. Cornwallis, believing this to be the advance guard of the American army resolved on a desperate struggle to escape, formed his troops in line of battle, and made preparations for a determined resistance.

This successful ruse detained the British long enough for the patriots to get a start on their road, without which they must have failed. It was now midwinter, and the roads, which a few days ago were deep mud, were now frozen hard and rough, and over these the weary, half clothed and almost barefooted soldiers were compelled to drag themselves to avoid destruction.

Cornwallis, discovering his error, again began the pursuit in good earnest. But there were now obstacles in his path, for Williams, with his gallant rearguard, kept between the two armies, slowly retreating, and striking a blow at every opportunity. The fate of the patriot army depended on their skill and courage, and every officer and man realized this fact. There were Lee's gallant legion, and Washington's heavy-mounted horsemen, heroes every one. With unceasing vigilance, these brave men hovered around the advancing column so close as to compel them to keep in close marching order to protect themselves from attack. The least negligence, and the blow would come like a thunderbolt. No rearguard could behave better than this one. The men were allowed but one meal a day, and three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four; by starting three hours before daylight and pushing forward, they obtained rest for breakfast, the last food until the next morning. Yet these brave fellows bore all without murmuring, and day after day, night after night, presented the same bold, threatening front to the enemy. By their action they deluded Cornwallis into believing the whole American army to be in front, and he rejoiced to think that when it reached the river it must perish, having no time to cross.

The retreating army presented at this time a most heartrending spectacle. With but little clothing, many without shoes, and but one blanket to every four men, they struggled through the mire or left their blood on the frozen ground, and at night, when a little rest was afforded them, three men would lie on the damp ground with one blanket over them, while the fourth did duty as sentinel, many perishing from exposure. Over hills, across streams, through forests, in the wintry storm and piercing wind, having to dry their clothing by the heat of their own bodies, they toiled onward. Their brave commander, grieved at their great distress, and faring no better than his men, did all he could to encourage them, by his cheering words and bright example, to hasten on toward the promised rest. From the time he had crossed the Catawba, he had not taken off his clothes, and none were earlier in the saddle or later out of it than he. With dangers gathering thick around him, the heroic warrior was undismayed, and resolved on victory. He knew full well that if the rearguard fell, ruin was certain. But this would not be. Every stratagem was defeated, every surprise disconcerted, and every plan to destroy it successfully thwarted by the untiring, resolute leaders. Often the men wished to return the fire of the enemy's vanguard, but the strict orders never to

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fire but when directed, were obeyed. The race was for life, and nobly, grandly, was it won.

At last the army arrived within forty miles of the welcome stream that was to afford them protection and rest. All night long they marched onward through the gloom, hope giving new life and energy. Another day would gain for them the wished-for prize. On that cold, dreary night, the rearguard, as they were forced to slowly retreat before the advancing foe, about ten o'clock, suddenly discovered camp fires blazing in the distance, and hope sank within their breasts. There, then, was the army for which they had suffered so much and struggled so hard, overtaken at last, and sure to fall. A halt was ordered; a short consultation was held by the leaders, who resolved, to a man, to throw their whole force in one desperate charge upon the enemy, and thus gain a few hours' time for those they were striving to save. But these noble men were spared the trial; for, although the fires were kindled by their comrades, the latter were miles in advance, weak and weary, but with gladdening hearts at their increased prospects of escape.

Lord Cornwallis, when he reached the camp fires, believed himself almost upon the Americans, and halting but a few moments, pushed on, marching all night. When daylight came, the van was close upon the gallant rearguard, and Cornwallis determined to strike the final blow. Preparatory to this, that rearguard must fall, and then Greene, with his army, or all the arduous labors of the past three weeks, would be vain. Here he had resolved to destroy that army, regain Virginia and the Carolinas and if it was within human power he would do it. His veterans closed more steadily upon the guard as they pressed forward with greater energy. But Colonel Williams, with Lee's legion and Washington's horsemen, fearless and skilful, strove desperately, though with but little success, to stay the rapidly advancing army, who drove everything before them. These were hours of painful suspense and weary labor, neither friend nor foe knowing the precise situation of Greene and the main army.

At noon a single horseman was seen rapidly approaching the road so lately passed by Greene. Reining his horse beside the commander of the heroic band, he exclaimed, "The army is over the river!" A loud huzza rent the air, and many wept at the joyful news. Colonel Williams directed Lee's legion to remain and cover the retreat, while the main portion of the guard hastened forward. Approaching the river, there, alone, worn and haggard, gazing anxiously along the road by which they were expected, they beheld the indomitable Greene. He had seen his army safely over the river, but had remained behind himself to learn of the fate of his noble guard, and to give them any necessary aid. As they neared their brave chieftain, cheer after cheer went up, and were re-echoed from the opposite shore. Night had now come on, and the troops were quickly crowded into the boats and despatched to the other side. This task was but just completed when Lee's legion came thundering toward the ferry, the British van being not far in the rear. The former dismounted and sprang into the boats waiting, the horses were pushed into the water after them, Lee himself being the last to embark; he would not move till his brave legion were all safe, and just as the boat which bore him touched the opposite shore, the British reached the bank he had just left, and a joyful shout went up from the American camp. The pursuers rapidly formed along the river, but they were too late. Not a boat remained, and a deep, broad river forbade any farther advance. Great was the chagrin of Lord Cornwallis at the result; without avail had been the destruction of all his baggage, and a terrible march of nearly three hundred miles had been made only to be retraced.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the joyous feelings which reigned in the patriot camp that night. The gallant rearguard were hailed by the army as their deliverers, the lacerated feet, stiffened limbs, and scanty clothing

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were forgotten, and the wintry blast unheeded, in the time of general rejoicing. Merrily the troops chatted together, recounting the dangers passed, the hardships borne, the perils escaped, and talked of the near future, when they themselves would pursue those from whom kind Providence had delivered them. And Greene, as he looked gratefully down upon the broad, deep current rolling by, felt as if a heavy burden had been lifted off him, and contemplated with pleasure and satisfaction the successful issue; then turned to his tent to lay his plans for meeting the enemy.

Here ended this retreat, as glorious as it was arduous. For the skill with which it was planned, the energy and determination with which it was executed, the distance traveled in spite of the almost insurmountable obstacles met, it stands alone in the annals of our country, and will bear comparison with the most renowned feats recorded in ancient or modern warfare. For two hundred and fifty miles, over a country affording no natural advantages where a stand could be made, crossing three large rivers, traversing forests, through rain and mud, over ice and frozen ground, Greene had conducted the retreat for twenty days, and baffled every effort of his powerful adversary to force him to a decisive conflict, and had really gained a victory which covered him with glory and stamped him as a great commander. *Græme.*

If weak or strong—when put to the test,
He does his duty who does his best.

## DOWN THE LAKES.

We had three weeks to make the trip from Chicago to Quebec, and the question arose, shall we go by rail in two days and spend the rest of the time idling, or shall we take a voyage on the lakes and visit as we pass a few of the old historical landmarks? We concluded to do the latter, so, on a beautiful September afternoon in 1875, we went on board the magnificent steamer *City of Montreal*, then lying in Chicago river. Just as the twilight was deepening into darkness, the bell sounded, the steamer loosed from her moorings, and we floated out upon the heaving bosom of Lake Michigan. Never did Chicago seem more extensive than on that evening. Along the streets that stretched in a westerly direction, the street lamps glittered, till at length they seemed mingled into a stream of light, and faded in the distance. Northward and southward, following the curved line of the shore, the lights of the city could be seen for a distance of sixteen miles: while, reflected in the smooth surface of the water, seemed another city of equally vast proportions.

After passing the "crib," as it is called, from whence Chicago receives her supply of pure cold water from the middle of the lake, by means of a tunnel to the shore, and after enjoying a promenade on deck, we retired to our berths, only to wake up at daylight and find ourselves in the harbor of Milwaukee, the metropolis of Wisconsin. While the steamer was taking on wood and freight, we took a stroll through the city. Milwaukee, as is well known, is remarkable for its cream colored brick buildings and lager beer; we might also add, fat Dutch babies. The streets are narrow, as compared with Salt Lake City, and quite irregular. Saloons are numerous, frequently with sanded floors and pine branches fastened in various places around the room and over the entrance door; also pictures of King William and Bismarck, and other remembrancers of the far-off fatherland. In the rear of these buildings may frequently be found the future senators and citizens of this glorious republic busily engaged in exercising their lungs. In other words, the aforesaid babies squalling with all their might.

As the steamer set sail again, we ob-

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served dark clouds in the southwest, which soon overspread the sky, and the rain came pouring down, hiding both the landscape and "waterscape" from our view, and making us feel as lonely as though we were a thousand miles from home and fifty miles from anywhere. In the afternoon the wind rose, the clouds cleared away, and as the wind blew in the direction we were sailing, we made rapid progress. About five o'clock we reached Charlevoix, a town of northwestern Michigan. This romantic (?) town consists of one store, two dwellings, three sàloons and several thousand cords of wood nestled among the sand hills. It is said that few, if any, of the inhabitants have deeds to their property, and really none are necessary. In fact we could not perceive what possible benefit a deed could be anyway. The sand that laid on Jones' lot in the morning would in all likelihood be drifted around Smith's cottage before night, and a portion of both their lots would be quietly resting on Walker's wood pile next morning.

When we left Charlevoix and came into the open lake we found the wind had veered round and was blowing a gale from the northwest. The waves, though not so large as on the Atlantic, were yet of a respectable size. The bow of the steamer was sixteen feet high from the water line; yet when she plunged down into the trough of the sea, the waves broke over her. The consequence was that the passengers unanimously agreed to go to bed "fasting on an empty stomach," as a recent humorous writer expresses himself.

The next morning found us approaching the straits and old fort of Mackinac; the wind was still blowing hard from the northwest, the deck of the steamer was covered with ice, and the wind or the spray had broken every pane of glass in the pilot house. As soon as the sailors had sprinkled the deck with salt, so as to render it less slippery, we donned our overcoats and ventured out on deck to view the strange scenery of this northern town. When we recollected that the fort had been built more than two hundred years, that it was the home of the early Jesuit missionaries who came from France when the whole northwest was considered a part of her dominion; that the walls that were there on the rocky promontory two hundred feet above us had been standing since the days of the Charleses of England and the Henrys of France; that over these battlements had floated successively the flags of France, England and the United States; that here had been many a bloody encounter between the French and the Indians, then the English and the French and lastly, the Americans and English, and that even so late as 1815, it was considered an important point as commanding the commerce of Lake Michigan, it was no wonder that we looked upon it with interest. The general appearance of nature also is at once striking and peculiar. The deep blue of the waters of the straits, the emerald green of the grass, and drooping branches of the pines, so bent by the heavy loads of winter snow, all have a tendency to elicit admiration or surprise. We wandered around the quaint old town for a few hours, and then set sail for Cheboygan, which we reached in the afternoon, and from thence to Alpina, which we reached next morning. This town is situated at the head of Thunder Bay, and is one of the principal towns of northern Michigan.

This town, as well as Cheboygan and Mackinac, is extensively engaged in the catching and preparing of white fish for the market. More than one hundred thousand dollars of capital are invested in nets and fishing boats, and millions of fish are exported annually. Though the climate of this region is very cold, yet fishing is carried on even in the coldest weather. Thunder Bay usually freezes over in November, and the ice is generally considered safe till the first of April. As soon as the ice is sufficiently strong, portable cabins are erected on the bay at the distance of several rods apart. These cabins are furnished with stoves, beds and other necessary furniture for four or six men each, and are usually carpeted with skins and furs. In the middle of the cabin a hole is cut in the

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ice and then as the fish approach the opening for air and light, they are caught with great rapidity. Several years ago, while the wind was blowing off shore, a piece of ice, with several cabins on it, drifted out into the lake. Great was the consternation of the towns-people when they saw the danger to which their friends were exposed. They well knew that the winds and waves would soon break up the ice into small cakes. Accordingly boats and men were sent, and after much difficulty succeeded in rescuing their companions from their watery home.

Alpina is also the centre of a thriving and extensive lumber trade. The machinery for the manufacture of lumber is of the most improved kind. Some of the mills cut the enormous quantity of one hundred thousand feet of boards every twenty-four hours. The sound of the machinery, when these mills are in motion, is simply terrible. There is something grand in seeing a huge log of pine, sixteen or eighteen feet in length and four or five feet in diameter, cut up into two hundred and fifty boards of exactly uniform dimensions, in the brief space of two minutes and a half. As we were walking through the mills one day we noticed, written on the rough wall, a piece of doggeral which certainly proves that the species of beings called poets is not yet extinct. Considering the dangers attending the management of these powerful machines occasioned, no doubt in part by the negligence of the workmen, there is considerable truth in the following:

ODE TO A SAW-MILL.

O, thou most terrible invention,
That cuts up trees to the desired dimension;
And if something distracts a man's attention,
'Twill hash him up, so that a government pension
Will do him no good.
O, thou fierce destroyer of men and wood!

The town for the most part presents a neat and somewhat peculiar appearance. The houses are nearly all built of pine, and painted white, with green shutters. The streets are paved with saw-dust, which, considering the damp climate, makes a dry, clean and noiseless pavement. On each side of the streets are plank sidewalks, and between these and the carriage way are beautiful rows of elm and maple trees, the whole making a real pretty picture.

After two days' stay in Alpina, we again set sail, and the next morning found us at the head of St. Clair river, which is the outlet of Lake Huron. The current of the river is about seven miles per hour; so, with that to aid us, we swiftly glided down the stream. Just at the outlet of the lake are situated the thriving towns of Port Huron and Port Sarnia; the former on the American side, and the latter on the Canadian side of the river. Port Huron is said to be the site of one of Edison's first exploits. At that time no one dreamed that the boy who sold books and papers on the cars was to become one of the most famous men of the age. It was winter, the cold was so intense that they were unable to keep the ferryboats running on account of ice, the telegraph cable which connects the two towns was broken, and there seemed to be no possible means of communication. A locomotive was standing on the American shore, and another on the Canadian shore, half a mile distant. Important business demanded that a message should be sent to Sarnia. How could it be done? A brilliant idea struck the mind of young Edison. Why not spell out the words by the whistle of the locomotive in the same manner as they are spelled by the clicks of the telegraph? So, stepping into the cab of the locomotive, he seized the rope and gave a series of short sounds, "H-e-l-l-o S-a-r-n-i-a! Again the sounds were repeated, and still again, until the people on the Canadian shore took the hint and answered in a similar manner, and thus communication was established.

Sailing down the river, we soon reached Walpole and Harsen islands, just below them the St. Clair "flats," as they are called. Of late years, these "flats" have figured in international politics to a considerable extent. The St

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Clair river is divided by the islands into three principal branches; one of which is known as the "American channel," another by the name of the "Canadian channel," while the middle channel is the boundary line between Canada and the United States. This channel is very crooked, being much in the shape of an "S." These channels at their outlets into lake St. Clair are quite shallow, so that it was impossible for large or heavy laden ships to pass through. Some years ago the United States government appropriated two million dollars for the deepening and improvement of the middle channel. The channel was also straightened, and in doing this it was made for some distance through Canadian territory. While the workmen were still employed in the dredging, a lumber dealer brought from Canada a quantity of lumber and placed it on the west side of the new channel. The lumber was immediately seized by the American revenue officers, on account of the duty not being paid; action was brought in the courts of Detroit, the archives at Washington were searched, and it was decided that "the lumber was still in Canada." Negotiations were then opened with the Canadian government. The Americans now have the right to move the canal, meanwhile Canadian ships pass free of duty. Numerous caricatures were to be seen representing the typical Uncle Sam, with a spade in his hand and the great tears rolling down his cheeks, while he exclaimed: "There, I've gone and dug that canal right through Canada and never knew it."

The trip across lake St. Clair was delightful. It occupied about two hours; distance, twenty-eight miles. The shores were dotted with villas, and farms, and orchards, while in the background rose the dark forms of the ancient forest trees. *J. H. Ward.*

## GRANITE ROCK.

Rocks, like animals and plants, maintain an existence for certain periods of time, and then waste away to be succeeded by others.

All rocks are divided into three great classes, to correspond with the three ways in which they are formed. The names of these classes are igneous, stratified and metamorphic; all being appropriate and significant terms, conveying to persons understanding their meaning, an idea, at once, of the character of the different classes of rocks.

According to the predominating theory of the present, the entire earth was, at one time (long before it became suitable for the abode of either animals or plants), in a melted or molten state, and the water, now on its surface, was in a vaporous form, existing at a considerable distance from its highly heated surface. Gradually this fiery surface cooled down sufficiently to solidify and envelop the molten mass with a hard crust. This crust was, from time to time, fissured and broken up by the accumulated pent up vapors, and deluged here and there with the fused material beneath. The condition to which the crust was then subjected is frequently, in certain localities, manifested even now by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. This crust was at first too hot to retain water, but after a while it cooled down, and the watery vapor condensed on its surface.

Through the great changes the crust now underwent, mountains, continents, and oceans were created. The mountains and continents were the elevated portions of the crust, while the lower portions, covered with water, constituted the oceans. All through the formation and cooling down of the crust, igneous rocks were being formed, but the stratified and metamorphic rocks did not begin to be developed until the earth's crust was covered with water, its

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being as essential to their formation as the earth's crust itself.

Immediately after the water had been precipitated to the earth, stratified rock commenced to come into existence, and afterwards matamorphic. By the action of water, frost and winds, the crust of the earth, or in other words, the igneous rock was disintegrated, reduced to small particles, carried down from elevated portions of the earth, and deposited at the beds of streams, ponds, lakes and oceans. In this manner was built up layer after layer of sediment which, in time, became hard and solid, and is known as the stratified rocks. Where these rocks were subjected to considerable heat, pressure, and a little water, they were changed and converted into metamorphic rocks. Experiments recently made by Daubrée, Senarmont and Cothers, go to confirm the idea that granite belongs to the metamorphic division, although the zig-zag directions in which it is found passing through the earth's crust, indicate an igneous origin. But the metamorphic rocks, through a semi-fused condition, may be forced into zig-zag crevices, fissures, and even between the layers of stratified rock, therefore this position of granite is no proof that it is simply the originally melted material of the earth solidified.

Granite is a mottled appearing rock made up generally of the three distinct minerals, quartz, feldspar and mica. The feldspar and mica are distributed throughout the mass as crystal, while the quartz, although clear and glassy, has no definite shape. Daubrée and others in their experiments with a view to the determination of the origin of granite, found that when the minerals of granite were fused together and allowed to cool, the particles of each would not aggregate together and form distinct crystals, but would solidify into silicious glass; while if they were partly fused in the presence of water, they would, on solidifying, separate and take up distinct positions in the mass. The quartz and feldspar of granite contain small microscopic cavities partly filled with water, which is a strong proof that granite was formed in the presence of water, and is not the result of solidification of completely fused material. By analysis of the Salt Lake City Temple granite, made in the spring of 1882, it was found to consist of the following substances:

| | *Parts in 100.* |
|---|---|
| Silica, | 68.60 |
| Alumina, | 15.74 |
| Peroxide of iron, | 4.01 |
| Lime, | 3.15 |
| Soda, | 5.98 |
| Potassa, | 2.52 |
| Magnesia, | .51 |
| Manganousoxide, | .12 |
| Total, | 100.63 |

The specific gravity was ascertained at the same time to be 2.661, or in other words, it was found to weigh that many times as much as an equal bulk of water. The Temple granite is generally a coarse grained greyish colored rock. It consists mostly of quartz, feldspar, mica, and hornblende with occasional crystals of titanite; all these minerals, except quartz, are in the form of crystals intervening one another and the small crystalline masses of quartz. The water inclusions so abundantly found in the feldspar and quartz of most granite, are but meagerly scattered through the minerals of the Cottonwood Canyon or Temple granite.

Granite is employed very extensively for building purposes, being considered a very durable rock, capable of resisting for a long time the wear and tear occasioned by rain, frost, wind, and other destructive elements. It is true that granite is made up of minerals firmly consolidated, by which it is rendered usually very durable, yet as the feldspar and mica contain some potassa and soda—substances which are soluble in water, it is bound to succumb sooner or later to the fury of atmospheric agencies. When these two substances are dissolved out of granite, it is left honey-combed, and easily crumbles to the ground. Even before the potassa and soda are dissolved, in extremely cold climates granite begins to decay through water

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penetrating into the soluble parts, and there freezing and cracking it in every direction, and thus destroying the coherent force by which the particles are held together. By the crumbling or disintegration of granite, white clay and red clay soils are formed, containing grains of sand and scales of mica, together with a little water holding in solution potassa and soda salts.

Granite is found in many parts of the world, most of the large mountain chains have granite axes appearing along their crests, and extending far down into the earth. The Wasatch range of mountains in the Cottonwood Canyons, from fifteen to twenty miles south of Salt Lake City, and still south of these canyons is largely composed of granite. Granite is supposed by some, as already stated, to be the primary or first rocks formed on the earth, and if such be the case, they must surround the entire earth, although exposed to view only in certain localities. But if this idea be incorrect, and they belong to the metamorphic class, although they are in a great many places, they cannot very well completely envelop the globe.

*Jos. T. Kingsbury.*

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

### LIFE AND DEATH.*

LIFE and death are set before us, and we are at liberty to choose which we will. I have frequently reflected upon these two principles, but were I to explain in full my own views upon them they might perhaps come too much in contact with the feelings and views of many people. To me, these principles are like the vision of open day upon this beautiful earth. Life and death are easily understood in the light of the Holy Ghost, but, like everything else, they are hard to be understood in its absence. To choose life is to *choose* an eternal existence in an organized capacity; to refuse life and choose death is to *refuse* an eternal existence in an organized capacity, and be contented to become decomposed, and return again to native element.

Life is an accumulation of every property and principle that is calculated to enrich, to ennoble, to enlarge, and to increase, in every particular, the dominion of individual man. To me, life would signify an extension. I have the privilege of spreading abroad, of enlarging my borders, of increasing in endless knowledge, wisdom, and power, and in every gift of God.

To live as I am, without progress, is not life, in fact we may say that is impossible. There is no such principle in existence, neither can there be. All organized existence is in progress, either to an endless advancement in eternal perfections, or back to dissolution. You may explore all the eternities that ever have been, were it possible, then come to that which we now understand according to the principles of natural philosophy, and where is there an element, an individual living thing, an organized body, of whatever nature, that continues as it is? IT CAN NOT BE FOUND. All things that have come within the bounds of man's limited knowledge—the things he naturally understands—teach him that there is no period, in all the eternities, wherein organized existence will become stationary, that it cannot advance in knowledge, wisdom, power and glory.

If a man could ever arrive at the point that would put an end to the accumulation of life, the point at which he could increase no more, and advance no further, we should naturally say he commenced to decrease at the same point. Again, when he has gained the zenith of knowledge, wisdom, and power, it is the point at which he begins to retrograde; his natural abilities will begin to contract, and so he will continue to decrease, until all he knew is lost in the chaos of forgetfulness. As we understand naturally, this is the conclusion

*By Pres. B. Young, Tabernacle, July 10, 1853.

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we must come to, if a termination to the increase of life and the acquisition of knowledge is true.

Because of the weakness of human nature, it must crumble to the dust. But in all the revolutions and changes in the existence of men, in the eternal world which they inhabit, and in the knowledge they have obtained as people on the earth, there is no such thing as principle, power, wisdom, knowledge, life, position, or anything that can be imagined, that remains stationary—they must increase or decrease.

To me, life is increase; death is the opposite. When our fellow-creatures die, is *it* the death we talk about? The ideas we have of it are conceived in the mind, according to a false tradition. Death does not mean what we naturally think it means. Apparently it destroys, puts out of existence, and leaves empty space, but there is no such death as this. Death, in reality, is to decompose or decrease, and life is to increase.

Much is written in the Bible, and in the other revelations of God, and much is said by the people, publicly and privately, upon this subject. Life and death are in the world, and all are acquainted with them more or less. We live, we die, we are, we are not, are mixed up in the conversation of every person, to a lesser or greater degree. Why is it so? Because all creation is in progress; coming into existence and going out of existence, *as we use the terms;* but another form of language fits this phenomenon of nature much better viz: *forming, growing, increasing*, then begins the opposite operation—*decreasing, decomposition*, returning back to native elements, etc. These revolutions we measurably understand.

But to simply take the path pointed out in the Gospel, by those who have given us the plan of salvation, is to take the path that leads to life, *to eternal increase;* it is to pursue that course wherein we shall NEVER, NEVER lose what we obtain, but continue to collect, to gather together, to increase, to spread abroad, and extend to an endless duration. Those persons who strive to gain ETERNAL LIFE, gain that which will produce the increase their hearts will be satisfied with. Nothing less than the privilege of increasing eternally, in every sense of the word, can satisfy the immortal spirit. If the endless stream of knowledge from the eternal fountain could all be drunk in by organized intelligences, so sure immortality would come to an end, and all eternity be thrown upon the retrograde path.

If mankind will choose the opposite to life held out in the Gospel, it will lead them to dissolution, to decomposition, to death; they will be destroyed, but not as it is commonly understood. For instance, we would have *destroyed* more of the material called flour, had we possessed it this spring in greater abundance. We should have *destroyed* more of the wood that grows on the mountains, could we have got it with more ease, which seems to us to be utterly *destroyed* when it is consumed with fire. But such is not the case; it will exist in native element. That which is consumed by eating, or by burning, is nothing more than simply reduced to another shape, in which it is ready for another process of action. We grow, and we behold all the visible creation growing and increasing, and continuing to increase, until it has arrived at its zenith, at which point it begins to decompose. This is the nature of all things which constitute this organized world. Even the solid rocks in the mountains continue to grow until they have come to their perfection, at which point they begin to decompose. The forests grow, increase, extend, and spread abroad their branches until they attain a certain age. What then? Do they die? Are they annihilated? No! They begin to decompose, and pass into native element. Men, and all things upon the earth, are subject to the same process. We say this is natural, and easy to comprehend, being plainly manifested before our eyes. It is easy to see anything in sight; but hard, very hard, to see anything out of sight.

If I look through my telescope, and my friends inquire how far I can see, I

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tell them I can see anything in sight, no matter how far from me the object may be; but I cannot see anything out of sight, or that which is beyond the power of the instrument. So it is in the intellectual faculties of mankind; it is easy for them to see that which is before their eyes, but when the object is out of sight, it is a difficult matter for them to see it; and they are at a loss how to form an estimate of it, or what position to put themselves in, so as to see the object they desire to see.

In regard to eternal things, they are all out of sight to them, and will so remain, unless the Lord lifts the curtain. The only reason why I cannot see the heavy range of mountains situated in the Middle States of the American Confederacy, is because of the natural elevations that raise themselves betwixt me and them, above the level of my eye, making them out of sight to me. Why cannot we behold all things in space? Because there is a curtain dropped, which makes them out of sight to us. Why cannot we behold the inhabitants in Kolob or the inhabitants in any of those distant planets? For the same reason; because there is a curtain dropped that interrupts our vision. So it is, something intervenes between us and them, which we cannot penetrate. We are short sighted, and deprived of the knowledge which we might have. I might say this is right, without offering any explanation.

But there are many reasons, and much good sound logic that could be produced, showing why we are thus in the dark touching eternal things. If our agency was not given to us, we might, perhaps, now have been enjoying that which we do not enjoy; on the other hand if our agency had not been given to us, we could never have enjoyed that which we now enjoy. Which would produce the greatest good to man, to give him his agency, and draw a vail over him, or, to give him certain blessings and privileges, let him live in a certain degree of light, and enjoy a certain glory, and take his agency from him, compelling him to remain in that position, without any possible chance of progress? I say, the greatest good that could be produced by the all wise Conductor of the universe to His creature, man, was to do just as He has done—bring him forth on the face of the earth, drawing a vail before his eyes. He has caused us to forget everything we once knew before our spirits entered within this vail of flesh. For instance, it is like this: when we lie down to sleep, our minds are often as bright and active as the mind of an angel, at least they are as active as when our bodies are awake. They will range over the earth, visit distant friends, and, for aught we know, the planets, and accomplish great feats; do that which will enhance our happiness, increase to us every enjoyment of life, and prepare us for celestial glory; but when we wake in the morning, it is all gone from us; we have forgotten it. This illustration will explain in part the nature of the vail which is over the inhabitants of the earth; they have forgotten that which they once knew. This is right; were it different, where would be the trial of our faith? In a word, *be it so; it is as it should be.*

Now understand, to choose life is to choose principles that will lead you to an eternal increase, and nothing short of them will produce life in the resurrection for the faithful. Those that choose death, make choice of the path which leads to the end of their organization. The one leads to endless increase and progression, the other to the destruction of the organized being, ending in its entire decomposition into the particles that compose the native elements. Is this so in all cases you inquire. Yes, for aught I know. I shall not pretend to deny but what it is so in all cases. This much I wanted to say to the brethren, with regard to life and death.

As to the word *annihilate*, as we understand it, there is no such principle as to put a thing which exists, entirely out of existence, so that it does not exist in any form, shape, or place whatever. It would be as reasonable to say that ENDLESS, which is synonymous to the word eternity, has both a beginning and

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an end. For instance, supposing we get one of the best mathematicians that can be found, and let him commence at one point of time, the operation of multiplication; when he has exhausted all his knowledge of counting in millions, etc., until he can proceed no further, he is no nigher the outside of eternity than when he commenced. This has been understood from the beginning. The ancients understood it; it was taught by Jesus and His Apostles, who understood the true principles of eternity. In consequence of some expressions of the ancient servants of God, has come the tradition of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. You hear some of them preach and teach that which I never taught; you hear them preach people into hell. Such a doctrine never entered into my heart; but you hear others preach, that people will go there to dwell throughout the endless ages of eternity. Such persons know no more about eternity, and are no more capable of instructing others upon the subject, than a little child. They tell about going to hell, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, where you must dwell. How long? Why, I should say, just as long as you please.

One thing more. The beauty of our religion, *that very erroneous doctrine*, which the world call "Mormonism," we had set before us this morning by Elder Parley P. Pratt. The whole object of my existence is, to continue to live, to increase, to spread abroad, and gather around me to an endless duration. What shall I say? You may unite the efforts of the best mathematicians the world can produce, and when they have counted as many millions of ages, worlds, and eternities, as the power of numbers within their knowledge will embrace, they are still as ignorant of eternity as when they began. Then ask people of general intelligence; people who understand, in a great degree, the philosophical principles of creation, which they have studied and learned by a practical course of education, and what do they know about it? It is true, they know a little, and that little every other sane person knows, whether he is educated or uneducated; they know about that portion of eternity called TIME. Suppose I ask the learned when was the beginning of eternity? Can they think of it? No! And I should very much doubt some of the sayings of one of the best philosophers and writers of the age, that we call brother, with regard to the character of the Lord God whom we serve. I very much doubt whether it has ever entered into his heart to comprehend eternity. These are principles and ideas I scarcely ever meddle with. The practical part of our religion is that which more particularly interests me. Still my mind reflects upon life, death, eternity, knowledge, wisdom, the expansion of the soul, and the knowledge of the Gods that are, that have been, and that are to be What shall we say? We are lost in the depth of our own thoughts. Suppose we say there was once a beginning to all things, then we must conclude there will undoubtedly be an end. Can eternity be circumscribed? If it can, there is an end of all wisdom, knowledge, power, and glory—all will sink into eternal annihilation.

What is life to you and me? It is the utmost extent of our desires. Do you wish to increase, to continue? Do you wish to possess kingdoms and thrones, principalities and powers; to exist, and continue to exist; to grow in understanding, in wisdom, in knowledge, in power, and in glory throughout an endless duration? Why, *yes*, is the reply natural to every heart that has been warmed with the life-giving influences of the Holy Ghost. And when we have lived, and gathered around us more kingdoms and creations than it is possible for the mind of mortals to comprehend (just think of it, and how it commenced like a grain of mustard seed, cast into the ground!) then, I may say we could comprehend the very dawning of eternity, which term I use to accommodate the idea in my mind, not that it will at all apply to eternity. When you have reached this stage in the onward course

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of your progression, you will be perfectly satisfied not to be in a hurry.

The inquiry should not be, if the principles of the Gospel will put us in possession of the earth, of this farm, that piece of property, of a few thousand pounds, or as many thousand dollars, but, if they will put us in possession of principles that are endless, and calculated in their nature for an eternal increase; that is, to add life to life, being to being, kingdom to kingdom, principle to principle, power to power, thrones to thrones, dominions to dominions, and crowns to crowns.

When we have lived long enough by following out the principles that are durable, that are tangible, that are calculated in their nature to produce endless life—I say, when we have lived long enough in them to see the least Saint, that can be possibly called a Saint, in possession of more solar systems like this than it is possible for mortals to number, or than there are stars in the firmament of heaven visible, or sands on the sea shore, we shall then have a faint idea of eternity, and begin to realize that we are in the midst of it.

Brethren, you that have the principles of life in you, be sure you are gathering around you kindred principles, that will endure to all eternity. I do not desire to talk any more at this time.

## JIM.

In a smoky wickeup then pitched near Reno, Nevada, about twenty-five years ago, the heart of a Shoshone squaw was made glad by the birth of her first and only little boy papoose. He was a round headed, plump, lively baby with coal-black eyes and delicate, bronzed, olive complexion which at once gave him the reputation for beauty and strength that filled the proud heart of his mother with satisfaction, and created envy in the breasts of the less fortunate squaws of the camp, who had no papooses at all or only girl babies, which were not considered of much account.

This favored little Lamanite was stuffed into his nest on a baby-board and laced up with buckskin strings as tight as he could stand it and breathe. There he lived and grew fat and strong for many months, but his loving mother in trying to make him comfortable, allowed his little legs more room to bend and twist on the baby-board than they should have had, and thus they grew crooked and have ever remained so, for to this day Jim, though now a man, is bow-legged and a little pigeon-toed.

Jim's father died about the time he was born, and he had not been carried about over the hills and plains of Nevada but a few years when his mother also died, leaving him an orphan. His uncle —I think it was his mother's brother— took care of him then, and trained him in the habits of a hunter. With his little bow and arrows he learned to shoot jack-rabbits and cotton-tails and to steal up on wild fowl and prairie chickens close enough to get one or two before they flew away. His eyes became clear and strong sighted, enabling him to see objects at a great distance and quick to discern the movement of an animal or bird at any point within his horizon. But though he learned to look far and see clearly, he could not always tell a crane from an antelope, for even since we became acquainted with him, Jim has been known to mistake large white-breasted sandhill cranes for those lively, beautiful gazelles of the plains. We, however, do not consider him much to blame for that, as it was hard for anybody to tell the difference, under the circumstances; even white men who could generally tell buffaloes from buzzards at a convenient distance, were deceived, and some of them were so sure that what they saw were deer, that they waded rivers and crawled through a forest of timber in pursuit of them, only to see them *fly away*. Jim was not so certain as that, and if it had not been that he mistook

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two white covered carriages and a black one for a pair of grey horses and a bay, his reputation for splendid eyesight would not have been impaired. As it is he is a good hunter, and can see a deer or bear or buffalo quicker and at a greater distance than almost any white man who has not spent his life as a mountaineer.

When Jim was about ten years old, he was adopted by a white man named Brown, living in Weber County, Utah. This gentleman treated the little Indian boy with great kindness, and his family became quite attached to him. He learned many of the ways and considerable of the language of the white men while he lived with Mr. Brown, and he improved very much in his personal appearance, getting his hair cut and his body clothed with suitable apparel. Jim contented himself as well as he could, herding, doing chores, going to the canyons and taking part generally in the light work, that fell to the boys about the farm, for several years. At length, however, the true instinct of the native spirit, longing for the society of its own people, made him resolve on going to the headquarters of his tribe, the Shoshones, at Wind River, Wyoming. This feeling he dared not at first express to any one, fearing that he would be ridiculed for wanting to be a wild Indian after having become so far civilized. He had learned to love the good people who had cared for him and he knew they wanted him to stay with them always, but he could not control the strong desire to be with his own race, which had come upon him and taken the lead of all other wishes. At last he resolved on running away, but before doing so Mr. Brown accidentally stumbled upon the secret, observing one day to Jim that if he ever wanted to visit his people in the camps that he could go and do so, but that when he became tired again of their life to come back, for he could always find a home on the farm. Jim eagerly clutched at this suggestion, and it was not long before he was away as wild and merry as any wild Indian boy, to the mountains where his father's race lived and hunted and camped and fished upon the banks of the good fishing streams of wild, wierd Wyoming.

During the few years that he lived among the tribe on the reservation, he became a good hunter, killing many buffaloes and deer, some elk and one bear. Jim don't take much pride in telling about the latter, for he went out after an adventure that should be as exciting and dangerous as any his companions told, who had been in the embrace of the big black bear or had their flesh torn by the teeth of the grizzly. Instead of this, however, he came upon a cinnamon bear quietly feeding at good distance away for a shot. The bear fell dead at the first fire, and Jim says: "Me kill 'em too easy. No fun at all. He fall right over dead."

We now come to an interesting period in the life of this young native, which philosophers of the world will not be able to understand. While roaming the hills and riding the plains, idling about the camp fire or in the excitement of the chase for game, Jim says, "all the time everywhere, something, me don't know what it is, something say you go among the Mormons, you be baptized." And, as so many hundreds of his race have done of late years and so many thousands are inevitably destined to do in a few years to come, he left his people and came among the "Mormons" and demanded baptism. Then he says he felt good, he thought he was all right. It appears from his testimony that at first he, and the Indians generally, suppose that when they have obeyed the promptings of the Spirit impelling them to baptism, that then all is done and they are safe. Jim, however, says: "Of course me know better, now. That's only first thing. Just commence to be saved when we get baptized." He has been for several years with the Elders who are laboring among the Indians, and has learned many principles, having received the blessings of the Lord's house, where he was married. He keeps the Word of Wisdom strictly, and is never profane nor vulgar. He takes a great deal of pride in his knowledge and understanding of the Gospel, and

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is an enthusiastic laborer among the people of his race, in disseminating the truth. As he speaks to them, his eye lights up brilliantly and the earnest fervor of his expression is most convincing.

Jim is one of the handiest and most agreeable companions on a prolonged trip in the mountains we have ever traveled with. He knows how and is willing to do almost everything that is necessary to make a camp agreeable. We voted him the best cook, the best hunter, the best hand generally in the company. He took his turn in all the duties of camp; night guarding—which he don't like any better than white men—washing, at which he is an expert, and praying, which he performs with apparent sincerity and faith.

There is one thing that Jim believes with all his heart; it is this: That what an Indian knows, he knows, just as well as a white man. It was brought out in a discussion he had with one of our company, who was hardly willing to make that acknowledgment. The subject in dispute was whether deer shed their horns every year or not. Jim said they did. L—— maintained that he had been in the mountains, but had never seen shed horns, nor deer in the act of shedding them. He did not believe such nonsense as that the enormous antlers of a four year old deer were the growth of a single year. Jim tried to convince him in vain. He argued from his own knowledge, and tried to reason the point, saying, "Deer horns grow just like wheat." L—— would not be convinced, and finally, as an end to controversy, Jim substantiated his position as follows: "I tell you they shed 'em. You don't know. Maybe so you don't think so. Me *know*. Me *see 'em*. 'Course they shed 'em. *All the Indians in the world know that.*"

## IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

I.

SITUATED in the Atlantic Ocean between latitude 51°, 26′, and 55°, 23′ north, and longitude 5°, 20′, and 10°, 26′ west, and directly west of England, lies an island remarkable from time immemorial for the peculiar traits of character that have marked its inhabitants, and the social and political relationship it has maintained towards the different nations of the earth.

The study of Irish history, like the fascinating allurements of the *ignis fatuus*, leads us on until we find ourselves submerged in the bogs of legendary lore, and in our endeavors to extricate ourselves, we discover, to our dismay, that the darkness is rendered darker, the treacherous morass gradually tightens its deadly embrace till we are swallowed up in mystery, and despairingly cry, in the language of Erin, "It's as clear as mud."

Justin McCarthy presents the intoxicating cup of Irish mythology to our lips, and we quaff its contents, and find ourselves transported to that "Mystic Isle" and enjoying the salubrity of its climate, and the grandeur of its scenery long before old Noah built his ark, or dreamed of the copartnership being formed between the waters "above the firmament" and the waters below the firmament, which event, no doubt, gave rise to the Irish dislike for water—as Dion Boucicault makes the priest in "Colleen Bawn" say to the servant mixing his toddy, "as little water as possible, for that is adversity." At this early period, we find the Lady Ceasiar with fifty women and three men, Bith, Ladra and Fintain our companions in exile, for they, like ourselves, have but just landed, though from what place or by what means we have no way of finding out, but are content to know that they continued to grow, and increase—ill proportioned as they were—till the waters swept them away, and again left the island empty and desolate, causing a breach in the chain of events which we must span, and unite ourselves with the next occupants of this "fair isle," viz:

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Partholan of the stock of Japhet, in the sixteenth year of the age of Abraham. The descendants of this monarch held undisputed sway over the land for three hundred years, when they were all destroyed by a pestilence. Next came a colony under Nemedh, from the shores of the Black Sea, and settled the country; but a bitter war was waged against them by the Formorians, a race of savage sea-kings, descendants of Cham, who had settled in the Western Isles, and they were overcome, a remnant only escaping, some to Greece, some to the north of Europe, and some to Britain. The refugees kept up a harassing struggle for possession of the land under their leaders, the Forbolgs from the north, and the Tuatha de Danann from Greece, and succeeded in gaining a supremacy, which they held till their last king, Cormac Mac Art, succumbed to the powerful Fini, under Fin, the son of Coul, the Fingal of the Scottish Ossian, to whom is ascribed prescient power. "Oisin, the last of the Fini, is said to have outlived all his companions by many centuries, and to have told of them and their deeds to St. Patrick. He had married a beautiful girl who came to wed him, from a country across the sea called Tirnanoge, and there he dwelt as he thought for three, but as it proved, for three hundred years. At the end of that time there came to him a great longing to see Erin again, and after much entreaty, his fair wife allowed him to return on the one condition, that he never dismounted from a white steed which she gave him. When he got to Ireland, he found the Fini had long passed away, and that only the distant fame of them lingered in men's minds. Of course he dismounts from the horse, and the horse straightway flies away, and then the curse of his old age comes upon Oisin, who falls to the ground an old, withered, blind man, doomed never again to go back to Tirnanoge and his fair wife, and his immortal life."

"Many legends are extant of pre-Christian Ireland, compiled from ancient Irish manuscripts, in the Ossianic songs, in the annals of Tighernach, of Ulster, of Inis Mac Nerinn, of Innisfallen, and of Boyle, in the 'Chronicum Scotorum,' the books of Leinster and Ballymote, the Yellow Book of Lecain, and the famous Annals of the Four Masters, which Michael O'Clerigh, the poor friar of the order of St. Francis compiled for the honor of Ireland. They are interpreted and made accessible to us by scholars and writers like O'Curry, and Ferguson, and Mr. P. W. Joyce, and Mr. Standish O'Grady." Romantic though they may be, the legends of Ireland will compare favorably with the legends and folkslore of other countries.

Modern historians associate Ireland with Celtic and Teutonic immigration. The religion of the early inhabitants was a form of sun worship regulated by Druids; but no proof exists of its being accompanied with human sacrifice—though some writers contend it was—as practiced in the neighboring isles. The most authentic history begins with St. Patrick, who was carried as a slave from Gaul (France), to Erin. He afterwards escaped to Rome, rose high in the church, and in A. D. 462, returned to Ireland with the hope of converting the country—although he did not meet with the success his zeal warranted; his followers carried out his plans, and gave to the Catholic church a splendid triumph. He died, and was buried in Saul, in the county of Down; but his fair name and fame yet lives in the hearts of Irishmen, and Catholics, and so long as Irishmen live and have a being upon the earth, the seventeenth of "ould Ireland" will bring with it memories and associations that will cause joy and gladden the hearts of the people, and the sound of mirth and revelry echo from hill and moorland, and with "noggin" and "doodeen," and a wreath of shamrocks twined around his "cabeen," the son of the "old dart" will welcome "St.Patrick's day in the morning."

The Catholic religion became deep seated in Ireland; and the adjacent countries of Germany, France, Belgium and Scandinavia owe to the disciples of St. Patrick their earliest saints. The

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welfare of both church and state was variously impaired by the struggles of the Danes, till it became incorporated with the ecclesiastical system of Rome at a synod held at Kells, A. D. 1152, and the metropolitan sees of Armagh, Cashel, Dublin and Tuam were created under the primacy of the Archbishop of Armagh.

Brian Boroihme was acknowledged King of all Ireland in 1001, and reigned twelve years, when he was killed in a war with the Danes. Civil war and struggles for the crown, mark a dark page in Irish history from this time till the Norman conquest. According to their own historians, "they quarrelled among themselves as readily and as fiercely as if they had been the heads of so many Greek states. The Danes had been their Persians; their Romans were yet to come."

Their subjugation, and the engendering of bitter hatred in the hearts of the Irish people against the English, may be reckoned from the twelfth century, when Dermot Macmurrough, King of Leinster, carried off the wife of Tiernan O'Rourke of Brefny, and as the rape of Helen was the cause of dire vengeance upon the countries of the "great king," by Alexander the Great, so was the perfidy of Dermot and his willing victim, Devorgilla (Erin's Helen), the cause of ages of bloodshed and slaughter on the neighboring islands along the Irish sea. There is a grim ironic mockery in the thought that two nations have been set for centuries in the bitterest hatred by the loves of a lustful savage and an unfaithful wife. Dermot being beset on all sides by the Lord of Brefny and those that espoused his cause, fled the country, and did homage to Henry II of England, and sought succor of him, which he obtained, and aided by Richard de Clare, Earl Pembroke, called Strongbow, he returned with an army to Ireland, and succeeded in establishing himself once more in his former greatness. Dermot gave his daughter Eva, in marriage, to Strongbow, which formed a bond between the "Lord of Leinster and the Norman Invader," which gave to England victory on victory, until the Normans were everywhere triumphant, and the lands of the O' and the Mac became the homes of men with "strange names and strange ways." The struggle was fierce, and at the death of Dermot, Henry pushed his way fiercely and eagerly to an entire conquest, and being met by the swords of the Irish Barons, the owners and brave defenders of the soil, it was almost a constant and monotonous warfare. From the first to the second Richard, things continued much as they were during the time of Henry; war and strife; Normans against the Irish, and strife between Irish houses. At last, time brought about a partial reconciliation, and the Normans began to succumb to Irish influences, and at length became more Irish than the Irish themselves.

In 1315, Edward Bruce, brother of the Scottish King, came over to Ireland, and espoused her cause against the common enemy. He was crowned king of Dundalk, and for a while was successful, but was eventually overcome and killed at a battle fought near Dundalk, by the English, under Sir John de Birmingham, and the allied Scotch, Irish, and Anglo-Irish forces. Thus was Ireland again subdued, and the many attempts to divest herself of English rule only met with repeated defeat, and the struggles of the houses of York and Lancaster—White and Red Rose—occupying Ireland as well as England, by the house of Osmond plucking a sanguine rose with Somerset, and the Geraldines cropping a "pale and angry rose" with Plantagenet—she may be said about this time to have lost her identity among nations, and to have become a part of England socially, politically, and historically.

The Geraldines rose to great power in Ireland, and Henry VII, whom the battle of Bosworth-field had placed on the throne of Richard of Gloster, was content to leave the government of Ireland in the hands of the Geraldines, although this house had ever been staunch Yorkists. The faith of Henry was shaken in the rule of the Irish chief when he saw the disaffection that existed under that rule, and in 1494 he sent over Sir Edward Poynings as Lord Deputy, with an army

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at his back to change, altogether, the relationship between the two islands. "Poynings summoned a parliament at Drogheda, at which the famous measure known as the 'Poyning's Act' was passed. This act established that all English laws should operate in Ireland, and that the consent of the Privy Council of England was necessary for all acts of the Irish Parliament. These measures at once deprived Ireland of all claim to independent government. Henceforward she was to be the helpless dependent of the conquering country."

The government of the country now being in the hands of the Earl of Kildare, a fine stroke of policy on the part of Henry—who hoped thus to secure the quiet dependence of Ireland—was drifting, day by day, further away from England. Henry VIII became alarmed and jealous of the Geraldine power, and resolved on destroying that house, which he did; five brothers being executed on a charge of conspiracy, leaving but one, a boy, who escaped to Rome, but who afterwards founded the great houses of Desmond and Tyrone.

Under Henry VIII, Edward and Mary, Ireland suffered humiliating subjugation; the more rebellious houses of the O'Moore's and O'Connor's, in the central part of the island, were cruelly butchered and brought to entire submission, after a period of outlawry; the church lands were confiscated; monasteries destroyed, and land held under English law; no justice administered but at the King's courts, and Irish lords were compelled to educate their sons at the English court. Henry VIII was proclaimed King of Ireland by the Parliament; and it was during the reign of Edward that the "land system of Ireland" may be said to have been established, in the formation of King's County and Queen's County. Elizabeth turned loose a band of soldiery who, according to Mr. Froude, 'lived on plunder, and were little better than bandits.' During this reign, a large immigration of Scotch from Argyleshire to Antrim took place, who allied themselves to Shane O'Neil, in rebellion against the crown, but they were afterward reduced to vassalage by Shane, who had made an amicable arrangement with the Queen to reduce them.

The Geraldines were again revived, and forming a league, caused much trouble and annoyance to Elizabeth, and a bloody war was waged for a long time, but the English finally subdued them, and the lands of all the native chiefs were declared confiscate, and given over to those adventurers, that chose to take them at a quit rent of two pence to three pence per acre. Thus were hundreds of thousands of acres of Irish land deeded to English holders, and which, to-day, forms the great *casus belli* of "land leaguing" and "Fenianism." Mr. McCarthy thus records it: "The next step was to confiscate the estates of the rebellious chieftains. The estates of Desmond and some hundred and forty of his followers came to the crown. The land was then distributed at the cheapest rate in large tracts, to English nobles and gentlemen adventurers, who were pledged to colonize it with English laborers and tradesmen. But of these laborers and tradesmen not many came over, and those who did soon returned, tired of struggling for their foothold with the dispossessed Irish. In default of other tenants, the new owners of the soil were practically forced to take on the natives as tenants-at-will, and thus the desired change of population was not effected."

Affairs in Ireland continued much as they were during the reigns of James, Charles and Cromwell, although during the settlement of the latter, the country suffered more indignities, and more open violations than during the reigns of the former. Justin McCarthy thus speaks of the cruelties perpetrated by Cromwell: "Women and girls who were in the way of adventurers could be got rid of profitably to West Indian planters weary of Maroon and Negro women. Into such shameful slavery thousands of unhappy Irishwomen were sent, and it was only when the Irish supply being exhausted the dealers in human flesh began to seize upon the Englishwomen to swell their lists, that the practice was

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prohibited;" and Sir William Petty states that six thousand boys and girls were sent to the West Indies; and the total number transported there and to Virginia was estimated at ten thousand. Many "Irish wenches" were also sent to the West Indies "for the consolation of the soldiers" in the newly acquired colony of Jamaica.

Nor were Charles II, James II, or William, any advantage to Ireland; but the reign of each was marked by arbitrary enactments, causing the feeling of bitter hatred engendered by their predecessors to rankle in the breasts of the dependent people, who had been schooled in war and rebellion, and rendered callous by defeat, till they were prepared for the great *coup de grace* which was given by "the ferocious legislation of Queen Anne," and which had done its work of humiliation to the full. "For a hundred years the country was crushed into quiescent misery. Against the tyranny which made war at once upon their creed, their intellect, and their trade, the Irish had no strength to struggle. The evidence of Arthur Young shows how terribly the condition of the peasantry had sunk when he is able to state that "Landlords of consequence have assured me that many of their cotters would think themselves honored by having their wives and daughters sent to the bed of their masters; a mark of slavery which proves the oppression under which such people must live." The terrible famine of 1741; the deprivation of the Irish House of Lords of any [illegible] jurisdiction, and the act declaring that the English Parliament had the right to make laws to bind the people of Ireland, passed in the sixth year of George I, had their effect, and the condition of the people became truly pitiable. But lights began to gleam from dark places, and Swift, Chesterfield, Lucas, Henry Flood, and Henry Grattan, boldly stepped upon the platform of Freedom, and boldly advocated the independence of Parliament, and to the untiring zeal of the latter, coupled with the war with the American colonies, may be attributed the repeal of the "hateful act of the sixth George I," which gave to Ireland comparative freedom. Several insignificant insurrections occurred during the latter part of the eighteenth century, culminating in what is known as the rebellion of '98, but they were ineffectual, and more harm than good resulted from them; but leniency was shown to the country, measurably owing to the trouble in America, involving all the attention of England. At the close of the Revolutionary war, and just eighteen years from the repeal of the act of the sixth George I, the union of England and Ireland was effected by the "Bill of Union of 1800," and that body known as the "Irish Parliament" ceased to exist.

We have briefly traced a few of the most important events in the history of Ireland, as a prelude to scenes and enactments, which we will endeavor to lay before our readers, in connection with the all-important question of the day, viz., "The Emancipation of Ireland," and in the series of articles on this subject, we shall try to ventilate the vexed questions of Fenianism, Land Leagues, Home Rule, etc., and to draw true pictures as they exist to-day in the beautiful Emerald Isle. *R. S. Spence.*

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Literature is the gift of heaven, a ray of that wisdom by which the universe is governed, and which man, inspired by a celestial intelligence, has drawn down to earth. Like the rays of the sun, it enlightens us, it rejoices us, it warms us with a heavenly flame, and seems, in some sort, like the element of fire, to bend all nature to our use. By its means we are enabled to bring around us all things, all places, all men, and all times. It assists us to regulate our manners and our life. By its aid, too, our passions are calmed, vice is suppressed and virtue encouraged by the memorable examples of great and good men which it has handed down to us, and whose time-honored images it ever brings before our eyes. Literature is a daughter of heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften and charm away the evils of the human race.—*Goldsmith.*

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## OVERTHROW OF GOG AND MAGOG.*

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR.

There's a sound from the Vale! There's a voice from the Mountain!
From the land of the waste and the village unwalled,
Comes a sound like the roar of the rock-rending fountain,
Or the voice of the tempest when thunder hath called.
'Tis the voice of the Lord!
'Tis the sound for the sword!
Hear ye not the loud echoes go rolling along?
Freedom's hand is on high,
The oppressor must die,
'Tis the triumph of truth and of right over wrong.

Oh! whence is yon host, with its high banners blazing
O'er helm, spear and shield, as the sea's countless sand?
Lo! an armament mighty, with power amazing,
Coming up like a cloud to o'erdarken the land!
'Tis Togarmah looks forth,
From the lands of the north,
For a spoil, and to prey on the peaceful and free.
Thou art come for a spoil,
But the worms of the soil
Shall fatten and feed on thy bands and on thee.

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations ascending!—
"Touch not mine anointed, do my prophets no harm!"
Have ye hearkened in vain, that with hurtful intending
Ye have filled all my valleys with warlike alarm?
Like the robbers of Rome,
Without cause have ye come
To trample the "scattered and peeled" as of yore?
Lo! with thee and thy race,
Will I plead face to face,
Till the cup of my fury with vengeance runs o'er.

Woe! woe to thee, wingéd land!—wonder of nations!—
Brought back by the sword and the patriot's blood—
As a goddess thou stand'st, but shalt fall from thy station,
Tho' thy throne were as high as once Lucifer's stood.
Drop down, O ye heavens!
From morn until even,
Let the arrows of wrath pour their fiery rain,
Till the birds of the air,
And the beasts of the lair,
Shall gorge in the fat of Philistia's slain.

Yea, the Lord shall arise as a fierce roaring lion;
He shall waste them with fire, with famine and dearth;
He hath uttered his voice from the heights of Mount Zion,
And called for a sword from the ends of the earth.
Lift up the loud voice!
Let Zion rejoice!
"For great is the Holy One in the midst of thee"—
Shout aloud to the skies,
Till the thunder replies:
BABYLON IS FALLEN, AND ISRAEL IS FREE!

*O. F. Whitney.*

* Suggested by the 38th and 39th chapters of Ezekiel.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:

*Two Dollars a Year.* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER, 1883.


## "THE THREE WITNESSES."

WHEN we first thought of procuring an engraving of The Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon for publication in the CONTRIBUTOR, little difficulty was anticipated. It was supposed that their likenesses could be readily obtained and that their autographs and biographical information would be in possession of old-time friends and relatives now living. It was not long, however, before we discovered that such was not the case, and that so far from the materials, necessary to form the interesting group, being readily at hand, that we would succeed in procuring them only after the most careful inquiry and persistent effort should be made.

There was no delay nor trouble in getting David Whitmer's portrait, for a very fine one had been made but a few years since—in 1877—for publication in a county history of Missouri, a copy of which had been brought to Utah in 1878 by President Joseph F. Smith and photographed. Martin Harris, after coming to Utah and locating here with his family, had a photograph taken, in 1871, by C. R. Savage, copies of which were kindly furnished by Martin Harris, Jr., of Smithfield, Cache County, and Edward Stevenson, of Salt Lake City, who was chiefly instrumental in bringing Martin Harris, the witness, to Utah.

Oliver Cowdery's sister living in Utah, we found, knew nothing of his later life, had no letters or portraits, and was not in correspondence with any of his family. She, however, remembered that an oil painting had been made of her brother when he was in Missouri, about fifty-five years ago. Upon this clue we followed up a series of correspondence with relatives of the Whitmer's, and through them learned that Oliver Cowdery's widow, David Whitmer's sister, was living with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Johnson, somewhere in the southwestern part of Missouri.

Through the correspondence of Elder John Morgan with some friends of Mrs. Cowdery, we ascertained that a daguerreotype had been taken of Oliver four years before his death, and that it, as well as the oil painting, was in possession of his daughter. These friends undertook to procure either one or the other of the likenesses for us to use, and were sure of success. Mrs. Johnson was approached upon the matter, and quite readily consented to loan the daguerreotype, which is much the better portrait; her mother was also agreeable, and we received the encouraging intelligence from Elder Morgan that the picture would be at our command in a few days.

In the meantime, to make sure of getting it, and hearing from a relative of the Whitmer family, Mr. Vancleave, of Chicago, that Dr. Charles Johnson, who controlled the likenesses, was opposed to letting them go to Utah; we solicited, by courtesy of President Joseph F. Smith, that gentleman's aid, and felt sure that success would soon reward our efforts. These too sanguine hopes were soon shattered; the Doctor set his foot down upon the project and absolutely refused to permit either of the portraits to be used, especially by a "Utah Mormon," as he in his politest moods called us. His wife wrote that "the Doctor has set himself against it, and that is the end of the matter."

By this time the mere desire to procure a plate of The Three Witnesses for a *frontispiece* to the magazine was supplanted by a sense of religious duty, to rescue from oblivion and possible destruction the only portraits of those honored men, whose early history is so wonderfully interesting to every member of

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the Church now, and will be forever. The difficulties presented to the accomplishment of this purpose only intensified the determination to succeed.

The assistance of Elder James H. Hart was therefore secured, and he proceeded in his characteristically cool and vigorous manner to the successful issue which crowned his labors, and which he narrates in his highly interesting correspondence to the Territorial press. The following is extracted from letters received from him: "I went first to Richmond under the impression that Dr. Johnson might have returned there from Seneca where he had been living. On arriving I learned that he had moved to South West City, twenty-eight miles south of Seneca, with no railroad communication. I therefore returned to Kansas City, thence to the extreme south-west corner of Missouri, passing through the north-east corner of the Indian Territory *via* Vinita. Knowing the determined opposition of Dr. Johnson, David Whitmer assured me, before leaving, that my journey would be in vain.

The doctor was at first quite hostile, but after laboring with him several hours, during which his wife and Mrs. Cowdery warmly seconded my pleading, some kind spirit came upon him and he gave me the choice between the oil painting and the daguerreotype. I chose the latter, and placed it in the hands of the engravers. Before I left, the same spirit led the doctor to say he thought perhaps he would yet go west and locate in the Rocky Mountains. Mrs. Johnson also gave me her father's autograph. (The same as appears in the signature to the Testimony on the first page of this number.)

The likeness, procured, was taken when Oliver was about forty-two years of age. It has been submitted to the inspection of several old acquaintances, and is uniformly pronounced by them to be an excellent portrait. Some of these at once recognized the face, though they had not seen the original for over forty years, and remarked that the striking features of his countenance were vividly and accurately preserved.

The resemblance of the portraits of David Whitmer and Martin Harris is readily recognized and applauded by all who know them. They agree in testifying to the excellent portraits and superb workmanship of the engraving.

The Hill Cumorah is a reproduction of a fine photograph which Apostle Franklin D. Richards had taken during his visit there a few years ago. The group seen upon the hillside consists of himself, wife, sons Lorenzo and Charles, and Joseph A. West, besides the owner of the ground, who stated to them that they were standing around the spot, indicated by Joseph Smith to his father as the place from which the plates were taken. It is on the west side of the hill, near the north end, and not far from the top, exactly corresponding to the written statement of the Prophet upon the subject, and the repeated testimony of the witnesses.

The figures selected as embellishments of this historic engraving were drawn to illustrate Scriptural texts. The one on the left represents the angel of the restoration, agreeable to the words of John the Revelator: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth." The drapery of the figure, so far as the garment is concerned, is drawn according to the description of the costume of the angel that visited Joseph Smith on the night of September 21, 1823.

The group on the right is intended as a reminder of the appearance of Moroni, the custodian of the plates, to the Witnesses, at the time they had retired to the woods near Waterloo, New York, and besought the Lord for that wonderful vision, which, being granted, has distinguished them for all time to come. The expression of their faces is designed to illustrate the text from the Testimony which reads as follows: "And it is marvelous in our eyes." The circumstances of that heavenly visitation are peculiar, and will be narrated in the History of the Book of Mormon.

The union of the sticks of Joseph and

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Judah is fully predicted in the writings of the prophets (Ezekiel xxxvii, 16–20).

The engraving, it thus appears, has been procured after much labor and expense in getting the portraits and drawings. The work done by Messrs. Hall & Sons, New York, is as fine as can be executed by the best engravers on steel. The picture is intended as a souvenir of the glorious events attending the restoration of the Gospel to the earth, and more especially the bringing forth of the sacred records that testify of God's dealings with His children upon this continent in early times. As such it is respectfully dedicated to the Latter-day Saints in all the world.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

THERE is no more dreamy time of year than the mellow, hazy, pensive season, which we call the Indian summer. It is rather a pretty romantic name, and applicable, for it is really the time when the Indians harvest their corn and lay in their stores for winter supplies. The hunting season when the game is abundant (or once was) and the hunter goes into the dense woods and mountain fastnesses and chases the deer and antelope, roaming through the wide and wild uncultivated domain with more exquisite pleasure than he finds in the pursuits of the field and farm. This occupation is specially suited to the untutored character of the red man of the forest. It seems quite proper that the aborigines of America should have their name perpetuated through some direct channel. Lo! the poor Indian, how little consideration is shown him! And once all these broad lands, stretching from ocean to ocean, with their dense forests, and winding streams and wonderful rivers flowing down into the great unfathomable sea, the beautiful lakes and everlasting hills, all these were his, and he was the sole possessor of the soil, only rivaled by the wild beasts who contended for the mastery, yet he kept them at bay, and year after year, his dominion was absolute and he had no knowledge of foreign powers who would come to subdue and conquer, and monopolize the beautiful land of which he held the undisputed right. Why should not the white man who has robbed him, little by little of his inheritance, pay some tribute to his nation if only in literary parlance.

There is one peculiar beauty of this season that makes it more definitely Indian in the true sense and that is its bright colors. The red and yellow are conspicuous, and stand out in bold contrast to the grey and sombre background. The bright red berries that we love so much to see, holly, *vermilion* and even rose berries, "bathed too in the flame of sunset" these are brightest then, adorning the landscape; the ferns turn red and yellow, and so delicately formed are they, that the highest flaming colors only make them more intensely beautiful. The leaves of the common bramble and blackberry turn to a deep crimson or bright vermilion, and glitter in the sun light, with warmth and splendor. There are many varieties of shrubbery and leaves that seem full of warm yellow light, almost luminous of themselves and the sun gives to them a richer tone and more gorgeous splendor. This is the season to wander in the woods and canyons and find such exquisite delight as one can only feel in the grand, old, magnificent forests. There indeed the study of nature in all its labyrinths seems more than ever entangled, and one feels there is no way out of the environment except through and by that supreme power that pervades the universe. Man's intelligence seems at fault, man's interpretation of the higher laws of the universe and of scripture, fall so far short of the divine authority that one feels his own weakness, intensely, in the presence of such overwhelming testimony as he finds everywhere in the kingdom of nature.

"O, nature, how in every charm supreme,
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!

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O, for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due."

The pensiveness of mind is one of the proofs of the harmony between nature outside and in the inner depths of the soul. Meditation is the normal condition induced by the peculiar atmosphere and surroundings of the sweet mellow days at this halcyon season, when one cannot avoid thoughtful reveries. The falling leaves, as they flutter down and lie in thick soft matting under our feet, tell us so plainly that a change is about to take place in the great panorama of earth's paraphernalia.

One cannot quite school himself into forgetfulness, and the placid, passive Indian summer is a fitting time for retrospection. And after all, why should we endeavor to forget? Is it not better to remember the faces of those we loved, and hear their voices as it were in the sighing of the trees or the murmur of the rivulet, and feel their presence gently reminding us of the hope we have of future fruition, where we shall meet once more, when that glorious morn shall dawn, and the dead come forth to live again in endless lives? Yes! it must be better to remember the good and pure, the innocent, who were taken away from the evil to come, for their influence upon us must make us nobler and better, when our hearts are drawn out towards them in anticipation of that joyful meeting where there will be "no more parting forever."

"When time has past and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And aye, the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' lang syne."

It is not always true that reflection upon the past and thoughtfulness make one sad at heart; it is good to be somewhat sober and staid, and to have solid joy in solitude. Every one needs this, and in the daily occupations of city life one can scarcely ever obtain it. But just step outside these busy thoroughfares into the fields and pastures now just turning grey and brown, where a dead quiet seems to lull one's senses into that mood, neither grave nor gray, and involuntarily the fancies go wandering here, there and everywhere o'er mountain tops, where the blue sky looks so complacently down upon the dwellers of earth, or through densely wooded dells and groves, resting the weary brain, and in imagination one peers searchingly into the faces of those who were the companions of earlier days "the loved and lost," and we think with the poet:

"I call to mind, but cannot find
The forms I once loved well!
Where have ye fled, ye vanished?
I ask, ye do not tell!"

Calling up these tender remembrances brings us into close communion with our own hearts, and the unexplored regions of emotional feeling. We do not any of us know to what extent we are capable of development of heart and inner life, until some sorrow, sacrifice, or newly-found joy causes us to become known to ourselves, and we find we are capable of that which we were not aware we even possessed a germ of. These latent forces need something to give them impetus, and we shall yet find the human soul possesses capabilities as high as heaven, and as deep as the realms of infinity, for there is no boundary to the growth of intelligence.

It is delightful to feel the relief that the slow, pensive days bring to the human mind. A sort of tranquility, a repose that is exalting in its nature. It is not the dead, cold silence of winter, with its frosts and snows, that chills the finest feelings, nor the radiant golden summer, with its brightness, that spontaneously heightens pleasure and causes every pulse of life to beat quicker and throb with the excitement of that which is vivid, real, and tangible life. After this straining of the nerve forces, and the consequent depression of the active functions in one's organism, is it not well and wisely ordered that before the chilling blasts of winter set in, there should be that serene restfulness that the Indian summer is sure to bring to the lover of nature? One of our own sweet woman poets, Lu Dalton, has said of this particular season,

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"The soft air whispers strange, mysterious things,
Of summer gone and winter yet to come,
And other deeper tones which strike the hidden strings."

And this is true: it is an interim of sweet repose, not dull, brainless, listless languishings, but in which such blending of the beauties of summer and glories of autumn gracefully mingle, that it is like the picture of an experienced artist who knows exactly how to harmonize, subdue and soften warm, rich colors to produce the most charming effect upon the beholder. One admires the perfection of the work and sees nothing to complain of.

"The pale, descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentle mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove."

It is this gentler mood that has given to the poet the tender touch of inspiration, that brings him nearer to the heart of true nature than the most glowing passages of wit and humor that were ever written under the powerful stimulus of bright sunshine and the wildest enthusiasm of "love's young dream."

If we are wise in our day and generation, we will grasp the happy breathing time, between the summer's heat and winter's cold, and recruit our overworked brain, thus prolonging our earthly existence and making capital of our opportunities for life's great *ultimatum*.

Those who have made life the most perfect success, who have engraven their record upon the hearts of their cotemporaries and lived on in the people of the future, those whose example has been in careful keeping with their public career, those are the lights for us to follow. Men and women who have as it were written their names in letters of gold. Have they ever needed rest and change? Undoubtedly they have for they too were mortal. If we are wise stewards over the talents given unto us, then we shall avail ourselves of these beautiful Indian summer days, and recuperate, and by so doing live to enjoy this glorious world, that so many of us find so much fault with, yet are never willing to leave it. After all many of us can with propriety say "our lives were cast in pleasant places."

*Amethyst.*

Truth denies all eloquence to woe.

## BRITISH BRAVES.

About fifty years before the Christian Era, the noble aborigines of what is now recognized as the most civilized nation, at least of Europe if not the world, might have been seen in all the native simplicity of custom, and striking scantiness of apparel, which usually characterize primitive man wherever you find him. In short the ancient Britons, as discovered by Cæsar at the period named, were simply savages. Now savages are generally known among the races as either copper colored, red men, or black men, but strange to say the savages of Britain were *blue* men. It must not however be inferred that blue was the natural color of these stalwart sires of savagedom; on the contrary the Britons of the past were naturally as white as that portion of the Britons of the present who are their descendants. They were really the only white savages known to history, but as a white skin seems to be incompatible with a savage life, these British braves changed that emblematic color of civilization by staining themselves sky-blue, which they accomplished with the juice of a plant called woad.

Not satisfied with adopting this bright national hue, the original lords of England rendered their persons still more fancifully ornamental, if not more useful, than the modern article, by painting or tattooing themselves with various devices. A noble of that period living in the interior of the island would appear at a British banquet of venison bark mingled with roots for "vegetables," clad—clad did I say—no—ornamented

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with a mustache on the upper lip, a painted sun on his stomach, a star on each breast and other artistic attractions of a tattooical order, not at all suited to the modern ideas of British society.

A southern gentlemen would wear, in addition to his cuticular adornments the undressed skin of an animal slain in the chase, which luxurious article of apparal was loosely thrown over his shoulders, in that *negligé* or careless style in which the gentlemen of fashion in subsequent centuries wore their cloaks or capes of woven material. Their wealth and quality were indicated by rings of iron or brass, with which the country abounded, as we are informed that the artisans of other climes were supplied largely from Britain with tin, lead, copper and iron, at a very early period. The British did not wear their jewelry then as they do now, in their ears, and on their wrists and fingers; but around their waists, and occasionally around their necks, were seen these stylish symbols of the early English aristocracy. Fancy a lady of that antique period, covered only by her long and lovely locks, which hung in rich profusion over her shoulders; fancy this native capillary costume—unbraided, uncurled, uncrimped, and I fear, unkempt—not done up *a la Pompadour* or even *a la cuisine*, but flowing in the frolicsome fashion of the English Shoshone, or the British Navajoe! Her only change of appearance at the banquet or in the ball room being a diversity of design in the tattoo, or the doffing of an iron waistband for a copper one! Yet such was the condition of the British belle when the Roman galleys turned their prows towards that wonderful country in the year 50 B. C.

But if this was the sight that presented itself to the Roman "civilizers," as to the personal appearance of the British, what did they find in regard to their social, religious and political status? They found them exceedingly rough and warlike in their manners, living on the most frugal food that would perpetuate existence: bark taken off the trees of their native forests, roots dug from their native soil, and animals killed in the chase, as there were no "poaching" laws then. Some raised sheep, and tended them in those rustic wilds, which in after years became the lordly estates of the conquering nobles of Normandy, and are now cultivated with such skill and success as to be a pattern of husbandry to all other countries on the globe.

Religiously, the ancient Britons were taught and governed by the Druids, a class of priests who not only taught the crude religious ideas of the period to the masses, but made the laws by which the people were to be governed. Their power was so extensive and arbitrary, that they were in reality the rulers of Britain—"the power behind the throne," which is always more influential than royalty itself. They not only made the laws, but explained their meaning. In this, perhaps they were in advance of modern legislators, some of whom make laws which no one can explain. In fact an explanation accompanying each enactment would be a good modern addition to most of our statutes at the time they pass the third reading, as it would avoid the comical constructions put upon them by adverse counsel and the sometimes censurable conclusions of judges on the "intent" of the law makers.

I will have to defer the Druidical rites and religion, together with the "politics" of ancient Britain, for future comment.

*Charles W. Stayner.*

## CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB.

It is several years since this gentleman became known to the American public as a swimmer of extraordinary capabilities. He had spent his life, in great part, on shipboard, and so was thoroughly familiar with water in its roughest phases. In 1875 he became famous by performing the hitherto unaccomplished feat of swimming across the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, and that without artificial aids. Afterward he exhibited his skill as a swimmer in Europe and this country, everywhere winning admiration because of his great powers of endurance, and the long distances which he covered.

He was born in Shropshire, England,

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in 1838, and after leaving school went into the English merchant service. He continued in this sphere of industry until Captain Boyton crossed the English Channel in a swimming suit, designed as a protection against drowning; this extraordinary feat being an illustration of the capabilities of the invention. Captain Webb was fired by this accomplishment, and determined to outdo Boyton by swimming the channel unassisted by artificial means. After a course of training he succeeded in doing it, on the 24th of August, landing on the French coast at Calais, after being in the water nearly twenty-two hours. In this country he distinguished himself in 1879 by swimming from Sandy Hook to Manhattan Beach; during this effort he was in the water five and a half hours.

His attempt to swim through the whirlpool of the Niagara River, which resulted in the loss of his life, has much of the foolhardy in it, for the reason that all those familiar with the character of that river considered the whirlpool as its most dangerous part. The waters there whirl around with great rapidity, and have the appearance, which is presented by the movement of water in a large basin out of whose bottom the plug had been withdrawn, the downward rush of water exercising a tremendous power of suction. People on the banks have seen vast trees drawn into the whirlpool and disappear. A block of ice as large as a house was once observed to float on the current till it reached the mouth of the whirlpool; there it was suddenly swallowed up. This vortex Captain Webb imagined that he could dare successfully, on the theory that a man could swim where a boat could not live. One would think that this gentleman had won applause enough by reason of his remarkable achievements as a swimmer. But he was not satisfied with having distanced all competitors—he would distance himself. He thought little of danger. His aspiration and self-confidence dominated over the principle of fear, and the outcome of it all was a poor, mutilated, lifeless body, and a wife and two children left without their natural protector. The boast of the great swimmer was laughed to scorn by the furious maelstrom. The circumstances attending his drowning there, appeared to illustrate the fierce joy of the waters in having this champion finally in their power, for scarcely had he entered within its circumference, when he was observed to throw up one of his arms, and in another instant he was lost from the view of the spectators on the bank of the river. His body was recovered the next day.

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### SEMI-ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the semi-annual meeting of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, Sunday evening, October 7, at 7 o'clock.

As many of the county superintendents as can make it convenient are invited to attend, and a general invitation is extended to the Young Ladies' Associations and all who are interested in the cause of mutual improvement.

*W. Woodruff,*
*Jos. F. Smith,*
*Moses Thatcher,*
General Superintendency.

### NOTICE OF QUARTERLY CONFERENCES.

The following appointments have been approved by the General Superintendency. Conferences will be held on the dates indicated. It is expected some of the general officers will attend each:

Logan, Cache County, October 14, 10 a.m.; Provo, Utah County, October 14, 10 a.m.; Glenwood, Sevier County, October 20; Ogden, Weber County, November 4, 10 a. m.; Coalville, Summit County, November 11.

Stake secretaries are requested to forward dates when their conferences are to be held, in time for publication in the next number of the magazine.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1883. No. 2.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

CONTENTS OF THE RECORDS.—1.

THE Book of Mormon gives us the history of two distinct peoples; the first coming to America from the Tower of Babel, the second from Jerusalem. The first race is known to us as Jaredites, the second by various names, growing out of the fact that more than one Israelitish colony landed on these shores, and also that after their arrival they split up and divided into distinct nationalities; of these divisions the Nephites, Lamanites and Zarahemlaites hold the most conspicuous places in ancient American history.

An ancient prophet of the tribe of Joseph named Lehi, was with a few followers, principally of his own family, led by the Lord out of the land of Palestine in the year 600 B. C. His course from Jerusalem led to the Red Sea, then for some considerable distance along its shores, thence eastward across the Arabian Peninsula to the neighborhood of the Persian Gulf. Here the little colony rested while a ship was built by God's command; and on its completion they crossed the Indian and Pacific Oceans to the shores of South America where they landed in that portion of the continent now called Chili. This land became their new home and the cradle of their race, from whence they spread far and wide over both the North and South American Continents.

We have given the account of this journey with great brevity, as of all parts of the Book of Mormon, none are so familiar to the general reader as the history of this journey, but we shall now proceed to give in greater detail the history of the two nations that sprang from Lehi, believing that many are not as fully acquainted with these matters as is desirable.

The journey of Lehi's company, both by land and water, had been disturbed by internal dissensions. These almost invariably grew out of the rebellious, discontented disposition of his elder sons. After their arrival on the promised land these evils grew apace, and on the death of Lehi, the family divided into two communities, led respectively by Laman, the eldest, and Nephi, the fourth son. We will first take up the history of the people led by Laman, and known to us as

THE LAMANITES.

THE history of the ancient Lamanites may be consistently divided into three epochs.

The first, when their nation was almost entirely composed of the literal descendants of Laman, Lemuel and Ishmael.

The second, when it consisted of those, no matter their descent, who rejected the Gospel and fought against its principles.

The third, when the name was used to designate those who, after the dispensation opened by the personal appearing of the Messiah on the American continent, turned away from His teachings, and again promulgated the old falsehoods, nurtured the old hatreds, and resurrected and delighted in the ancient abominations.

In the consideration of the Lamanite



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character, we must always bear in mind that from their standpoint they had right and justice on their side. They had no records to which they could appeal, but had to rely entirely on the traditions that were handed down to them from generation to generation. These traditions taught them that their fathers—Laman and Lemuel—were robbed of the kingly and priestly authority by their younger brothers—Sam, Nephi, Jacob and Joseph—of whom Nephi was the leader; that he by cunning and falsehood usurped the rights pertaining to the first-born, lorded it over his brethren, and was accepted by part as their king, while those to whom this dignity rightfully belonged very properly rejected this arrangement, claimed their just dues, and thus gave rise to the division of the colony and the establishment of the two hostile powers. The Nephites thus came to be regarded as usurpers and robbers whom to destroy was virtue, to despoil was righteous gain. It was because of these traditions, implanted in the womb, nurtured at the breast, and strengthened by every succeeding year of life, that the Lord showed such abundant mercy to this people whenever they manifested a desire to turn from their evil ways and blindness unto obedience to His word.

It is but little we are told of the history of the Nephites during the first four hundred years of their national existence; it is still less that we know of the Lamanites. The parting of the two branches of Lehi's family was evidently in anger, at any rate it was so with those who joined themselves to Laman and Lemuel. These two brothers had long murmured against Nephi's growing influence, now they sought his life. Such was the condition of affairs when the Lord warned Nephi to take those who would go with him and flee into the wilderness. Nephi unhesitatingly obeyed and journeyed to the northward, leaving the Lamanites in undisputed possession of their first homes on the land of promise. But this did not suit the excited passions of the elder brothers, they did not crave peaceful homes and undisturbed sovereignty of a land so vast, that by its side the broad bounds of Solomon's extended sway were dwarfed into insignificance. They sought authority over all their brethren, and revenge for fancied wrongs. With this unhallowed feeling burning in their hearts, they followed the Nephites to their new habitations.

The condition of the Lamanites was now pitiable. They had cut themselves off from the presence of the Lord, the Priesthood was withdrawn from them; the records and scriptures were beyond their reach; hatred and malice reigned supreme in their souls, they had no inclination for the arts of peace; they were restless, cunning and idle, while they sought in the wilderness the food necessary to sustain life. Already the curse of God was upon them; lest they should appear pleasant to Nephite eyes, their fair and beautiful skins grew dark and repulsive, their habits became loathsome and filthy, and this same skin of darkness came upon the children of all those who intermarried with them.

So quickly did they follow up the Nephites, that in less than forty years from the time that Lehi left Jerusalem there had already been war and contentions between the two peoples, both of whom had established a monarchical form of government.

While the early Nephites were polygamists, and unfortunately unrighteous ones, the Lamanites were monogamists, which form of marriage they appear to have ever after retained. As we shall have to refer so often to their vices, we must, in justice to them, here insert the description of their domestic virtues given by Jacob, the son of Lehi. He says, "Behold, their husbands love their wives, and their wives love their husbands; and their husbands and their wives love their children; and their unbelief and their hatred towards you, is because of the iniquity of their fathers."

Even as early as Jacob's days, "many means were devised to reclaim and restore the Lamanites to the knowledge of the truth," but it was all in vain, for they cherished an eternal hatred towards

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their Nephite brethren, and would accept no good thing at their hands. These efforts to reclaim were diligently continued in the days of Enos, the son of Jacob, but with no better success. The Lamanities were growing more hardened rather than to the contrary. Enos described them as wild, ferocious, and bloodthirsty, full of idolatry and filthiness, feeding upon beasts of prey which they devoured raw. They dwelt in tents, and wandered from place to place as their fancies led, or their necessities compelled. Their clothing was simply a short skin girdle about their loins; they shaved their heads, and were skillful in the use of the bow, the axe, and the cimeter. Such was the sad depth of degradation to which they had fallen in the second generation, which, like the previous one, expended its meagre energies in repeated depredations upon the Nephites.

When two hundred years had passed away the Lamanites, from some unexplained cause, had grown more numerous than the Nephites, they had also sunk yet lower in barbarism. They loved murder and drank the blood of beasts. Notwithstanding the ill success that attended their expeditions against the Nephites, they made war against them the business of their lives, generation after generation. We can scarcely conceive a people more loathsome and savage than the Lamanites of this age; what little of refinement and civilization their ancestors had brought from Jerusalem had long since been forgotten; apparently they had lost everything that was good, and had retained and accumulated only that which was evil.

The second two hundred years is a repetition of the first. Wars, repeated wars, are the burden of the history of the race; they had nought else to relieve its monotony—art, science and enterprise were unknown. About three hundred and twenty years after the exodus from Jerusalem, they appear to have gained great advantage over the Nephites, the Lord having used them, as He had before-time promised, as a scourge to the latter people when they forsook His ways. Amaron (a descendant of Jacob) writing about this time, states that the more wicked portion of the Nephites had been destroyed, but afterwards tells us that the Lord had delivered the righteous out of the hands of their enemies, which shows the destruction which came upon the wicked Nephites was at the hands of the Lamanites. In the next generation these wars still continued.

We are now coming to a time when the history of the Lamanites is presented to us in greater detail, especially when it is connected by war or missionary enterprise with the annals of the Nephites. Somewhere between 250 and 225 before Christ, the obedient Nephites, by the commandment of God, left the land which they then occupied and, under the guidance of a prophet named Mosiah, again started northward to seek a new home. What the causes were that led to this migration the Book of Mormon does not inform us, possibly the rapidly increasing Lamanites were crowding so pertinaciously upon the Nephites that quiet possession was no longer possible, therefore another exodus was commanded. At any rate, it is certain that as soon as the Nephites evacuated the country the Lamanites entered it, and possessed themselves of the cities and settlements which Nephite industry had created. This land was called the Land of Nephi by the Nephites in honor of the founder of their race, and by such name is known all through the Book of Mormon. The land to which the Nephites retired was called the Land of Zarahemla, and thither the restless Lamanites quickly followed, so that in the days of King Benjamin, son of Mosiah, we read of their invading that land also, from which they were driven by its defenders after much blood had been spilt on both sides. In the days of King Benjamin certain unquiet Nephite spirits became anxious to return to the Land of Nephi, whose lost riches they bewailed. The King finally gave his consent. The first expedition was a disastrous failure—quarrels among the leaders of the company ended in a bloody battle and the return of the few survivors to Zarahemla. Nothing daunted, a second company

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soon after started, which in one sense was more successful, in that it reached the Land of Nephi in safety.

The Nephite evacuation of the cities built in the Land of Nephi had no doubt a beneficial effect on those portions of the Lamanite race that took possession of them. They thereby became acquainted with some of the comforts and excellence of civilization, and, though very slow to learn, their experience at this time laid the foundation for a slight advance of the arts of peace in their midst, and from this period we read of two classes of this people, the one living in cities, the other roaming in the wilderness. However, at the time of the return of this Nephite colony (whose leader was named Zeniff), they had not learned to keep in repair the Nephite cities which they occupied.

A king named Laman governed the Lamanites at this time. On Zeniff's arrival a treaty was made between the two parties, and the Nephites re-occupied the cities of Lehi-Nephi and Shilom, and the country immediately surrounding. Laman's subjects were an idle and idolatrous people, and he readily perceived the advantages that would accrue from the presence of an industrious people in their midst, but who were not sufficiently strong to be a menace to his authority. Twelve years were thus passed by the Nephites in repairing the cities and developing the resources of the lands adjoining, during which time Laman had been watching their progress and noting their growing powers, and which, by the conclusion of this period, so alarmed him that he intrigued with his people to make a sudden attack on the people of Zeniff. A battle ensued, in which the Lamanites were defeated with a loss of three thousand and forty-three warriors. After this there was an armed peace of twenty-two years duration.

Before the end of this twenty-two years King Laman died. He was succeeded by his son, who soon after his ascension again sought the chances of war in the effort to stay the continually increasing strength of Zeniff's people, who formed a kingdom within a kingdom, and were an annoyance and an eye-sore to all loyal Lamanites. The young king was no more successful than his father—he also was ignominiously defeated with great loss, and driven out of the region held by Zeniff.

Shortly after this war Zeniff died and his son Noah succeeded him. In process of time the war was renewed; the Lamanites commencing by sending in bands of marauders who cut off small or isolated bodies of Noah's subjects, and drove their flocks and herds away. Noah was at first successful in resisting these encroachments, but being given over to drunkenness and debauchery, he did not take effectual steps to defend his frontier. With his false priests, courtiers and courtezans, he gave himself up to the gratification of the appetites of the flesh, and under his rule a great prophet of the Lord, named Abinadi, was martyred at the stake. Such was the condition of affairs (about B. C. 150) when the hosts of the Lamanites suddenly appeared in the Land Shemlon. King Noah ordered instant flight and the desertion of the women and children to the mercies of the ruthless Lamanites, while he himself set the cowardly example by fleeing in all haste. Some of his people refused to obey this disgraceful command, and, through the intercession of their wives and daughters (the Lamanite respect for woman still being observable), were able to save their lives, though at a heavy cost. They made an ignominious treaty, in which they agreed to pay to the conquerors one-half of all they possessed, and one-half of their increase year by year. Noah was afterwards killed by some of his own people, and one of his sons, named Limhi, reigned in his stead. In some respects his rule may be said to have been little more than nominal, as the Lamanites set guards all around the land to prevent the Nephites escaping into the wilderness, which guards were paid out of the tribute exacted from the subjects of King Limhi. This state of things continued for two years.

In these times there was a romantic

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spot in the Land of Shemlon (on the Nephite borders) where the Lamanitish maidens were in the habit of gathering on pleasure bent. Here they sang, danced and made merry with all the gaiety of youthful innocence and overflowing spirits. One day when a few were thus gathered they were suddenly surprised, and twenty-four of their number carried off by strange men who, from their appearance, were unmistakably Nephites. On learning of this act of treachery the Lamanites were stirred to uncontrollable anger and, without seeking an explanation, they made a sudden incursion into the territory held by King Limhi. This attack, however, was not successful, for their movements, though not understood, had been discovered, and their intended victims came pouring forth to meet them. With Limhi and his people it was a war for existence, to be defeated was to be annihilated; his warriors therefore fought with superhuman energy and desperation, and in the end they succeeded in driving the Lamanites back. So speedy did the flight become, that in their confusion the Lamanites left their wounded King lying among the heaps of slain. There he was discovered by the victors. In the interview between him and Limhi that followed, mutual explanations ensued. The Lamanite King complained bitterly of the outrage committed on the daughters of his people, while Limhi protested that he and his subjects were innocent of the base act. Further investigation developed the fact that some of the iniquitous priests of King Noah, who had fled from the dreaded vengeance of their abused countrymen into the wilderness, were the guilty parties. Being without wives, and fearing to return home, they had adopted this method to obtain them. On hearing this explanation, King Laman consented to make an effort to pacify his angry hosts. At the head of an unarmed body of Nephites he went forth and met his armies who were returning to the attack. He explained what he had learned, and the Lamanites, possibly somewhat ashamed of their rashness, renewed the covenant of peace.

This peace, unfortunately, was of short duration. The Lamanites grew arrogant and grievously oppressive and under their exactions and cruelty the condition of Limhi's subjects grew continually worse, until they were little better off than were their ancestors in Egypt before Moses, their deliverer, arose. Three times they broke out in actual rebellion, and just as often their taskmasters grew more cruel and exacting, until their spirits were entirely broken; they cowered before their oppressers, and bowed "to the yoke of bondage, submitting themselves to be smitten and to be driven to and fro, and burdened according to the desires of their enemies."

How many years this state of things existed is uncertain, but eventually the Lord delivered Limhi's people, and, with the aid of some of their friends from the Land of Zarahemla who had sought them out, they escaped into the wilderness.

Their escape was a severe blow to the semi-savage Lamanites, who for years, because of their much greater numbers, had been able to hold these Nephites in a state of subjugation most favorable to their own partial barbarism and improvident, idle habits. They obtained from them all the advantages derived from slave labor with none of its responsibilities. Now that they had escaped, the great source of local national revenue was lost, besides the gratification of race animosities could no longer be indulged in. By this one movement their pride, their passions and pockets were alike disastrously affected. They re-occupied the deserted cities, and sent an army to overtake and re-capture the fugitives. The expedition was a failure, it lost its way in the wilderness, and wandered aimlessly about in the vain endeavor to capture the Nephites or find their way home. While wandering backwards and forwards they came upon the hiding place of King Noah's priests. These vile creatures sought mercy at the hands of the Lamanites, and being joined in this appeal by their wives, the abducted daughters of the Lamanites, the hearts of the soldiers were softened, and the

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miscreants' prayers were granted, whereupon they joined the Lamanites in their search. After a time they wandered into the region occupied by the Christians, who a few years previously, to escape the persecutions of King Noah, had fled into the wilderness, and under the guidance of Alma, had there built up new homes. The Lamanites gained from Alma the information they needed as to their way back, took possession shortly after of the country occupied and improved by Alma's people, and before long placed them under the rule of Amulon, the leader of the priests, who was appointed a kind of tributary prince or ruler over the region occupied by his own people and the colony of Alma. Amulon soon commenced to treat his Christian subjects with great severity and harshness. He had known Alma in the days when they were both priests to King Noah, and vented all the hate engendered of a false and bloody faith on the followers of the man who, he considered, more than any other, had been the means of the overthrow of himself and his priestly associates in crime. This reign of tyranny did not last long, the condition of Alma's people became intolerable, and under the guidance of their heaven-directed leader they escaped to the Land of Zarahemla. The Lamanites were now undisputed possessors of all the southern continent outside that land. Their King at this time was named Laman, a son of the previous king of that name.

The Lamanites now took a very important step in civilization. King Laman appointed the former priests of Noah to be teachers of his people in every land over which he ruled. These men, who were learned in the knowledge of the Nephites, taught the Lamanites the language of their race, that of the Lamanites having become corrupted by long use without a written literature. They also taught them to write, that they could correspond with each other and keep national historical records. This epoch may be considered as the dawn of learning among this nation, and appears to have been coeval with the first infusion of the more vigorous Nephite blood in their veins. The astute priests, however, studiously avoided teaching them anything regarding the true God, the law of Moses, or the words of the Prophets. But from this time the Lamanites, according to the testimony of the Book of Mormon, increased in riches, and began to trade one with another and wax great, and to be a cunning people, delighting in all manner of wickedness and plunder, except it were among their own brethren. It is also recorded that the Lamanites were much more numerous than the united people of Mosiah and Zarahemla.

The events previously narrated have brought us to about one hundred and twenty years before the birth of Christ. We must now take a leap of thirty years and introduce our readers to the Lamanites of the year 90 B. C. At that time the supreme sovereign of all the land was a descendant of Ishmael, but his name is not recorded. His son, Lamoni, reigned over that section of the country known as the Land of Ishmael, which we are inclined to think was situated east or south-east of that portion of the Land of Nephi in which the Nephites formerly dwelt. Another king, named Antionus, exercised vice-regal authority in the Land of Middoni, which lay between Nephi and Ishmael. The old supreme king resided in the city of Nephi, where was the capital and central seat of government. Another large city was being built, adjoining the Land of Mormon, the place where Alma, about half a century previously, had established a Christian church. To this city had been given the name of Jerusalem, in remembrance of the City of the Great King, from whence its builders had all sprung. The Lamanites of this age had encroached upon the Nephites on both sides of the continent; they had crept up the strip of wilderness that bordered the great Pacific sea, and were rapidly filling the wide extent of the east wilderness. The idle, nomadic habits of those who did not live in their cities, required that they should, like

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their descendants, the present Indians, have vast hunting grounds, and it became their natural policy to occupy all the territory that they possibly could.

By this time the Lamanites had been strengthened by accessions of dissatisfied Nephites, who had an uncontrollable penchant for migrating to the Lamanites when anything displeased them at home. The descendants of Amulon and his associates had also increased in numbers, and from their position as the teachers of the race they exercised a strong and unfortunately baneful influence among the race they were educating. Another section of the Lamanite nation, about this time, steps into prominence—they were called Amalekites—were exceedingly hardened and faithless, and overflowing with hate towards the Nephites, from whom, it is not unreasonable to suppose, they were apostates. The native Lamanites, Amulonites, and Amalekites, conjointly built the great city of Jerusalem, and from the mental superiority of its amalgamated people it developed a precedency in works of evil, in intrigue, and in stirring up strife with the Nephites. The more simple descendants of Laman and Lemuel were easily led by their sophistries and excited by their cunning, until they became the willing tools to execute all their villainy.

*George Reynolds.*

ERRATA.—No. 1, page 4, first column, for "385 B. C. Moroni's record closes," and "from 306 to 320 B. C.," in both cases read "A. C."

He who knows most, grieves most for the waste of time.

## WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE GEYSERS.—II.

NOT far, perhaps thirty feet, from the Grand is situated a peculiarly shaped geyser, which the government surveyors were tempted to call the Pumpkin Geyser from the fact that the sides and bottom of the basin, which is from eleven to twenty-three feet in diameter, are covered with globular masses that resemble squashes, not only by their shape, but they are the exact color of ripe pumpkins. Among these singular spherical formations, however, there are some which resemble the Turkish turban and as the word Turban was considered by the surveyors more euphonious, than pumpkin, the geyser which plays here is called the Turban. It is among the minor geysers, although the basin, which is filled during its eruptions is of great size and depth. In consequence of there being so much water, the height to which it is thrown seldom exceeds twenty-five feet, but the vigorous boiling and fuming kept up by the ebullitions of the escaping steam makes the Turban quite an attractive sight.

When you cross the river after visiting the Grand, you are right at the base of the Castle, the most picturesque and commanding of all the great geysers. The cone is on a platform made by the deposite of geyserite—the name given to the solid silicious formation produced by the overflowing water from the geysers. This platform is perhaps three feet high and a hundred in diameter, and from it the cone or castle, which is about forty feet in diameter at the base and half as great on the top, rises to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. The orifice of the geyser tube is circular, and three feet in diameter, and its throat is lined with large globular masses of orange color, and beautifully beaded, a characteristic of many of the geysers and nearly all the thermal springs in the geyser basins.

We were a little late to witness the eruption of the Castle from the commencement, though we saw the greater part of its singular performance, which may be described as follows: It commences with a succession of spouting jets of water, about twenty every minute, which rise to various heights. These last about fifteen minutes and are followed by steam and spray which escape

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in regular pulsations that might be said to resemble the beating of the heart of Mother Earth, so deep, regular and intense are they. The water jets sometimes rise a hundred feet, while during the spray and steam period of the eruption it is much lower. A steady escape of steam soon follows, and it appears as though the water were exhausted and the steam was being forced out as rapidly as possible. A change is noticed for several minutes before the eruption ceases—sometimes for half an hour, during which the steam escapes in cloud-like masses and floats away to the sky. It emerges from the crater with a roaring sound like the escape of steam from some vast escape-pipe, which it really is. The noise equals the roaring of a thousand engines letting off steam at the same time. The Castle is considered to be the most prominent safety valve of the geyser region, and all who once witness the escape of steam from its ponderous throat feel assured that but for it the danger of the whole basin being rent and torn by a universal upheaval would be much greater. After roaring and hissing for an hour and twenty minutes, during which the entire cone is submerged in the clouds of steam that rise from its summit, the noise gradually dies away and the eruption is ended for the day. At the base of the Castle is a spring, about twenty feet across, that bubbles intermittently, and is generally at boiling heat. We cooked a shoulder of venison in it in four minutes. The water is a beautiful blue color, and the wall of the spring, which is almost circular, is ornamented with a most regular and beautifully scalloped edge, the sides and bottom look like porcelain or polished white marble, This spring, which is but one of a numerous group, was found to be forty feet deep. The water in them all is disturbed, rising and falling several feet, during the time that the Castle is in eruption.

The Giant has perhaps the most wonderful record of any of the geysers. It is called "the king of the basin." Though it is not often seen at work, never more than once a week—when it does get started it rewards the beholder even if he has waited a week to see it. The crater, rough, cone shaped, is twenty feet in diameter at its base, rising ten feet. The throat is five feet across, and is exposed on one side by the breaking away of a part of the cone. The tower-like appearance of this geyser at once attracts attention and distinguishes the Giant from all others. When an eruption is to occur, for several hours before, the indicator or fumarole, situated near it, is boiling over and the water rises to the top of the crater in the geyser itself, where it bubbles and spurts as though it were getting up steam for a tremendous eruption. In this the visitor is not likely to be disappointed, for if he waits he will see the column, five feet in diameter, shoot up a hundred and forty feet and there play for three hours, during which water enough to deluge the surrounding country, flows over the cone and down the geyserite platform to the river below. The excitement produced by the wonderful sight of the Giant at play must be intense. It is told of an enthusiastic tourist and author, Mr. Raymond, that seeing it commence he rushed headlong towards it and found himself waist deep in the Fire-hole river before he realized his dangerous position; hurrying out on the opposite bank he waved his hat and shouted until out of breath. It is said that Prof. Hayden cannot compose himself while witnessing a geyser in eruption, but losing recollection of everything about him he rubs his hands, shouts and dances around the object of his admiration in a paroxyism of gleeful excitement.

The Grotto is the most singular piece of surface mechanism among all the geysers. Its dome is about fifty feet long, half as wide and twenty feet high. It is a miniature temple of alabaster whiteness, with arches leading to some mysterious interior, whose sacred places may never be profaned by eye or foot. The hard calcareous formation about it is smooth and bright as a clean swept pavement. Several columns, resembling masses of pearls, rise to a height of eight or ten feet, supporting the roof that

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covers the entire vent, forming fantastic arches and entrances, out of which the water is ejected, during an eruption, forty or fifty feet. The entire surface is composed of the most delicate bead-work imaginable, massive but elaborate and elegant. In fact, it is so beautiful that even the desecrating hand of American relic hunters, whose reputation for vandalism is world wide, has hesitated here to destroy this delicate sculpturing of nature, and it stands without flaw or break in all its primal beauty—a grotto of pearls.

The construction of the Grotto is so peculiar, that, no doubt, lights—perhaps the electric light—will yet be placed within its chambers to illuminate the geyser in eruption. It would then be incomparably magnificent. A visitor tells of the effect of fires built about it, as follows: "Darkness coming on, we built large fires on one side of the Grotto, and from the opposite side were afforded a sight whose wonderful wierdness we can never forget. The volumes of water then resembled sheets of flame or molten metal, and the drenched dripping arches through which the flickering blaze was plainly seen seemed more like a fiery furnace than a real live geyser."

*De Vallibus.*

A LONG RIDE.—Professor Young, of Princeton College, thus illustrates the distance from the earth to the sun: "Take a railroad from the earth to the sun, with a train running forty miles an hour, without stops, and it would take about two hundred and sixty-five years and a little over to make the journey." He estimated the fare, at a cent a mile, to be nine hundred and thirty thousand dollars. It would take over three million tons of coal to supply a locomotive the trip one way.

## A PRAYER.

Hear me, O God!
Dark the waves of doubt roll o'er me,
Blinding faith, o'erthrowing trust;
Though I sin, still, Father, hear me,
Hear my cry who am but dust—
Thou who still'st the tempest wild,
Oh! have mercy on thy child;
Still my fears, control my will,
Bid my passions "Peace, be still!"
Hear me, my God!

Dark fears arise!
Though I wish to do Thy bidding,
I yet linger by the way;
Others are the bright prize winning
Of the fair Celestial Day,
Must my soul be darkened e'er—
Shall I win that sweet prize ne'er?
Teach, Oh! teach me, God, to pray;
Guide me safely on Thy way!
Help me be wise.

Hear, Father, hear!
Turn not away,
Hear me this once,
Hear while I pray!

Give me thine aid
Through life to be
True to Thy Kingdom,
Faithful to Thee.

Let not the darkness
Of doubt or fear
E'er overcome me—
Hear, Father, hear!

Help, Father, help!
Thou who once gave
Thine Only Begotten,
Hear, help and save!

Thus simply sang a woman once, who, doubting, still did trust,
And hope, and pray to our Father, who is merciful and just.
Was the lone one turned unanswered from the altar of her prayer?
Judge ye who oft have plead at that altar sweet and fair.
For though we may be weary of temptations and of strife,
Though our spirits may be darkened to the things of future life,
Though our hearts may sadly falter, even when we do our best,
Ne'er forget that in yon Heaven He will give the righteous rest.

*Ruby Lamont.*

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# POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

II.

FOLLOWING the thread of the simile, we pass from the generic to the specific conditions of man, and discover that while the general conditions of the individual compare with those of the community in outline merely, the special hold a striking resemblance in almost every characteristic. Let us draw the character of the individual in the three prominent outlines furnished by the physical, moral and intellectual differences. These differences may operate singly or in junction. Man may attain a high degree in one without even the slightest advance in the others, though the purpose of either necessarily involves a corresponding degree of advancement in the others. He may possess intellectual qualifications which would fit him for great responsibility, while his moral would forever shut out the possibility of any. In the most perfect man these differences grow less; but there are periods which, consider them separately, when importance attaches itself to the development of any one of them. In childhood the physical culture precedes, and indeed, in the course of youthful progression, great pride is felt by the increase of energy. No circumstances are more illustrative than those by which the young boy, from the age of twelve to eighteen, seeks for dominion over his mates. Every one must have noticed the pugilistic spirit which the youth possess when they compare their strength and fighting capacity with those of their neighbors' children. On the herd ground are grouped a dozen boys who maintain their standing in precise accordance with their pugilistic propensities. Every crowd of boys recognize some one of their associates as champion, whose position is due to the fact of his superior force rather than any intellectual or moral attainments he may possess.

As years come on and maturity is reached, the struggle in intellectual pursuits arises and the degree of intelligence reached depends upon the mental exertions of that period. True, it is hardly perceptible in some, but the intellectual has its greatest advantages in that period—the period covered between the ages of twenty and forty-five. The time for reflection and consideration belongs to old age—the age when the moral attributes become prominent, and example supersedes precept. When this order is perverted, and the moral does not have its characteristic age, we naturally expect that as a companion of the physical and intellectual it was entirely ignored. Some writers consider the moral to be the culmination of the purposes of the intellectual and physical, or, as Amos expresses it: "The moral is the highest attainment of either, and the combined purposes of both." We believe that that training, physical or intellectual, which does not contribute to the more perfect development of the moral nature to be radically wrong. Not that intelligence terminates, or that the physical is of no further importance; but that the lines of demarcation become less distinct, and a harmonious whole substituted for that which is incoherent. A period when any one will necessitate the union of the others. If the comparison fits, and we are justified in applying the conditions of individual growth to the aggregate, then we must naturally expect to find the world marked by these differences. We might expect to find in the ancient history of nations the characteristics of youth: contentions and warfare.

When the student for the first time witnesses the rehearsal of the world's history, he is astonished by the great contrast which ancient and modern history presents. Of the ancients there is one continuous struggle for dominion and power; and scarcely an interruption in the programme breaks the monotony. We speak of the *great* nations of antiquity, and point out wherein they were distinguished in the force of arms. The first event that awakens interest is a brilliant campaign, the first man that

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arouses our admiration is a great general, and the whole picture of the ancient world represents as the central painting the battles, the conquests, and the heroic deeds of their lives; while the background furnishes here and there intellectual examples of a Herodotus, an Aristotle, or a Socrates. Their morals belong to their infancy, when weakness and despondency inspire virtues which vanish as their strength insures independence. So childlike are their conditions that their legends teem with the heroic deeds of superhuman beings. Whatever intermittent characteristics they may have had, the physical was pre-eminent. When deeds of war and acts of cruelty no longer stimulate the mind, and when that which was once attractive has become repulsive, a new field of struggle opens and the intellect strives for supremacy. Nations prize their arts, boast of their schools, and delight in what science has done for the happiness of mankind. The philosopher declares this the age of intellectual greatness, the citizen marvels at the change, the psychologist talks of the empire of the mind, while the historian records the facts which warrant the conclusions, and philanthropists lament the lack of proportionate virtues. Now we reverse the grouping of the picture, and note that whatever intermittent wars and heroism may paint the background, the intellectual scenes stand to the front in bold relief. As the moral condition of the world has never been the pre-eminent characteristic, it may be considered as the result of the progressive steps employed in the development of the human family.

And though science does not usually make predictions respecting the future outcome of the human race, its researches evidently furnish us the conclusion that there is to be a millennium. We may reasonably conclude that as the ancients did not comprehend the factors to be employed in making the transit from the physical to the intellectual, so we are ignorant of the methods to be employed in producing a change from the intellectual to the moral. While many are satisfied as to the certainty of the third stage in human progress, it is probable that no man is seer enough to comprehend all the workings of the laws of human advancement. Science may trace many of the finger marks of God in the moulding of the events of mankind, it may formulate laws respecting the mind, it may suggest theories respecting the origin of these laws and declare that which is physical to be the mother of that which is spiritual; but their silence is an acknowledgment of their ignorance respecting the future of social forces or a modification of the laws which belong to the future of our race. Ever so comprehensive a view of the past throws but a dim light into the universal darkness of the future. Governments, too, anciently, were established and graded in accordance with physical laws. In turn Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome acquired dominion by the sword, and their governments declined with their physical energy. With them statesmanship meant generalship, and a prosperous government meant military supremacy. To-day generalship is not inseparably linked with statesmanship. The intellectual supercedes in reality, if not ostensibly, any other condition of the social differences. The colleges make more statesmen than the battle ground, and intelligence is sought for more than virtue.

Everywhere the struggle for supremacy goes on; the tumult and uproar that occasionally fill men's souls and move the world in the passions of the age. The conditions of prosperity stimulate the mind and misfortunes depress the spirits of men as they incite the world to action or fill it with gloom. As man is subject to all the ills of flesh, it would not be compatible with his constitution if perfect health were given him. Each disease teaches him a lesson, and each pain admonishes him to shun its source. There are before him the perfect laws of nature, stern in their bearing, and positive in their operations, indicating the state of perfection, which law should ultimately obtain preserving a harmony which government aims to provide.

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It is not compatible with the conditions of man that government should be in a perfect state of health. Statesmen occupy the sphere of a national physician; their business is to study national disease, and if possible, prepare a remedy. While man is subject to disease, while his body struggles against the germs of death, while personal motives and self aggrandizement influence him, the government which he collectively makes, will grow the germs of disease and death, officials will employ their talents for selfish purposes, and in short, political institutions will reflect the image of the social fabric. If one member of the human body is diseased, it infects the whole, and unless the source of the disease is averted, member after member succumbs to the disorder, the steward (the blood) carries the microscopic germs that administer poison; slow it may be to take effect, but certain in its evil results. So the body-politic when any part of it is disordered, yields to corruption, and soon its branches indicate that the roots have decayed. It is our duty first to trace, if possible, the natural growth of human society, and apply the forces as they successively operate to the development of political institutions. Any emotions that arise in consequence of a prejudice that our present condition may excite should be carefully guarded. Disgust, contempt, or indignation, is apt to sway the reason in dealing with facts pertaining to the primitive man, and they should be restrained as much as possible in dealing with the forces which control his circumstances. If we treat him fairly, we will consider these forces in what they are destined to develop rather than what the events of his time make them appear.

An illustration from an individual character may serve to make plain the preceding statements. What would you think of a man who would suffer himself to be prejudiced against a child because of childish, or as some might say silly notions. Why does disgust, or contempt not arise when children display infantile habits. On the contrary we are pleased with their simple manners and willingly endure almost any amount of bad temper. The forces of the human mind are seen to be increasing. If the child is dormant and its temper seldom or never aroused anxiety is at once awakened; a fear of idiocy flashes over the mind, for keen observation will not take place while the mind lies dormant. The psychologist declares that the child's mind presents the most striking examples of mental progress. He has learnt to regard infancy as the most important period of the mind because it furnishes him for his observation greater insight with the forces which operate in intellectual advancement. Likewise the the sociologist delights in the study of primitive man and, as the psychologist with the child, he deals more with the imagination than with reason, expects physical rather than intellectual progress. If we will remember that the ancients represent the infancy of the world we are prepared to understand what kind of government would operate best among them and how they would naturally build up political institutions. *J. M. Tanner.*

## INTERNATIONAL BATTLE-GROUNDS.

THE sun was declining in the west when we reached the city of Detroit. We are now on historic ground. All around us are scattered the mementos of international strife. If we walk into the square that surrounds the City Hall, we cannot fail to see the awkward looking cannon that were captured by Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie. If we walk in the quiet shades of Elmwood Cemetery, we cannot forget that the little stream which meanders through that quiet resting place of the dead is called Bloody Run, on account of a fierce battle that took place there seventy years ago. Just west of the city

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is the spot where Pontiac and his warriors lay in ambush, ready to rush upon the little town and massacre the inhabitants. But in the hour of impending doom, woman's love interposed to save the garrison from butchery. An Indian girl of the Ojibwa nation revealed the dark plot to the commander of the post. The 7th of May, 1763, was named as the day of destruction. The remains of the old fort are still to be seen, though more than two hundred years have passed since it was erected. Still a little further south is the battle-ground of Maguaga, 1813. Across the river, on the Canadian side, nearly the whole vicinity is replete with historic associations.

The city of Detroit is indeed beautiful. True, a few narrow streets near the center betoken the early French occupation, which dates back to 1670; before either Baltimore or Philadelphia were founded. Quite a number of French families reside here, some of them literal descendants of those early *voyageurs* who accompanied Marquette and Joliet in their discoveries and missionary enterprises, when first the boats of the pale faces sailed on the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi. Several of the streets bear French names—reminders of the early French colonists; others English, and still others, names suggestive of revolutionary times. Perhaps none of our western cities possess a more interesting history. Founded at an early date in the settlement of North America, it has passed through some strange vicissitudes.

The French, English and American flags have successively floated over the place. For a century and a half it was the most important commercial and military post west of the Alleghany mountains. For many years the town and fort were surrounded by a wooden wall or rampart to defend it from a sudden incursion of the Indians, but that has long ago disappeared. So long as commerce depended upon water communication the commercial importance of Detroit continued, as it held the key to the vast region bordering on the northern lakes. At the present time it numbers one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants and is still growing. Owing to the facilities afforded by water transportation, and the vast lumber regions of the north and west, manufactories of almost every description have been here established and are yearly extending. Across the river is the Canadian city of Windsor. Although under different nationalities the two cities are closely connected in trade and manufacturing.

Many of the business men of Detroit reside in Windsor and find it advantageous to do so; as many articles both of food and clothing can be purchased more cheaply in Canada than in the United States. As a consequence the revenue officers of Uncle Sam do a thriving business. As a class they are sharp-eyed, wide-awake business men, and, it is said, extremely loyal to the government, except when a five dollar bill or gold piece is forced into the palm of their hands. At all events it is vastly amusing to see a long, lean, angular and astute Yankee, who looks as though he might be the typical Uncle Sam himself, cross over from Detroit to Windsor in the morning and return after a few hours. When going over he would likely be thinly if not meanly clad; but in returning the most casual observer would notice that a great change had taken place. In a few hours he has grown enormously and now returns a portly gentleman apparently of about two hundred and twenty pounds weight. Also fragile and delicate ladies of the pure cod liver oil persuasion have been known to go over to Windsor and return the next day looking in some respects as plump as a buxom English matron with a decided tendency to *embonpoint*. It is said that the law permits a person to wear all the clothing he or she may desire free of duty. This may account for the vast amount of clothing some persons think necessary for them to put on while crossing the river from Windsor to Detroit. For example a man may be frequently seen wearing at least four coats—two dress coats and two overcoats—on a warm

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summer day and sometimes a cloak or shawl also. It may be that he considers that what keeps the cold out will be beneficial to keep out the heat also.

A great deal has been said and written concerning fast railroad traveling and fine steamboating, but what kind of traveling shall we call it when a railway train actually gets on board a steamboat, and goes sailing away at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. Yet this is just what is done at Detroit every day in the year. A line of steamers ply regularly between Detroit and Windsor, and carry at each trip a complete railway train, cars, passengers, baggage and all. The transfer is made with such dexterity that frequently passengers are unaware that they have crossed a river over a mile wide and been removed from one country to another. Even in winter, when the weather is very cold and the ice from eighteen to thirty inches thick, these powerful steamers plow their way through the frozen mass.

Our steamer, having unloaded some of the freight and taken on some also, was prepared to resume her voyage. So we bade adieu to the City of the Straits, went on board, and two hours later we were pacing the deck as we floated past Brownstown and Amherstburg. This latter town was at one time one of the most important places in Canada. Situated at the extreme southwest of the Ontario peninsula, it became the commercial centre for the western settlements of Ontario or Upper Canada, as it was then called. It was settled about 1780, by emigrants from the United States. These emigrants were so attached to the government of England that on the outbreak of the Revolution they abandoned their homes and took refuge in the wilds of the Canadian forest. The town was named after Lord Amherst, one of the early governors of Canada who fortified it as a military post and constructed lake fleets there. Here was fitted out the fleet that sailed under the British Commodore Barclay and was afterward destroyed at the naval battle of Lake Erie by the American Commodore O. H. Perry.

As we are now approaching the spot where that famous battle was fought, it may not be out of place to describe a few of the surroundings. Perhaps some of our readers may not be aware that not far from the western end of Lake Erie, lies a cluster of beautiful islands; the principal of which are called East Sister, West Sister, Middle Sister, Hen and Chickens, Bass Island, St. George Island, Kelley's Island, and Put-in-Bay Island. It was near this last named island that the battle of Lake Erie took place. Put-in-Bay is somewhat in the shape of a horse shoe, and contains an excellent harbor, which often serves as a refuge for storm-tossed vessels, hence the name. At the entrance to the harbor is a little rocky island called Gibraltar. On this Jay Cooke, the great banker, has built a summer residence and a neat little Methodist chapel, where occasional services are held during the summer season. To this chapel Jay Cooke gave the dignified name of "The Church of the Holy Trinity;" but the people, well knowing the source from which he derived his wealth, have nicknamed it "The Church of the Holy Five-Twenties." These islands are evidently of volcanic origin; the rocky soil has been found excellent for grape culture, while the surrounding water gives a salubriousness to the climate and keeps off the frosts till late in the autumn. When we arrived at the islands large numbers of peddlers came down to the shore with baskets filled with beautiful grapes, which they sold to the passengers. Such a feast of delicious fruit we never had before or since. Vineyards cover the islands down to the water's edge, and summer residences speck the landscape in every direction. Here the rich from almost every State in the Union come to enjoy the verdure, and flowers, and fruits of summer, on those beautiful islands embosomed in the placid waters of Lake Erie.

September 10, 1813, the American fleet under Commodore Perry was anchored in Put-in-Bay. A sentinel stationed on the little rocky islet of Gibraltar, sees the British fleet approach-

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ing and raises the cry of "Sail ho!" The cry rings from ship to ship through the American fleet, which had been waiting to catch sight of the British fleet commanded by Captain Barclay, who had fought under Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. Commodore Perry had nine vessels, the *Lawrence* and *Niagara* with twenty cannons each; the rest all small vessels carrying one or two cannons each. Captain Barclay had six vessels—the *Detroit*, twenty-one cannons; *Queen Charlotte*, eighteen; *Lady Prevost*, thirteen; *Hunter*, ten; and the others, one cannon each. Perry had in all, fifty-four cannon; Barclay, sixty-eight. Perry commanded the American flag ship *Lawrence*, at the mast head of which floated the inscription, "Don't give up the ship." Perry's instructions were for the *Lawrence* to engage the *Detroit*, Barclay's flag ship; the *Niagara* to engage the *Queen Charlotte*, the *Ariel* to engage the *Lady Prevost*, the *Scorpion*, the *Hunter*, and so on down the line. It is half-past eleven. Give the men their dinner is the signal from the *Lawrence*. Perry knows if the men go into battle with full stomachs they will ram home the balls with increased vigor. Captain Barclay is confident of success. He has sailed down from Amherstburg to destroy the American fleet; then it is planned for the British General Proctor to cross Detroit River, attack General Harrison, and annihilate him. Twelve o'clock, the band on board the *Detroit* strikes up "Rule Britannia," and a shot from a twenty-four pounder skims over the water toward the *Lawrence;* but the distance is a mile and a half, and it falls short. Five minutes later, a second shot crashes through the side of the *Lawrence*. The men at the guns are eager to give a return shot. "Steady, boys, steady," says the self-possessed Perry, who, though only twenty-nine years of age, is destined ere the sun goes down to boldly write his name on the scroll of fame.

At fifteen minutes past twelve, the *Lawrence*, fastest of the American vessels, is far in advance of all the others. She is alone, and the shots from the British fleet go through her sides, dismounting cannon and killing and wounding sailors. Lieutenant Yarnell comes to Perry and says: "All the officers in my division are cut down, Can I have any more?" The blood is streaming from a wound caused by a splinter which had passed through his nose. "I have none to send," is the sad but laconic reply. Lieutenant Yarnell goes to the forward deck, and the next moment his scalp is torn by a splinter; but he wipes away the blood and sights his gun once more. A huge shot crashes through the pantry, breaking the dishes and making a great rent in the nearly sinking vessel. It is half-past two. For two hours and a half the British cannon have been pouring their shot into the *Lawrence*. The battle seems lost. In a few minutes there will not be a man left. The *Lawrence* is a helpless wreck. What shall the commander do? It is a supreme moment in the life of Oliver Hazzard Perry. True his decks are running with blood, his best ship is a wreck, yet he is determined to win the victory. Half a mile in the rear is the *Niagara*, with as many guns as the *Lawrence* had at the beginning. Scarcely a shot has struck her. The other vessels are but little injured. Perry decides to go on board the *Niagara* and begin the battle anew. He has worn a plain blue jacket, but now he pulls it off and puts on his uniform. The boat is lowered. Perry, accompanied by his little brother, steps into it. He stands erect, holding aloft the flag of the *Lawrence*. The oars dip and away they speed toward the *Niagara*. Barclay sees and comprehends it all. His own ship, the *Detroit*, is almost a wreck from the pounding given to it by the *Lawrence*. He knows that if Perry gains the deck of the *Niagara*, the battle will rage more furiously than ever. "Fire upon the boat," cries Barclay, and the shots plough the water all around her, but no one is hurt. The American sailors rend the air with cheers, as they see their brave commander passing through the storm. A few moments later, his flag is floating from the mast head of the *Niagara*. "Double shot the

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guns. Close action," is the meaning of the signals which Perry flings out. If any one thinks the battle is nearly over, he is mistaken. So far as Perry is concerned, it is only about to begin. A breeze is freshening from the southwest. All the British vessels are north of the *Niagara*. Perry determines to break through Barclay's line. How the spirit of that one brave heart, on the quarter-deck of the *Niagara*, goes out over the waters of Lake Erie, even to the farthest gunboat and to every sailor of the fleet. Conquer or go to the bottom, is the universal feeling. The sails are squared to the breeze and the vessels surge nearer to the enemy. The *Niagara* breaks through the line, having the *Lady Prevost* on the right side and *Chippewa* on the left. The double shotted guns sweep their decks from stem to stern. As she passes the *Detroit*, she pours a broadside into her, dismounting cannon and making terrible havoc. Sweeping around to the right she pours a broadside into the *Queen Charlotte* and another into the *Detroit*, which is now nearly disabled. Up on the other side comes the *Caledonia*, her sides ablaze. All the vessels are now engaged except the *Lawrence*, which has been abandoned.

Eight minutes past three. Down comes Barclay's flag, and then one after another the flag of every British vessel. The thunder of the cannon ceases, and Perry, standing on the deck of the *Niagara*, writes upon the back of an old letter the following dispatch to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop." For the first time an American fleet was victorious. The news electrified the country. Such was the famous battle of Lake Erie. *J. H. Ward.*

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

### PLURALITY OF WIVES.*

I HAVE a few words to say concerning one item of doctrine, that I seldom think of mentioning before a public congregation; I refer to the doctrine pertaining to raising up a royal Priesthood to the name of Israel's God, for which purpose the revelation was given to Joseph, concerning the right of faithful Elders, in taking to themselves more than one wife. I frequently hear from others that this doctrine is laughed at and ridiculed; I heard yesterday of its being laughed out of doors, even jeered and sneered out of a Bishop's house.

I am not personally cognizant of any one jeering at and deriding this doctrine; still, I hear that there are some few who are opposed to it. Once in a while sentiments reach my ears which sound very curious and strange, and when I hear them, I do really wish that some were possessed of better sense; I will, therefore, tell you a few things that you should know. God never introduced the Patriarchal order of marriage with a view to please man in his carnal desires, nor to punish females for anything which they had done; but He introduced it for the express purpose of raising up to His name a royal Priesthood, a peculiar people. Do we not see the benefit of it? Yes, we have lived long enough to realize its advantages.

Suppose that I had had the privilege of having only one wife, I should have had only three sons, for those are all that my first wife bore, whereas, I now have buried five sons, and have thirteen living. It is obvious that I could not have been blessed with such a family, if I had been restricted to one wife, but, by the introduction of this law, I can be the instrument in preparing tabernacles for those spirits which have to come in this dispensation. Under this law, I and my brethren are preparing tabernacles for those spirits which have been preserved to enter into bodies of honor,

* By Prest. B. Young, Provo, July 14, 1855.

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and be taught the pure principles of life and salvation, and those tabernacles will grow up and become mighty in the Kingdom of our God.

I believe that our children will become mighty in faith, be powerful in defending the truth, and will soon have to take important places in the great work of this dispensation. They may be rude at present, yet, you will find within them the true principles of "Mormonism," and, when our sons become men, they will be men of God, and be useful in accomplishing a good work upon the earth. The spirits which are reserved have to be born into the world, and the Lord will prepare some way for them to have tabernacles. Spirits must be born, even if they have to come to brothels for their fleshly coverings, and many of them will take the lowest and meanest spirit house that there is in the world, rather than do without, and will say, "Let me have a tabernacle, that I may have a chance to be perfected." The Lord has instituted this plan for a holy purpose, and not with a design to afflict or distress the people; hence, an important and imperative duty is placed upon all holy men and women, and the reward will follow, for it is said that the children will add to our honor and glory.

It hurts my feelings when I see good men, men who love correct principles and cling to the counsels of the Church, who have lived near to God for years and have always been faithful, with not a child to bear up their names to future generations, and I grieve to reflect that their names must go into the grave with them. It would please me to see good men and women have families; I would like to have righteous men take more wives and raise up holy children. Some say, "I would do so, but Brother Joseph and Brother Brigham have never told me to do it." This law was never given of the Lord for any but His faithful children; it is not for the ungodly at all; no man has a right to a wife, or wives, unless he honors his Priesthood and magnifies his calling before God.

I foresaw, when Joseph first made known this doctrine, that it would be a trial, and a source of great care and anxiety to the brethren, and what of that? We are to gird up our loins and fulfil this, just as we would any other duty. It has been strenuously urged by many, that this doctrine was introduced through lust, but that is a gross misrepresentation. This revelation, which God gave to Joseph, was for the express purpose of providing a channel for the organization of tabernacles, for those spirits to occupy who have been reserved to come forth in the Kingdom of God, and that they might not be obliged to take tabernacles out of the Kingdom of God. We are commanded to overcome all our lustful desires, also our pride, selfishness, and every evil propensity that pertains to the flesh, to keep the commandments of God, and all the commandments pertaining to the Holy Priesthood. It is important that we get a victory over our earthly passions, and learn to live by the law of God.

I am aware that care and other duties are greatly increased by the law which I am remarking upon; this I know by experience, yet, though it adds to our care and labor, we should say, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." As far as my acquaintance extends, the brethren who have entered into this order, with a pure heart, have enjoyed full as much worldly prosperity as they did before the Prophet Joseph revealed this holy law and order to the Latter-day Saints. The Lord intended that our family cares should be greater; He knew they would be, yet He is able to bless us in proportion. I know quite a number of men in this Church who will not take any more wives, because they do not wish to take care of them; a contracted spirit causes that feeling. I have also known some in my past life who have said that they did not desire to have their wives bear any children, and some even take measures to prevent it; there are a few such persons in this Church. When I see a man in this Church with those feelings, and hear him say, "I do not wish to enlarge my family, because it will bring care upon me," I conclude that he has more or less of the old sec-

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tarian leaven about him, and that he does not understand the glory of the celestial kingdom.

Says one, "How will you explain this to me?" We understand that we are to be made Kings and Priests unto God; now, if I be made the king and lawgiver to my family, and if I have many sons, I shall become the father of many fathers, for they will have sons, and their sons will have sons, and so on, from generation to generation, and, in this way, I may become the father of many fathers, or the king of many kings. This will constitute every man a prince, king, lord, or whatever the Father sees fit to confer upon us. In this way we can become king of kings, and lord of lords, or father of fathers, or prince of princes, and this is the only course, for another man is not going to raise up a kingdom for you.

If I did not feel disposed, in my poverty, to enlarge my family and to build up the kingdom, I could not be acquainted with the difficulties thereof, neither should I be counted worthy to enjoy the blessings conferred upon those who are faithful. This should be the view taken of this matter, by the whole of this people, and, when a man or woman sees that this principle should be introduced among the Latter-day Saints, they should cease their murmurings.

It is not through lust that men and women are to practice this doctrine, but it is to be observed upon righteous principles; and, if men and women would pay attention to those instructions, I would promise, in the name of the Lord, that you would never find them lustful in their dispositions, and you might watch them as closely as you pleased. Plurality of wives is not designed to afflict you nor me, but is purposed for our exaltation in the kingdoms of God. If any man had asked me what was my choice when Joseph revealed that doctrine, provided that it would not diminish my glory, I would have said, "Let me have but one wife;" not because it is not a great comfort to me to have children, but if I have not children I know them not.

Some of these my brethren know what my feelings were at the time Joseph revealed the doctrine; I was not desirous of shrinking from any duty, nor of failing in the least to do as I was commanded, but it was the first time in my life that I had desired the grave, and I could hardly get over it for a long time. And when I saw a funeral, I felt to envy the corpse its situation, and to regret that I was not in the coffin, knowing the toil and labor that my body would have to undergo; and I have had to examine myself, from that day to this, and watch my faith, and carefully meditate, lest I should be found desiring the grave more than I ought to do. You will probably wonder at this, and that such should have been my feelings upon this point, but they were even so.

Now, if any of you will deny the plurality of wives, and continue to do so, I promise that you will be damned; and I will go still further and say, take this revelation, or any other revelation that the Lord has given, and deny it in your feelings, and I promise that you will be damned. But the Saints who live their religion will be exalted, for they never will deny any revelation which the Lord has given or may give, though, when there is a doctrine coming to them which they cannot comprehend fully, they may be found saying, "The Lord sendeth this unto me, and I pray that He will save and preserve me from denying anything which proceedeth from Him, and give me patience to wait until I can understand it for myself." Such persons will never deny, but will allow those subjects which they do not understand to remain until the visions of their minds become open. This is the course which I have invariably pursued, and if anything came that I could not understand, I would pray until I could comprehend it.

Do not reject anything because it is new or strange, and do not sneer nor jeer at what comes from the Lord, for if we do, we endanger our salvation. It is given to us, as agents, to choose or refuse, as Brother S. W. Richards has set before you, but we are agents within

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limits; if it were not so there would be no law. There are limits to agency, and to all things and to all beings, and our agency must not infringe upon that law. A man must choose life or death, and if he chooses death he will find himself abridged, and that the agency which is given to him is so bound up that he cannot exercise it in opposition to the law, without laying himself liable to be corrected and punished by the Almighty.

A man can dispose of his agency or of his birthright, as did Esau of old, but when disposed of he cannot again obtain it; consequently, it behoves us to be careful, and not forfeit the agency that is given to us. The difference between the righteous and the sinner, eternal life or death, happiness or misery, is this: to those who are exalted there are no bounds or limits to their privileges, their blessings have a continuation, and to their kingdoms, thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, there is no end, but they increase through all eternity; whereas, those who reject the offer, who despise the proffered mercies of the Lord, and prepare themselves to be banished from His presence, and to become companions of the devils, have their agency abridged immediately, and bounds and limits are put to their operations. The power of the devil is limited; the power of God is unlimited; therefore let us be cautious how we use our liberty and agency, and be careful to choose that which is good and right before the Lord, and then our exaltation is sure.

Give me a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.—*Gibbon.*

## THE DRUIDS OF ANCIENT BRITAIN.

THE religion of the ancient inhabitants of Britain was Druidism. Their priests were called Druids, which name seems to have been derived from the old Celtic compound *De-rouyd*—*De*, God, and *rouyd*, speaking, from *rouyd-dim*, to speak.

Secrecy was one of the most solemn features of Druidism. There is no account of the origin of this most singular religion. Nothing was written, by the Druids themselves, of their doctrines or history. Consequently, in the utter absence of any record of their own, all that we can learn of them is from Greek and Roman writers. The earliest account of these peculiar religionists dates back to the first century before Christ, when they inhabited both Gaul and Britain, including Wales and Ireland. Julius Cæsar, who first conquered Britain, was the most noted ancient writer on this subject; while Godfrey Higgins, who made a very elaborate investigation of the faith of the Druids from such sources as were open to him, is the most celebrated modern writer who has handled their doctrines intelligently. It is claimed that they worshiped one Supreme Being. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. They used circular temples, open at the top, and reverenced fire as the emblem of the sun. They celebrated what was called the "Tauric festival," when the sun entered Taurus.

Their teachings were always oral. They paid certain adoration to a variety of inferior deities such as Hesus, Tarann, Belen, etc. They sacrificed human beings on the same altar with animals, and also, at times, it is said, burned them alive in wicker baskets. Notwithstanding their own questionable peculiarities, the Druids were an ancient class of "reformers." They professed "to reform morals, to secure peace, and to encourage goodness." In this they resemble "reformers" of more modern date, who are ever ready to "reform" other people, while they persist in some singular practices, and adhere to vain traditions, themselves.

We find that the Druids instructed their followers on the forms and move-

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ments of the heavenly bodies, and also of the extent of the earth. So that astronomy and geography must have been somewhat understood by them, although many errors probably existed in their crude understanding of these matters. They conveyed their instructions by means of orally reciting verses, which, it is claimed, took a convert twenty years to learn, as he was unaided by any written or printed version, such as moderns have, to study at home.

Fancy having to learn by rote even a chapter from the Bible, or Book of Mormon, or even a hymn, by simply hearing it recited! And then imagine the difficulty of learning a whole book of doctrine in this manner! As we are not posted on all the doctrines of Druidism, we are unable to assert whether they were reasonable or otherwise, but as they were evidently given in rhyme, perhaps we may conclude that the Druidical recitations possessed at least one of the virtues which constitute good verses: that is, "rhyme or reason;" and while we are comparatively sure of the one, we can perhaps dispense with the other. At least, recognizing the fact that some modern religions are not conspicuous for either of these virtues, we can afford to exercise a little charity for one whose influence was exerted, perhaps when it was better than no religion at all, and which was cut off by the powerful hand of the Romans soon after their invasion into Britain.

One peculiarity of the Druidical faith was a reverence for the mistletoe, which twined around the sacred oaks of the English forests. It was considered to be a cure for all diseases, and antidote for all poisons. When this "valuable vine," or rather "parasitical plant," was discovered clinging to its sturdy protector, crowds of the Druids would gather around the tree; and a banquet having been prepared with a sacrifice of two white heifers, one of the priests, clad in white vestments, would cut off the twig with a golden sickle. Two other priests in white apparel caught it in a white cloak; and after the sacrifice was offered, the remainder of the day was spent in rejoicing. They had certain reverential feelings for other plants, such as marshwort, hedge hyssop and vervain, which were regarded as having virtues to counteract evil, as well as to heal diseases. These were carried about as charms, as were also serpent's eggs, or what they claimed to be such. In some instances warriors would carry amber beads, much as a superstitious man will carry potatoes in his pocket for the rheumatism. These beads were manufactured by the Druids, and supposed to possess great protective virtues. Having left us no history, or exposition of their faith, we are ignorant of the hidden mysteries believed and the profound ceremonies performed by the followers of this ancient religion. All we know is that they were performed in great secrecy, in the depths of the old forests, in secluded caves, and in stone temples, relics of which are still in existence in parts of France and Britain; the principal one in Britain being Stonehenge in Wiltshire.

We find, however, that the Druids were organized into a hierarchy consisting of a triad, which seemed to be a type of everything among them. This triad consisted of the Bards or poets, the Vates or prophets, and the Priests proper. The poets had to compose verses, and seemed to be the musical men of the community. The prophets were charged with divining the future, and attending to the sacrifices and other external ceremonies. They also stood as mediators between the people and the more mysterious order of priests, such as dwelt in the forests, and who were the oracles of the faith, and supposed to be acquainted with the secret will of Divinity. Whether the Trinity in heaven was the original type from which they imbibed their ideas, we do not know; but it is not unlikely that their traditions in this regard were founded on truths revealed to man in an early day.

The chief priests of Druidism were the teachers of the youth, and maintained nearly all control of the males till they were able to bear arms. They were also endowed with judicial functions; and all men had to submit to their decis-

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ions, or become outcasts and outlaws, which was the inevitable result of excommunication from the faith.

An arch-Druid, whose authority was supreme and irrevocable, presided over the community of Druids, and was elected by the votes of the whole body. Sometimes factions would arise over the election, and the rivalry would be so intense that severe conflicts would ensue, in which arms were resorted to. The absolute and arbitrary power held by this presiding officer, rendered it very important that he should be wisely selected, and it is not to be wondered at, if, in the absence of revelation, there should be difficulty arise in making the choice. How different in our day among the people of God! No uncertainty existing, no difficulties can arise, and all moves harmoniously along! How thankful the Saints should be for the revelation of the Gospel! What finally became of the Druids will be shown in a future article. *Chas. W. Stayner.*

Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.—*Washington.*

## NATIVE TRIBES OF THE FAR NORTH.

THE Latter-day Saints have been taught by revelation to obtain knowledge of governments, of kingdoms and of peoples; and not only are they interested in the customs and the institutions, the history and the origin of the more refined and civilized nations, but the wild and uncultivated, alike, attract their attention and sympathy. Especially is this the case with reference to the aborigines of America, the red men of the forest. Nor is this wonderful when one considers the amount of revealed knowledge which they possess in relation to the origin and the destiny of those scattered remnants of mighty nations. A certain and comprehensive knowledge of the enlightenment and advanced civilization which characterized the heaven-favored ancestors of this people, and a warm appreciation of the mighty work to be performed among them in the present generation, must render the American Indian a fit subject for study and information. Concerning his people, especially the more enlightened and civilized tribes, all whom the Lord has chosen as instruments to consummate His purposes among the nations, are interested.

I need make no apology, therefore, in yielding to the entreaty of friends to offer the CONTRIBUTOR a brief description of some of the native tribes of the far north. The several nations of whom I shall have occasion to speak, as well as many others, are located in the northern regions of North America, within the territory held by the Hudson Bay Company. I shall be indebted for much of my information to Mr. John Rae, M. D., F. R. S., an English gentleman who has both traveled extensively and resided among the Indians.

The Woodcress or Swampeys are a strong and active tribe; in height they are about as tall as the average Englishman, perhaps a little taller, with a large capacity of chest and a round and athletic form. These Indians are so trustworthy that they are often sent long voyages with valuable cargoes of goods or furs, without the presence or oversight of white men; and they deliver their charge at its destination, usually in a better condition than those sent under the management of the company's regular English servants. They are very capable voyagers both in boat and canoes, expert hunters and snowshoe walkers, and are able to transport heavy loads on their sledges over the portages of that country. The women, if they cannot be called pretty, are certainly quite attractive. They have a very pleasant expression of countenance, a soft and agreeable voice and pleasing manner. They are seldom treated harshly by their husbands, but when moving, they have quite heavy loads to draw, having to haul the greater part of

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the baggage of the family on sledges, while the man goes ahead hunting. When the Indians possess sufficient means, their tents are made of reindeer skins; when too poor to afford these, they make a good shelter of birch bark, peeled thinly in strips about eighteen inches in width, which they fix neatly around their tent poles.

The hunting grounds of the different tribes are almost as well defined as the estate of an English nobleman, and if an Indian was to destroy a beaver house, or kill a beaver on a neighbor's lands, he would be considered guilty of a most disreputable piece of pillaging. The usual manner of goose and duck hunting among this people is as follows: The Indian first collects a large bundle of willows and grass, and proceeds to the feeding grounds of his feathered game. Here he sits down a short time to watch the direction of the flying birds, which, in windy weather and at times of the tide, are very restless. Having selected a favorable spot, usually near a pool of water, he makes an enclosure of willows, large enough to sit comfortably inside of. This, which he calls his stand, he makes less conspicuous by a covering of the grass he has brought in his bundle. At the edge of the pond he places a decoy goose composed of a pile of mud, somewhat after the form and size of the large black goose common in those regions, and feathers stuck in the top to resemble the neck and head. Having loaded his guns, he keeps a sharp lookout for game, which, when he sees, he completes his decoy by imitating their call in a very perfect manner. The attention of the birds is attracted, and on getting sight of the alluring stand and imitation bird, they generally whirl round and come up leeward over or near the crouching Indian, who usually secures one or more with each shot. When there are but two geese, a male and a female, he invariably shoots at the female first. If he succeeds in killing her, he is pretty sure to get the gander also, as his affection for his mate is almost sure to bring him a second time within range.

In autumn the fowl appear in large numbers on their way southward, to warmer climes. It is then almost painful to witness the efforts of the parent to induce her brood of young geese to avoid the fatal direction of the imitation call of the Indian, who crouches patiently even when the young ones are quite near him, until the mother comes within shot. When he shoots her, he is pretty certain to get the whole brood, as they will not leave the place where their guide and guardian fell. Now, the male bird generally keeps out of reach, possibly having had some bitter experience of the danger, and his affection not being equal to that shown in the spring. Soon after the time the wild fowl have taken their flight northward in the spring, and the rivers are open enough for navigation, the Indians are then engaged to form crews to boats going up the river with fur goods and provisions to the inland posts. For this they receive much larger wages than are obtained in England, with abundant rations. Besides this there are many other services to which the Indian is put during the summer season.

As the cold season approaches, the Indian commences to make for winter quarters. First, however, he proceeds to the fort and completes his hunting supplies. These he obtains whether he can pay for them or not. Often he is trusted till the next spring, or till he can send in furs, feathers, etc., from his hunting grounds. The supplies consist of cloth for a suit of clothes, a blanket for each member of the family, flannels for shirts, axes, ice chisels, kettles, ammunition, twine for rabbit snaring and for nets, fish hooks, matches, pipes and tobacco, and possibly a small supply of tea and sugar and a bottle of medicine. Returned to their hunting grounds, they generally locate themselves on the shores of a lake well supplied with fish, if this position is at the same time consistent with a good supply of fur-bearing animals, or, what is better, a plentiful supply of rabbits. When the rabbits disappear the Indian has to spend much time in fishing or in hunting deer or

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other large animals for food; while the fur-bearing animals have also to scatter over the country for the same reason. They are then more difficult to trap. This has a good effect, however, as the martins and others of the finer furred animals have a chance to increase in number after being perhaps too much reduced during the rabbit season.

As a rule the Indian shows as much judgment in killing beaver on his own lands as the farmer does in weeding his stock. This he accomplishes by netting them in such a manner as to be able to liberate all that he may not wish to kill. Black bears are often shot, often netted in a peculiar manner and frequently they are killed, when in their winter dormatories. When in this state, bruin may easily be approached and knocked on the head. The Crees, and in fact all the natives with whom Mr. Rae became acquainted, treat with much ceremony the body of the bear they have killed. He is placed in a sitting posture against a tree, when they make long speeches of apology and regret for having been under the disagreeable necessity of killing him. After the bear is killed, a piece of stick is placed between his jaws, as they suppose that he may come to life again after being disemboweled. The reason they ascribe for this precaution is that a dead bear once came to life again and took a mouthful out of one of the Indians who were carrying him.

When in service the Crees are very obedient and faithful. Mr. Rae, in one of his expeditions, had two of them as hunters and boatmen, and he states that he could not wish for better or more willing servants. One of them was the best canoe man he ever saw. The following is an instance, related by Mr. Rae, of his wonderful powers of enduring cold: "He was with me one winter in the barren lands northeast of Bear Lake, deer hunting. One evening he had not returned to camp. I felt anxious about him as it was at least fifty degrees below zero or eighty-two degrees of frost, and he had with him neither blanket nor axe with which to chop wood. The night passed, and the greater part of the following day, when, at last, our hunter came in late in the evening with half a deer on his back. His story was, that having wounded a deer, he had to run a long way before being able to shoot it. He was both hungry and thirsty. The former he relieved by eating the marrow from the leg bones of the deer he had killed. The latter he quenched by holding a lump of snow before a small fire which he was enabled to kindle by breaking a few branches off a small pine tree and catching the water as it trickled down into a piece of deer skin converted into a cup. The Indian was no worse for his very long walk." When in full uniform and mounted on their little horses, the Crees form a fine subject for the artist.

Dogribs, another tribe, have bright, sparkling eyes, and are pleasant and lively. They are considerably addicted to exaggeration, however, and are said to be given to panics on the shortest notice and for the slightest cause. Some unpleasant dream or the print of a strangely made snow shoe will drive them from their hunting grounds to the fort in great alarm, with remarks and stories of the most wonderful kind.

As husbands, the natives are very kind and indulgent. A reason for this, perhaps, is in the fact that they often decide the right to a wife by a wrestling match. The lady sits by, during the contest, apparently a careless spectator, indifferent of the result of the struggle. The match ended, there is no other ceremony than that the victor, whether her former husband or not, takes his wife. Mr. Rae asserts that he never heard one of the children of these people cry; "certainly never squabble as more civilized babies are in the habit of doing." Nor are they chastised, for they consider it a very unnatural and cruel thing for a parent to flog her child. To send an arrow through a buffalo is considered not a very wonderful thing by the hunters of these tribes. This is done only to show dexterity, as it is preferred to lodge the arrow in the animal. Many of the superstitions of these people are most injurious to themselves.

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For instance, they will never tame a deer, as they think that doing so would bring death and misfortune. But for this wierd presumption, they might train the reindeer as the Laps do, the barren lands of arctic America being quite as good feeding grounds as the shores of Lapland and Siberia. *F. E. Barker.*

## IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

II.

THE last of the Irish Parliaments met on the fifteenth of January, 1800, and passed the "Union Bill," the outlines of which were as follows:

1.—The kingdom to be united and the succession to remain as fixed by the existing laws.

2.—The United Kingdom to be represented in one Parliament. The British part to be unchanged. The Irish portion to consist, in the lower house, of one hundred commoners, and in the upper of four lords spiritual, taken in rotation, and twenty-eight temporal, to be elected for life by the Peers of Ireland.

3.—Irish Peers to be eligible for election in a constituency in Great Britain.

4.—All members of the United Parliament to take the oaths which excluded Roman Catholics.

5.—The continuance of the Irish Church establishment to be a fundamental article of the Union.

6.—Subjects of Great Britain and Ireland to be on the same commercial footing.

7.—The charges for the national debt of the two countries to be separate accounts. The contribution of Ireland towards the general expenditure to be two-fifths of the whole for the first twenty years, when fresh arrangements should be made. Monies raised after the union to be a joint debt.

8.—The courts of justice to be untouched. A final appeal to the House of Lords of the united kingdom.

The turbulency of the times brought forth all the animation that existed in the "United Irishmen" and other societies, and the debate on the bill called forth all the eloquence that desperation could muster, and the immortal accents of Grattan "against the unholy pact" are worthy of record here, as well for literary worth as for courage and nobleness. In his reply to Mr. Corry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he said: "The right honorable gentleman has called me an unimpeached traitor. I ask why not traitor, unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him. It was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward who has raised his arm to strike and has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate to the uttering language which, if spoken out of the house, I should answer only with a blow. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally and meanly false. Does the right honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee that there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman. I defy the government. I defy the whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it."

As a matter of course a challenge from Corry followed, and the next morning saw them in Phœnix Park, the result of the meeting being a shot in Corry's arm from Grattan's pistol, which ended the conflict. The hard fought battle of words continued, but the "patriots" gradually and perceptibly lost

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ground, and a majority was obtained in favor of the bill, which was passed, and on August 1, 1800, received the royal assent. (40 Geo. III, c. 38.) Thus was the birthright of the Irish nation sold by a Parliament composed largely of Irishmen, although one hundred members of the lower house were found who could not be bought, bullied or cajoled. The history of Ireland from that time became a part of the history of Great Britain and Ireland.

Many peculiar traits of character are manifest in the Irish people, but none more so than impulse. They are impulsive in everything, and jump at conclusions. With a true Irishman, to think is to say or act, and hence their instability and inability to cope with the government. The writer saw this demonstrated in 1870. The Fenian General Starr had collected about three hundred patriots at Malone, in the county New York, and with drums beating, and banners flying, they commenced their march to conquer Canada. Dressed in their gaudy regimentals, composed of green jackets and trousers trimmed with yellow braid and brass buttons bearing the letters I. R. A. (Irish Republican Army), and armed with old United States Springfield rifles, they would have looked formidable enough, but for the fact that the major part of them were more at home with a hod than with a rifle, and no doubt they could have made quite a scare if they had been less communicative, and kept their secret; but like the "ass in the lion's skin," they brayed, and that spoiled all. The British troops stationed at Quebec and Montreal, together with the Canadian militia—who were posted as to their intentions—left about the same time for the "bloody field." On the arrival of the Fenians at the front, they camped on American soil, and commenced counting the trophies they were to gain on the morrow, and distributing the anticipated laurels to the successful competitors, unconscious of the fact that a number of their camp followers were British officers, Canadian detectives, and scouts from the enemies' camp, which was stationed at Huntington, about twelve miles from the Canadian border—who were in communication with the British camp, through a line of videttes stationed at convenient intervals. Early on the following morning the camp of the unsuspecting Irish was struck, and they marched into Canada. The first point of attack was "Holbrook's corner," a small crossroads store, where they captured all the whisky and tobacco they could find. No lives lost. They next attacked a lone farmhouse, demanding from the proprietors all the buttermilk they could muster, which was soon made legitimate spoil. No lives lost. They then halted to consider their future course, and taste the whisky and tobacco; and during this momentary suspension of hostilities, an event occurred which they little dreamed of, and which filled them with alarm. About three thousand "red coats" appeared on the scene under command of Colonel Bagot, of H. M. Sixty-ninth Regiment. A line of skirmishers was at once thrown out by the British, who, little daunted, marched steadily on, filling the three hundred with dismay, for they had truly reckoned without their host. The invaders were nonplussed; still on with steady tread came the enemy—no time was to be lost—with that characteristic impulse the word fire was given, and with the redcoats nearly eight hundred yards away, they kept up a harmless fire, with their rifles sighted for one hundred yards, and after a few minutes fusilade, and not seeing the English fall in heaps, they commenced a hasty retreat, which was better facilitated by throwing away arms, ammunition and surplus clothing, even divesting themselves of all but their trowsers and shirts, that they might run the faster. After they had reached the lines and safely crossed the border, they found refuge in a small church, where they mourned the loss of glory and clothes. No lives lost. One poor fellow who possessed more adipose tissue than brains or bravery, was captured, having fallen down, and being unable to get up, he became an easy prey to the bloodthirsty British. Being interrogated, he stated

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he was an Irishman, and was fighting for the freedom of his country, but begged to be let go, promising never again to be caught in the same predicament. He was delivered over to the civil authorities, and I believe received twenty years in the prison at Montreal. Thus ended the sanguinary conflict—known, and to be known, as the battle of Front River—and thus was consumed the hard earnings of serving men and girls, which had been wrested from them by passionate appeals, to equip the "gallant three hundred" Quixotes, and send them off to battle. What chagrin and discomfort they must have experienced when, plodding crestfallen back to Malone, they were met by a body of New York heavy artillery which had been sent to arrest them for a breach of the peace, and their leaders unceremoniously jostled off to prison, to languish and pine for the "harp that once through Tara's Halls," and await the dawning of a brighter day.

In charging the Dublin jury in the recent Land League cases, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald told them that the land laws of Ireland were more favorable to the tenant than those of Great Britain, Belgium or the United States. This is a fact, but as these articles are not written to discuss the Irish land question, a passing notice of this fact is all that will be made. As "the oppressed Irish," "the downtrodden Irish," etc., are frequently alluded to in the newspaper articles of the day, it is well to know upon what such epithets are based, that a correct understanding may be arrived at. In the days of long ago, when the O'Neils were kings, and an almost constant warfare was being waged with their neighbors, the English, the Irish, through impulse and treachery, were frequently defeated, and as a sequence, every outbreak caused them to lose some of their possessions, and the laws of confiscation gave to the subduer the lands of the subdued. In this way a very great deal of the soil of Ireland became the property of English peers, and Irish peers who had manifested a fealty to England; and as each subsequent rising only repeated the same lesson, the result was, that at the time complete subjugation was had, the land was held in fee simple by the children or grandchildren of those upon whom it was bestowed as an absolute fee; and so it has continued to the present time, and is the "bone of contention"—the cause of strife, between the two peoples. But is this a just cause for strife? Let us take the reasoning of Mr. Henry George, in his ably written work, "The Irish Land Question," and illustrate: "Captain Kidd was a pirate. He made a business of sailing the seas, capturing merchantmen, making their crews walk the plank, and appropriating their cargoes. In this way he accumulated much wealth, which he is thought to have buried. But let us suppose for sake of the illustration, that he did not bury his wealth, but left it to his legal heirs, and they to their heirs, and so on, until at the present day this wealth, or a part of it, has come to a great-great-grandson of Captain Kidd. Now, let us suppose that some one, say a great-great-grandson of one of the shipmasters whom Captain Kidd plundered, makes complaint, and says: "This man's great-great-grandfather plundered my great-great-grandfather of certain things, or certain sums, which have been transmitted to him; whereas, but for this wrongful act they would have been transmitted to me; therefore, I demand that he be made to restore them." What would society answer? It would answer as the English government now answers, "We have nothing to do with the acts of past generations, we have all we can do to attend to the affairs of this one," and all right minded people will echo the sentiment. Then let the Irish agitators confine themselves to the affairs of this generation, and if aught can be done, legally, to alleviate the wrongs of to-day, by legislation of to-day, it ought to be done.

No manner of impulsive warfare will intimidate England, or obtain sympathy from any nation, whose laws are in keeping with truth and justice; but if the laws regulating the renting or leasing of land in Ireland, or America, or England are oppressive, *vox populi* should demand

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a change, and as "the pen is mightier than the sword," more will be accomplished in that way than by dynamite or any other method of diabolical warfare Irish-America can invent. The writer has traveled in Ireland, and mixed with the people; not only in the cities, but in the rural districts, and gained from the various resources presented, much valuable information from which to opine; but lest prejudice may be charged pro and con, facts, and not opinions, will be presented in these articles.

Ireland may well be termed the "Emerald Isle," for, owing to the influence of the gulf stream, its verdure is lovely, and the general lay of the country from nearly every avenue of approach strikes the beholder with wonder and joy. The fertility of the soil, and the facilities of its coast fisheries, together with the natural resources and manufacturing facilities, all of which are at the present time scarcely more than half developed, owing to the agitations constantly kept up, could, if proper means were employed, be made to contribute more happiness to that distressed country than all the freedom the "dynamite fiends" could possibly give if their most sanguine ideas were realized. But Ireland seems doomed to exclude from its embrace everything that will really aid her cause, and to cling tenaciously to the old legends and barbaric usages of long ago, and ignore the march of intellect and the sway of reason. Like the town of Bandon, in the county of Cork, which had inscribed over its entrance:

"Turk, Jew or Atheist,
May enter here, but not a Papist."

To which the Rev. Arthur O'Leary added,

"Who wrote these lines, he wrote them well,
*For the same are written on the gates of Hell.*"

Ireland has to-day inscribed over every entrance: Truth, reason, religious tolerance and justice are excluded, but riot, rapine, carnage and diabolism admitted and fostered, and such is the welcome awaiting applicants at the gates of hell. Let the people of Ireland contend for all their rights, honorably, and the honorable of all nations will acquiesce and raise their voices in her behalf, and the cry echo from shore to shore till she is identified with honor, love, freedom and happiness; but so long as needy adventurers use her fair name as a cloak for murder, assassination and tumult, and employ any means to justify their diabolical ends, just so long will her happiness be retarded and the honorable of the earth remain passive spectators of the struggle, instead of active participants in and advocates of her cause and the cause of right in every land.

*Robert S. Spence.*

## THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY.

IT is scarcely four years ago that we found ourselves coursing down the well-kept Pass of the St. Gothard in the very comfortable coupé of a diligence, on our way from Andermatt to Flüelen. Like all travelers who have a special fondness for mountains, we found the grand panorama of rugged cliffs, foaming streams, near the far mountains, with summits whose snow gleamed in the morning sun, and precipitate depths, in which clustered villages and hamlets most fascinating, awakening emotions of indescribable delight. Now and then, however, our feelings were rudely jarred by the rattle of steam drills, and occasionally the roar of a blast awakened the echoes of the valley. A turn in the road would bring into view groups of workmen patiently constructing a terrace in the mountain side, or endeavoring to penetrate an overhanging cliff. At times we found ourselves on a level with a group of them, and in such close proximity, that the fact was forced upon our unwilling consciousness that commercial enterprise had at last invaded that quiet region, and was building one of its chief instrumentalities—a railway—and in a few years the heights

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and depths so long held consecrated by the sentiments of ideality and sublimity, would resound to the shriek and roar of the straining locomotive as it drew its load of passengers and freight up the spiral incline.

We had heard of the bold project of building a railway and tunnel which should make the passage of the hoary St. Gothard easy, and bring into quick communication the beautiful Lake of the Four Cantons and the charming lake country of Italy; but when we found ourselves, with three or four stranger companions, in a diligence, whose six horses labored up the steep and narrow roadway, and our vision ranged down the declivitous sides of the mountain, we almost rejoiced in the thought, that surely here are too many difficulties in the way of the engineer; the vast trouble and expense will render the building of a railroad a profitless undertaking. Yet at the very time the work was going on, and scientific skill was rapidly conquering the tremendous obstacles which Nature had erected.

Such were the difficulties of the ascent that there was no carriage road by way of St. Gothard and the Bernardino until 1830, although the pass was the shortest way through the Swiss territory to Italy; and when this road was eventually constructed, it could not compete with the Brenner and the Semmering routes which were so much lower and easier of access. Though the St. Gothard road had the advantage of being shorter, it had the more serious disadvantages of being steep, with numerous abrupt turns, and frequent suggestions of danger, which are not at all relished by the majority of travelers. We shall never forget the ride down the pass, our horses being on a full run, the heavy coach swaying to and fro, and in making a rapid turn, there was sometimes an abrupt lurch of the vehicle, which swung its wheels close to the margin of the road, beyond which there was in some localities an almost perpendicular fall for fifty or more feet, with anything but an inviting bed of rock at its sharply-inclined base. We shall never forget our sensations as we flew over the famous Devil's Bridge, and gazed down into the foaming water of the Reuss, as that rapid stream dashed through the broken and jagged masses of rock which obstruct the river's downward flight. The romancing tourist may prefer the knapsack and staff, or the post-diligence, in his junket through these interesting defiles; but the traveler who would go comfortably through their lower precincts, and be satisfied with vanishing bits of the mountain glory, will patronize the railway.

The St. Gothard Railway starts from the Lake of Lucerne; it travels along the Bay of Uri to Flüelen, up the zig-zag valley to the tunnel entrance at Göschenen, issuing from the tunnel at Airolo, and thence proceeding downward to Lugano and Lake Maggiore. The mountain tunnel is regarded as one of the greatest feats of modern engineering; it is nearly nine miles in length, and over three thousand feet above the level of the sea. There are fifty other tunnels on the route of the railway, several of them a mile or more in length. It is the character of its tunnel system which renders the St. Gothard specially noteworthy among mountain railways. Seven of the subterranean passages between the Lake of Zug and the Italian frontier are spiral, or double upon themselves screw-fashion. Between Erstfeld and Göschenen there are three of these spiral passages, made necessarily in that form because of the narrowness of the Reuss Valley. Generally abrupt ascents in railways are overcome by making long curves proportioned in length to the height to be surmounted. This is not possible in the Valley of the Reuss between the points mentioned—the road is therefore doubled on itself, like a winding stair, and the difference in grade is surmounted within a tunnel. The railroad rises thus in the neighborhood of Wasen one hundred and thirty-six metres (over four hundred and fifty feet), by means of the three tunnels of Pfaffinsprung, Wattengen, and Leggestein. Between Airolo and Lugano, there are four other spiral tunnels, each of which is nearly a mile in length.—*Selected.*

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# DOES THE BIBLE CONTAIN ALL THE SCRIPTURES?

THE Bible is the most common book in the world. One or more copies of it are in nearly every family among Christain nations. It is boasted that the sun never ceases to shine on the reading of the English Bible alone. Millions of copies have been printed in nearly every language spoken by the children of men. Thousands of men are employed by Christians to expound the principles it contains. Institutions of learning have been erected all over the land, where young men are being trained to become the future teachers of its precepts. Every neighborhood, hamlet and village has one or more churches; while in our larger cities their name is legion. To these temples the people go at stated times to hear the Scriptures—the Bible explained. Harmonies, analyses, and commentaries are scarcely less numerous than the Bible itself. Yet, with all this reading of the Scriptures, in connection with their analyses and commentaries to enable them to understand its passages; with all their theological institutions for the education of their teachers; with all the zeal, learning, and eloquence of their ministers, the world is lamentably ignorant of the Scriptures, and of the glorious truths which they contain.

This statement, under the circumstances, may appear startling; for if any book has a chance of being understood, and the principles it contains comprehended, that book is the Bible. Every possible means for its explication has been adopted, and to charge the world with ignorance of it, and its doctrines, will doubtless subject the writer to the charge of gross ignorance, or wilful bigotry on his own part. However, the charge is made, and the statement is susceptible of the most direct proof.

We might here refer to many principles which the Bible speaks of—principles too, of vital importance to the existence of the Church of Christ—about which the world knows nothing; but it is not our object to speak of them at present. We wish to refer to the prevailing ideas in regard to the Scriptures themselves, and show, if we are able, how far these are from the truth.

It is nearly a universal belief among Christians, that all the revelations that God has given to man are contained in the Bible—that it is "the whole word of God to man." The first difficulty that would meet one in accepting this idea, is the fact that there are several different translations of the Bible, and in these you find one refusing to accept as holy writ several books which the others contain. The Lutheran translators of the Scriptures rejected the books of Hebrews, St. James, II Peter, II and III St. John, St. Jude, and the Apocalypse. The English translators, in the time of King James, accepted all of the above books, and placed them in their canon; but the English translators repudiated some half score books which the Catholic translators accept as canonical. The question is, which of these translations shall we accept as "the whole word of God to man;" the English, the Lutheran, or the Catholic?

All of them decided what books to accept as canonical by tradition. "It was not enough for the reception of a writing, that it came unto them (the early Christians) under the name of an apostle. How was it regarded by the preceding generation, and by the generation before that? Had it been handed down by the general and concurrent tradition of the church as the work of the writer, whose name it bears? Such was the mode which, we know from the ramaining works of Irenæus, Tertullian, Eusebius, Cyril and Augustine, was employed in their days, and in all times of the primitive church." (M'Ilvaine's Evidences, p. 90, 91.)

"How do the Protestants prove the truth of the Bible? * * * The only evidence they have is tradition. They have received into their canon such books only as tradition accredits to be genuine." (O. Pratt's Divine

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Authenticity of the Book of Mormon, No. 3.)

But what an uncertain guide tradition has been! It taught the English translators to accept seven books as sacred writ which it taught the Lutheran translators to reject; and taught all Protestants to repudiate some ten books which the Catholic translators received as canonical. Another objection to the Bible being the "whole word of God to man" is, that many books are spoken of by the writers of the Bible, and are referred to as "Scripture," and revelations of God, and yet are not found in either of the translations we have referred to in the above.

In the epistle to the Galatians, we find the following: "And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen, through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham." (Gal. iii: 8.) From this we learn that the Scripture taught unto Abraham the Gospel, and also foretold the heathen would be justified through faith. What, Scripture in the days of Abraham? The Christian world say "Moses was God's first pen;" but it appears from the above quotation that some one wrote Scriptures long before Moses was born, for Abraham read them, and learned from them the Gospel, in connection with the revelations which God gave unto him, and Abraham lived over four hundred and fifty years before Moses.

Jude, speaking of some characters which he likens unto "raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shames," says, "And Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him." (Jude, 15, 16.), From this it appears that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, was favored with a vision of the second coming of the Son of God, and prophesied of judgment overtaking the ungodly at that coming. This prophecy of Enoch's was in existence in the days of Jude, "the servant of Christ," or else he would not be able to quote from it. May not this prophecy of Enoch's have been among the Scripture with which Abraham was acquainted?

There should also be another epistle of Jude. That writer says, "When I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints." (Jude, 3.) We have but one epistle of Jude's, yet he wrote another epistle to the saints on a very important subject, "The common salvation," and he "gave all diligence" in writing upon it. Would not the epistle on the "common salvation" be as important as that one we have from Jude's pen?

Paul, in writing to the Ephesians, states that God made known unto him, by revelation, a certain mystery; "as," says he, "I wrote afore in few words, whereby when ye read ye may understand my knowledge in the mystery of Christ." (Eph., iii: 3.) Here Paul evidently refers to another epistle which he had written to the Ephesians, but of which the world, to-day, has no knowledge. This epistle contained a revelation from God.

When the great apostle to the Gentiles wrote to the Colossians, he gave them these directions: "When this epistle is read among you, cause that it be read also in the church of the Laodiceans, and that ye likewise read the epistle from Laodicea." (Col., iv: 16.) Here, then, is another epistle of Paul's which he himself refers to, but of which the world knows nothing—it is not in the Bible.

In the first letter to the Corinthians you find this statement: "I wrote unto you in an epistle, not to keep company with fornicators." (I Cor., v: 9.) That book, then, which the world has so long regarded as the first epistle to the Corinthians, is not really the first epistle which Paul wrote to the church at Corinth, for in the quotation given above, taken

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from the so-called First Epistle to the Corinthians, the writer speaks of an epistle which he previously had written to them, in which he counseled them "not to keep company with fornicators." Doubtless many other instructions and important principles were contained in this other Epistle to the Corinthians.

There is also a record of the house of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, together with "all the house of Israel his companions," which the Lord said he would put with the "stick" or book of Judah. (Ezek., xxxvii: 15—20.) But the Christians receive only the books written by the Jews. Then there is the "Book of Nathan, the Prophet," and the "Book of Gad, the Seer," spoken of in I Chron., xxix: 29; also the Book of Ahijah, the Prophet, and the Book of the Visions of Iddo, the Seer, both mentioned in II Chron., ix: 29; also the Book of Shemaiah, the Prophet, II Chron., xii: 15, and a score more that might be mentioned; but what references we have already given, will prove beyond all controversy that the Bible does not contain all the revelations which God has given to man, and that it is not the "whole word of God to him." Will those who claim that the books in the Bible contain all the revelations that God has given to man, treat so lightly the words of God as to say "We don't need these lost books?"

It is evident that some of the writings of the "holy men of old, who spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost," are not contained in the translations of holy writ known to the world, and fortunately how these books and epistles have been kept from mankind, is now made known by the sacred pages of the Book of Mormon; and perhaps what has been stated concerning the existence of other Scripture besides that contained in the Bible, will enable us to better comprehend the truth of the following quotation from the Book of Mormon.

Nephi, who went out from Jerusalem with his father, some six hundred years B. C., beheld in vision the principal events that have transpired upon this continent until the present time. He beheld a book which the angel said, who stood by him in his vision, "was a record of the Jews," and that "it contained the plainness of the gospel of the Lord," and went in "purity unto the Gentiles." Immediately after this, he sees an abominable church established: "Most abominable above all other churches; for, behold, they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb, many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away." (I Nephi, xiii: 21—30.) After the book is mutilated by this abominable church, "it goeth forth to all the nations of the Gentiles," and because of these "plain and precious things" being taken from the book, "an exceeding great many do stumble, yea, insomuch that Satan hath great power over them." (*Ibid.*) A moment's reflection on the confused state and uncertainty existing among the Christian sects in regard to the meaning of Scripture, is sufficient to convince one of the truth of the statement, "many do stumble."

To say that the Bible is the "whole word of God," is rather a contracted view of God's dealing with His children in regard to revealing Himself and His laws unto them, since He declares that "He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth," and that He is "no respecter of persons."

When Europeans discovered America, they found it thickly inhabited by a race of people whom they called Indians. In some portions of the continent this people were semi-civilized. But everywhere through the land were evidences of a higher civilization than was known among them at the time of America being discovered. It was plain to be seen that these Indians had not arisen from barbarism to their semi-civilized condition, but that they were the remnants of a people whose civilization had waned to barbarism. Ruins of cities partially overgrown by forests; mighty roads of solid masonry through almost inaccessible mountain fastnesses; great

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pyramids which in extent rival those at Memphis; ruins of beautiful temples, whose architecture must have equalled the best models of proud Greece or Rome—all attest the high degree of civilization attained by the ancient inhabitants of America. These ruins still testify to the world that on this continent, perhaps coeval with the empires of Macedon, Greece and Rome, flourished nations that would equal them in extent, splendor and greatness.

The religious world would have us believe that God sent prophets to the eastern continent to proclaim unto them His will; but in saying that the Bible is the whole word of God, they would have us believe that the Lord forgot the millions of His children who dwelt on the western hemisphere—left them to perish without knowing Him or His purposes. He finally sent His Son to the "Old World," to teach the people the great plan of salvation which had been wrought out for them, but no Jesus appeared in the "New World" to make known unto the people the redemption secured to them through His own death and suffering! The Church was established in Asia, but none in America! It is time the Apostles were commanded to "Go and teach all nations," and they could easily reach Europe and Africa; but God, who has the power of fore knowledge, must have known that many centuries would pass away before any communication would be had between the two continents, and that hundreds of millions of His children would die without the means of salvation. Is it possible that God, who is "no respecter of persons," and who is "just," would take such a course with the people inhabiting these two continents? Nay, I cannot believe it.

"What man among you having twelve sons, and is no respecter of them, and they serve him obediently, and he saith unto the one, be thou clothed in robes and sit thou here; and to the other, be thou clothed in rags, and sit thou there; and looketh upon his sons and saith, I am just." (Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 38.)

Then, by parity of reasoning, could God, who is infinitely more just than man, send men filled with the Holy Ghost to teach His laws unto His children, make known unto them the way of life by sending His Son in their midst, cause Scripture to be written for their profit, learning, reproof and instruction in righteousness; can He thus favor the inhabitants of one continent, and then leave His children on another continent to perish in ignorance of the purposes of their creation, and to die without the knowledge of God? Can He take such a course as this, and then look upon His children and say, "I am just?"

How much more does the justice of God appear in the following extract, taken from the Book of Mormon, speaking of what should be said when the Lord began to bring forth more of His word than was written in the Bible: "And because my words shall hiss forth, many of the Gentiles shall say, 'A Bible! a Bible! We have got a Bible, and there cannot be any more Bible.' * * Thou fool, that shall say, 'A Bible, we have got a Bible, and we need no more Bible.' * * Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I, the Lord your God, have created all men, and that I remember those who are on the isles of the sea? * * And I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth? * * For behold, I shall speak unto the Jews, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the Nephites (the ancient inhabitants of America), and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel, which I have led away, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth, and they shall write it. And it shall come to pass that the Jews shall have the words of the Nephites, and the Nephites shall have the words of the Jews; and the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the lost tribes of Israel, and the lost tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews." (2 Nephi xxix.)

*B. H. Roberts.*

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## EDWARD HUNTER.

A MAN OF GOD. Behold him where he lies,
Stilled by the opiate men have misnamed death!
Deep sleep has settled on those aged eyes,
And quelled the pulsings of that bosom's breath.
No more that hand, uplifted but in prayer—
Save to defend or succor the distressed;
No more that step, which climbed life's tottering stair
To where the worn and weary are at rest;
That eye whose gaze the guilty soul would shun,
That heart whose genial current ne'er grew cold,
That noble life whose day on earth is done;
Shall we of Time's frail tenement behold.

His life ran peaceful as the rural stream,
O'er goodly deeds like glistening sands of gold,
Reflecting virtue from that heavenly beam
Which shines o'er such with radiance manifold.
Mayhap some deemed him rude of speech and mien—
'Twas but the ripple of the waves, which broke
In candor o'er what else had rightly been
The theme and burden of suspicion. Look!
Look well to him whose smooth and velvet phrase—
Calm and unruffled as the placid pool
Within whose slimy deep lurks death—betrays
The hypocrite, the hollow heart—hell's tool!

Not such the soul of him who slumbers there.
He was a man. Belov'd of men on earth,
Approved of God in heav'n. Beloved where
The morning stars, his brethren, wept his birth—
His birth terrestrial, which to them was death;
For what is death but absence? Now returned,
Life's warfare o'er, flag furled and sword in sheath;
Could eye but see, ear hear, what he hath earned
By valor here below—how we, this bright
Example emulating, would resolve
Anew to scale afar th' empyrean height,
Where glory reigns and endless worlds revolve!

Resound his fame, ye oracles of grace!
Thou choral band, loud peal the solemn lay!
Ye lingering multitudes, behold the face
Of one who upright walked the narrow way!
"God's nobleman" indeed, here lived and died—
If death it be, to lay the burden down
Of mortal cares, in mother earth to hide,
Till resurrection dons redemption's crown.
When good men die, 'tis passing to a sphere
Where all is life, light, liberty and love.
Who seeks for Edward Hunter, finds him there;
He mingles with the blest in realms above.

*O. F. Whitney.*

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER, 1883.


## REFORMATION.

THE reformatory work of the Associations appears to be engaging the interest and attention of the officers and spirited members more this season than ever before. A very widespread feeling that a reformation in the lives of many who have been attached to the organization, as well as those who have never been members, should occur, is to be observed wherever we go. It is a feeling that ought to become universal throughout the ranks of the Associations wherever they are organized. There are reasons for this desire on the part of officers to see a reformation take place, which might be considered with interest and profit by all our readers. One is, it is necessary for the welfare of the Associations. As an organization for mutual improvement we make pretensions of that character which require a constant improvement in conduct, morality and intelligence, from all its members. If this fails, then the Associations, to a certain extent, are reproachable, either as badly managed or inefficient means for the accomplishment of the work they assume to do. Up to the present the majority of the Associations have succeeded so well in their labors that they have won a reputation for good, and as this has grown so also have the expectations of the people who now, as a rule, look to the societies for great results in the cultivation of manners, development of character, and general improvement of the youthful members of society. To illustrate this sentiment, we need but recall the condition of that branch of society a few years ago, before the Associations were organized. In many country villages young men were plentiful who were rough, rude, swearing, drinking, breaking the Sabbath, thinking and speaking lightly of religion, etc. All this was tolerated, even condoned, under the specious plea that "boys will be boys, and must sow their wild oats." How is it now? If any of these things are seen or heard, the question is at once asked, where is the Mutual Improvement Association? This shows that a reformatory work has been done and is expected of the Associations. Any failure to effect it is an acknowledgment that we are inattentive and negligent, or that we do not appreciate the requirements of the public from us, and are not capable of living up to the professions we make.

The fact is, in regard to this reform labor, and the sooner we understand it the better, we are called to the watch-care and preservation of the youth of Zion from the follies which lead to sin and the practices which destroy happiness and faith. It is our mission as an organized body to gather in the youth of Zion and direct their steps in the path of truth, honor, virtue, that they may have peace, pleasure that is real, and become qualified for the responsibilities of men and women devoted to the service of God. So long as one remains unrepentant a violator of good order, morality, or any correct principle adopted for the improvement of society, this missionary work is required of the Associations. We have a broader, much more extensive field than merely providing an hour's entertainment once a week for those who attend our meetings. When we get thoroughly at work we will discover that entertainment, at least amusement, is quite a subordinate consideration. The idea of improvement as viewed by the Authorities involves among the first conditions a testimony of the truth of the Gospel. It was because of this that when we were first organized the only exercise suggested was "bearing testimony." How far have some of the societies departed from this original platform! Yet

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it is right that getting a testimony should be the foremost consideration, for upon it our progress mainly depends. Its possession once secured clears the path, removing more obstacles in the way of interesting, pleasant and profitable meetings than anything else. This necessarily requires reformation; a testimony cannot be obtained without repentance and a change of life, which brings us to the individual labor to which we desire especially to call the attention of the officers of all Young Men's Associations throughout the Church.

The spirit of improvement is rapidly extending among the people; a determination to prepare for the coming events of Providence and to be found in safe places doing right predominates over other feelings. This, we have observed, extends to the Associations, and the question is being asked daily by the officers: How are we to reach results in our labors; to effect a reformation among the members, draw in the young men who are not members, and get them interested? The answer is, commence at home. If the officers will turn over a new leaf, say, by commencing now and strictly observing the Word of Wisdom, teaching it to the members with testimonies of their own experience in trying to practice the temperance it enjoins, a great stride will have been made. Each officer thus fortified by his calling and example, may then commence a thorough labor among the members. Every one he converts adds to the missionary force, and thus, gaining strength, they can soon extend their labors to non-members, and a quiet but persistent individual missionary crusade will be organized, which will reach all the young men in Israel, and in a spirit of humility and kindness, reprove them for their evil deeds and shortcomings, and encourage them to live better and purer lives. This will roll up the membership of the Associations and suggest exercises of a kind that cannot fail to be interesting. Let it be understood that our missionary labors are not to consist so much in public ministrations as in private confidential conversations with each other. One straightforward, energetic officer, can reach many of his companions during the winter if he will buckle on his armor—the Word of Wisdom—and go to work wisely, winning as he bestows confidence, forming friendships and cementing bonds which will bind him to those he ministers unto with cords of eternal brotherhood that cannot be broken.

The friendship which ought to characterize a community such as ours can be nurtured in our Associations and become established there to last forever. No kind of communion will have such an effect more directly than that suggested above. If you wish the good feeling and friendship of your comrades, reform your own conduct and go "between him and thyself alone," and endeavor, relying upon the help of the Lord, to reprove him for his sins and convert him to your way of thinking and living. If you succeed you knit your hearts together and develop some of the best qualities they possess. It is this confidential association with people that converts them to the Gospel, and without it the ministrations of the Elders abroad would be of no avail; without it at home our labors will also amount to but little.

We hope to see a great improvement effected in the customary habits of the young men of our people this winter by this kind of ministration. Carefully pursued, it will in a short time eradicate loafing, drinking, carousing, swearing, and the many kindred evils which to-day in many places are a reproach to those who practice them, and to our Associations as long as we supinely tolerate and encourage them, either by our own indulgence or neglect of the duty to reprove others required of us. Let the officers commence the work of reformation, and follow it closely and with zeal. It will kindle a flame that will spread right and left until the hearts of thousands will be made to burn with a purer and holier desire than has ever entered them, and we will thus be instrumental in the hands of our Father in preparing a people for His providences. We may

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be sure of the Divine favor in so noble a work; and we will witness the most immediate and remarkable answer to our prayers in its consummation that we can possibly hope for. "Now is the accepted time," and every well wisher to the cause of improvement should take for his watchword, Reform, and make it have a real and living significance by its practical application to his own life and that of his companions.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom better than other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be.—*Carlyle.*

## RAINY DAYS.

LIKE the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," we should be content in all sorts of weather. His was indeed a noble example of patience and resignation, and has taught to many a useful lesson of contentment with all the seasons and changes God sends.

But, setting aside all examples, I am very grateful for rainy days for many reasons. It gives one time to do all sorts of odd work and long neglected work, that never would be done except on a rainy day, when no one calls to hinder and one cannot go out to seek pleasure, or even to do regular outside work. Perhaps letters have been laid aside waiting for an opportune time to answer, or a painting to be finished, or a piece of music or song to be practiced, or some article of wearing apparel to be mended or completed, stockings to be darned—each or any of these are likely to be the occupation of a rainy day, and by this means the loose threads are picked up, and one feels better satisfied with one's self. There is a great deal of solid enjoyment in a rainy day. It is a sort of respite, not exactly a holiday, for then one is expected to perform double duty, and it is often more of a strain than a rest, although it is usually, if nothing more, a very agreeable change, but a real, genuine rainy day is a positive blessing. It keeps perpetual "gad-abouts and gossips" at home, and gives their friends—"save the mark"—a rest from being tormented. And in all probability even this class of individuals will be doing good service at home on the rainy days.

People who are constantly and arduously employed, occasionally get a rainy day to do some rummaging; in fact ransacking closets, drawers, chests and places of this sort is peculiar to rainy days. And there is always something delightful in it, at least to me, and what better judgment can we make than to "put yourself in his place," as Charles Reade said. Now, as I am fond of a rainy day, I take it for granted others are too; and if there are any who are not, why they have the same right to their view of the matter as I have.

It is a very good thing we are not all just alike, and if anybody will write up their aversion to rainy days and give their reasons, I shall be very glad to read it. For my part, I know rainy days have brought "sweet peace" to me many a time. I have often longed to sit in an apple tree in the garden catching the pretty rain drops on my head and shoulders as the birds do. It looks so refreshing, and I wish that a good wetting did not give us poor mortals cold, and make us sick, for I am sure the rain dropping on one's bare head is a delightful sensation. But then if one could ramble about in the garden and fields on a rainy day the real good of these days would be subverted. We should lose a true pleasure in pursuing an imaginary one, perchance. How many times, on these rainy days, one gets out old papers and sorts and files and examines, and now and then reads something almost forgotten that awakens tender thoughts, and calls up recollections that fill the soul with such fancies

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as create another world for us, almost, for the time being.

We must have intervals of time for reflection, and in this hurrying, bustling, busy, working world, we do not meditate half enough. We get cross and irritable and disagreeable because we want to do too much, and by this means we neglect the very things that make life beautiful and attractive. We neglect love; we almost put it away from us in our anxiety to "get on in the world," and be somebody. Why we had far better be agreeable and beloved in our own homes and in our own households, by our own relatives and friends, than to amass riches for others to waste, or shine everywhere else but at home! A rainy day does give busy people a few hours to think of these things and to ponder them in their hearts. Then blessed be rainy days, for they help to make our burdens lighter by opening up avenues of love in some way or other. Even if the rainy day happens to be the Sabbath, it is nevertheless good. If one stays at home he is sure to do something he would not have done if the day were fine, if it is only to play with the baby, or read some good book, or write to an old friend, or re-read old letters, or take up some old music and recall happy memories, or amuse the children with stories of his own childhood. If one goes to meeting on a rainy day, even that is, as it were, sanctified to him, for he is sure to go because he is in sympathy with the divine. And sitting in the church he feels that the congregation have come together on this occasion to worship God and not to "see and be seen."

To me there is a sort of reverence about rainy days. They always impress me with a sweet sadness that is better understood than expressed. It is not good to be always hilarious; there must be times of meditation, or one would fall very far short of the great end and aim of their creation. We rush on through life at almost lightning speed in this age of the world, especially we Americans, and it is a good thing we are obliged to pull up now and then and slacken our pace, and if rainy days will help us in this respect, then hurrah for rainy days. In good old England they have a great deal of this sort of thing, and I must say I think that in all probability it has been very good for the race. They are "slow coaches," may be, but they are certainly away ahead in many respects, and if we would adopt some of their customs it would be better for us; particularly in eating slower and walking more, and doing many things slower and therefore better, and take things in general easier. It is the fault of the country, some people say, and very likely climate has much to do with our habits, but love, if it is cultivated, is indigenous in all climes, though it does require a little cultivating, and I argue if we took a little more pains to cultivate this plant that springs up very often spontaneously in the human heart, we should all increase our own happiness and that of others. We do not cultivate this love because we have not time, and that is why I think rainy days are a blessing, because they give us time to think of our loved ones, who expect some little recognition.

A rainy day in November is a luxury, and if the wind blows a little and a few flakes of snow fall, it corresponds well with the time and the season. A good fire within doors is cheerful and bright, and gazing out upon the dreary prospect, one sees how vivid a contrast it presents to the fireside, the home nest within; we might with all propriety compare it to the body of the aged or the sufferer, dreary and painful, without beauty, yet a spirit hovering within, bright as the loveliness of the home. Or to the coldness of the heartless world compared to the love that ever clings to the dear ones of our own family. We cannot lose sight of the fact that the year is dying on one of these rainy days in November, yet we know that the sunshine, the summer, the seed time and harvest will come again, and so we can appreciate the "sere and yellow leaf," and the cold, dark, rainy days, when there is light within, yes, within our own souls, and we can draw nearer to our loved ones, and

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loiter a little longer at some special shrine of duty or affection. If all were sunshine, the earth would get hard and solid, a crust would form, difficult to penetrate; the rain softens it and keeps vegetation in process; and so with us, too much sunshine is not good for us. Rainy days help us to moralize and soften our hearts a little, by giving us the required rest that every human being must needs have. Why it is sometimes a good thing to be sick, if one is not racked with pain, for not only the weary body gets a rest, but the tired brain, and there is no doubt in my mind but that what we term delicate people live longer because they are so frequently resting.

Longfellow has written very prettily of "November—the Rainy Day:"

"The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The rain still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dry leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary."

This is only one of the verses so suggestive to the weary. I wonder if it is that I am weary, that I am so partial to rainy days. I like rainy days more perhaps because they are a rarity in our climate, and we actually get so much in need of rain to moisten the earth, and revive vegetation, that when it does come we cannot help feeling grateful; but these are not all the causes for my liking rainy days, for when I was a chiid I had the same preference, and I know I was not weary then, and I did not realize the need the earth had of rain. I used to hide up in the garret among the rubbish, and hunt for queer old things, and read such wonderful stories, "as old as the hills," and try to be scared, but I wasn't, yet how I would scream if I saw a mouse, and I believe I have the same sort of propensity and feeling now, for I am almost sure to rummage in the garret on a rainy day, and if I see a mouse I scream as loud as ever. But now I have so many precious treasures to look over, and then they were only curiosities, yet I had a passion for old things, and old books, and old songs, and old letters, and, as I was often informed, I was old-fashioned myself. One thing I do know, and that was, I had a *penchant* for falling in love with, well, whom do you think?—Don't be alarmed, for it wasn't anything very naughty, and I just hated boys, because they were always tormenting me; well, it was for falling in love with old ladies; mind you, there had to be something fascinating about them, though; they wore such dainty caps, with soft laces and bright ribbons, and they always spoke so low and sweet, and made love to me, and love begets love, you know, and, best of all, they told me such nice stories, and their voices soothed me like a lullaby, and I used to think old ladies were even nicer than the young ones, for they were always dressing up and primping, and trying to put on airs over us little ones. I had lots of good reasons for liking old ladies, but perhaps you think this hasn't much to do with rainy days, and yet it has, for if ever you are "dreary and weary," as Longfellow says, on a rainy day, you will find that old ladies have the very best faculty of telling stories, and there would be such beautiful lights and shadows, and almost rainbows in them, that you would forget all about being dreary and weary, and think you were in an enchanted land, listening to sweet music, with the fragrance of the flowers around you, and gentle hands caressing you. O, the magic there is in storytelling! Even our boys, when I was a child, noisy and boisterous as they were, would sit as still as could be to hear grandpa tell stories.

And after all, what is life but a wonderful story, with its ups and downs, rough places and smooth ones, bright sunshiny days and dark rainy ones, but to the hopeful and diligent there is always a gleam of light in the darkest places, and, as Longfellow says at the close of the same poem we quoted from before,

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Many a pretty poem and interesting story, that has gladdened hearts and homes in other lands, has been written on a rainy day, when the author could

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better concentrate his ideas, because there was more quiet, and a feeling of restfulness, that always comes with the "patter, patter of the rain," and this is another reason for liking rainy days. When the weather is fine one goes out of doors to write, and it often happens that something detracts the attention, and the work is left undone, like the little girl in the nursery rhyme:

"Margie climbed up to the hill top
To write a little sonnet,
Before she half had finished it
The wind blew off her bonnet.
Margie ran down to the valley
To find her little bonnet,
So long did she dilly and dally,
She quite forgot her sonnet."

Now this is very likely to be true, and on a rainy day one would not climb up to the hill top, but close the door, and sit in some warm corner, on a low easy chair, and plunge into a sort of reverie, and then, if one does not write a story, or a poem, or a pen sketch, or something of the sort, one is most likely to get into a dreamy sort of state that rests the weary mind and body, more than putting one's thoughts upon paper. And hoping I have given my friends something to consider on rainy days as well as sunny days, and feeling a nearness to the hard and tired workers of every day, I cannot but rejoice in the rainy days, if they will only give to the incessant toiler temporary relief from arduous labor, and added to this, if rainy days promote the love that can feel for another's woe, and help us to "see oursel's as ithers see us," then indeed rainy days will not only be blessed days, but blissful ones, and we shall all be better and wiser, and more useful, because of our experiences of rainy days. *Amethyst.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### SEMI-ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

THE Semi-annual Conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations, was held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, on Sunday, October 7, commencing at 7 o'clock p.m. General Superintendent Wilford Woodruff and Counselors Joseph F. Smith and Moses Thatcher presiding. Singing by the Tabernacle choir. Prayer by Charles Kelly, of Box Elder Stake. Singing by choir. The Secretary called the roll and representatives from twelve Stakes responded and came to the stand.

Supt. L. R. Martineau addressed the meeting. Said, in accordance with instructions given last April, the weekly meetings of the Associations were discontinued and monthly meetings held only, which kept the Associations alive in the hearts of the young men.

Supt. Wm. H. Seegmiller, of Sevier Stake, reported briefly the progress made in mutual improvement in that Stake, showing that the membership of the Associations was increasing and that they were in a very healthy condition. Had derived great pleasure from his labors in behalf of this cause, and testified that all who labored faithfully and diligently therein would receive great blessings and happiness in their labors.

Sanpete, Juab, Millard, Morgan, Weber and Summit Stakes were reported respectively by Superintendents J. F. Allred, Thomas Crawley, F. A. Robison, W. G. Brough, E. H. Anderson and Ward E. Pack.

Choir sang the hymn "O awake, my slumbering minstrel."

David P. Kimball reported the condition of the Associations of the St. Joseph Stake of Zion.

President Wilford Woodruff then addressed the Conference. Said it gave him great pleasure to meet with so many of the young men and women of Zion. Made some very interesting remarks about the early days of the Church. Prophesied that the day was near at hand when the vail would be raised, and the minds of the young men and women would be filled with the spirit of the work of God. The day would come when the cities of the Saints would not

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have saloons, because the Saints would not support them. Admonished the young men to refrain from all evil ways and forsake all evil practices.

President Joseph F. Smith addressed the Conference. Had had great pleasure in listening to the reports from the various Associations, also to the instructions given by President Woodruff. Stated that a large majority of the missionaries now laboring in the field were from the Y. M. M. I. Associations, and that they made the most efficient missionaries. Related the circumstances of two young men being tarred and feathered in the States, and said that he had been informed that those who took part in it were heartily sick of having had anything to do with it. Trusted that all the young would interest themselves in their own improvement. The day would come, and it was not as far away as some supposed, when it would be deemed a great honor to be identified with this people. We are scoffed at by the ignorant of the world, but the well-read and intelligent classes have ceased to look upon us with contempt. While they do not know we are right, they are afraid we may be. The day will come when Zion will be the head and not the tail, when God will sit among His people, and the wicked look upon it with awe. Commended the CONTRIBUTOR to young and old; wished all to read it; said it was a most excellent work, and any one who perused it would be much improved and amply repaid; especially commended the enterprise of the publisher in procuring the engraving of the Three Witnesses, which he considered of great and lasting interest to the Latter-day Saints.

The names of the general officers were then presented, Elders Jno. E. Carlisle and R. S. Spence were sustained as missionaries.

Apostle Moses Thatcher endorsed all that had been said by the previous speakers. He presented the Preceptor, published by Elder John Nicholson, and recommended its introduction to and use by the Associations as a most useful and comprehensive method for acquiring a knowledge of the Gospel. Stated that it would be generally employed in Cache Stake—an order having been given for five hundred copies, and should be equally so everywhere.

President A. M. Cannon made a few remarks in relation to improvement, and paid a very happy tribute to the excellence of the CONTRIBUTOR, which he read with interest, and recommends to all.

The choir sang, and benediction was pronounced by Apostle F. M. Lyman.

Conference adjourned for six months.

*N. W. Clayton*, Secretary.

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QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—UTAH.

The Quarterly Conference of the Associations convened in the Tabernacle at Provo, October 14.

There were present, of the general officers, President Joseph F. Smith and Junius F. Wells; E. H. Anderson, Supt. of Weber County, the Utah Stake Presidency, and numerous officers of the Associations.

10 a. m. Meeting called to order by President David John. After singing and prayer, remarks were made by Junius F. Wells, Benjamin Cluff, Jr., F. M. Lyman, Jr., and Bishop John E. Booth.

2 p. m. The general officers were sustained, and owing to the vacancy created by the absence of Milton H. Hardy, for several years Superintendent of the Associations in Utah County, the following board of officers was presented and unanimously sustained: Benjamin Cluff, Jr., Superintendent; J. M. Tanner and Jos. B. Keeler, Counselors; W. C. A. Smoot, Jr., Secretary. S. D. Moore was sustained as missionary to visit the Associations.

President Joseph F. Smith delivered a very interesting discourse, which was listened to with strict attention by the large audience. In the evening another meeting was held, at which Apostle F. M. Lyman gave some very practical instructions relating to the work of mutual improvement, in which he advocated individual missionary labor being performed by every faithful member among those who appear indifferent.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1883. No. 3.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

CONTENTS OF THE RECORDS.—II.

A NUMBER of devoted and inspired Nephite missionaries now appeared in the midst of the Lamanites. They were led by the four sons of King Mosiah, and for fourteen years they tarried and ministered among their dark skinned and darker minded brethren. Their mission produced a great revolution in Lamanite society. At first they passed through many scenes of danger, discomfort and suffering; they were cast out, imprisoned and tortured, but their lives, as had been prophesied, were all preserved. By and by, their faith, patience, courage and devotion triumphed, and they had the unspeakable joy of baptizing into the Church many thousands of their former enemies. All of the obedient ones, with one single exception, were literal descendants of Lehi's elder sons, while those in whose veins ran apostate Nephite blood, rejected the Gospel message, fought it with all their powers, and ultimately were the means of shedding the blood of thousands of the Christian citizens of their adopted country.

The first person of note converted to God, was Lamoni, King of Ishmael, and it was in his dominions that the first Lamanite Christian church was built up. Lamoni was a tyrant as a monarch, but affectionate as the head of a family, and the incidents of his conversion, which are of great interest, again bring before us the strong feelings of love and attachment in the family circle which were as abiding a trait of Lamanite character as was their ferocity on the battle field. A few years later, the old king, though at first desperately opposed to the Gospel, was himself brought to an understanding of its saving truths, and from that time, the work of the Lord prospered under the royal protection and encouragement.

But before this, the Lamanites had made a disastrous expedition into the territory of the Nephites. A division among the latter people (B. C. 87) afforded an excellent opportunity for an inroad. A man named Amlici aspired to kingly authority, in which ambitious designs he was sustained by a numerous following. When defeated by the popular vote, "the voice of the people," Amlici appealed to arms, and entered into secret negotiations with the Lamanites. The latter equipped two armies—one commanded by the king, marched down the river Sidon, and headed direct for the city of Zarahemla, the other, a few days in the rear, proceeded down the east bank. The first army united with the Amlicites in the land of Minon, about two days journey south of Zarahemla, and suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of the Nephites, under Alma; the other corps met with a similar fate a few days later. The loss to the Lamanites was immense; thousands were driven into the wilderness in the northwest, where most of them died of their wounds or from privations. The remnants retreated to their own land, and with them went those who were left of the Amlicites, who, from this time, joined the fortunes of the Lamanites, and gave additional strength to the



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apostate element who were all the time gaining influence and power at the expense of the original descendants of Lehi's rebellious sons.

No sooner had the old King embraced the Gospel and extended his powerful protection to its converts, than the apostates of Nephite extraction showed signs of active insubordination. They were determined that they would yield obedience to none, Nephite or Lamanite, who believed in the coming of the Messiah. The Lamanites who had accepted the Gospel message were those who dwelt in the lands of Middoni, Shilom, Ishmael and Shemlon, and in the cities of Nephi, Lemuel, and Shimnilon, while the Amulonites and their ilk, and the associate Lamanites whose homes were in the lands of Helam, Amulon, Jerusalem and the regions round about turned a scornful ear to the glad message. Their opposition to its teachings grew apace, and before long developed into open rebellion, dividing the Lamanite kingdom into two distinct communities. The Christians dropped the old name with all its abhorred associations, and the king chose for them the appellation of the people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi, that being the name he gave to his son, upon whom he conferred the kingdom. About this time the old king died.

We have now arrived at one of the most pathetic and glorious events in the history of Israel, one which sanctifies the Lamanite race with the powers of martyrdom, and, by the blood of the victims, washes its garments white from many a former sin. The Anti-Nephi-Lehi's, convinced of the folly and sin of their past lives of bloodshed and rapine, and deeply penitent for all their former crimes, took their weapons of war and buried them deep in the earth, with an oath and covenant to heaven that they would never again, under any circumstances shed human blood. Their integrity was soon put to the test, for the unconverted Lamanites, incited and led by the Nephite apostates, fell upon them, and with sword and spear massacred one thousand and five of their innocent, unresisting fellows. No opposition was offered, no vain strugglings occurred, the victims calmly but resolutely bowed before the assassins' steel, and rejoiced in the opportunity of showing their devotion to God, even unto death. The sacrifice of so many of their unresisting brethren brought a deep change of feeling in many of the rude Lamanites; they refused to be any longer the murderers of their kindred; they strove to emulate so noble an example, and more were added, that day, to the Church, than those whose spirits had ascended to the Great White Throne, and whose blood smoked up to heaven as a testimony against traitors and apostates.

The intriguing apostate clans who hated the Nephites with a fiercer hatred than the Lamanites had done, as their pretended wrongs were of more recent origin, not being able to incite the people to fresh atrocities against their Christian brethren, managed to get up a Nephite invasion. They rapidly and unexpectedly marched along the western borders of the Nephite territory, and suddenly fell upon Ammonihah, whose worthless, apostate citizens they massacred without regard to age or sex, and then utterly destroyed the city by fire. They next marched to the neighboring Land of Noah, whence they carried off many prisoners, among whom were a great number of women and children. As they drew near the southern confines of the Nephite territory, they were vigorously attacked and scattered by the Nephite general Zoram. The captives were everyone delivered, and the Lamanites fled to their own land, having accomplished the just decrees of an All-wise God in the destruction of rotten Ammonihah, but without having brought honor or substantial reward to themselves. While thus smarting under the shame of ignominious defeat, and incited by the Amalickites, they again fell upon the unoffending people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi, and again stained their hands with the blood of unresisting innocence, whom they no doubt felt sympathized with their Nephite fellow-Christians. It is probable that they would ultimately have destroyed the whole

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of this persecuted people, had not the latter, under the guidance of the heaven-inspired Ammon, left their homes and possessions, and undertaken an exodus northward. They threw themselves upon the generosity of the Nephites, who joyfully received them, and apportioned the land of Jershon for their inheritance. Thus ended the dynasty of which Anti-Nephi-Lehi was the last king, and the history of his expatriated people,* from this time, more properly belongs to the annals of the Nephites than of the Lamanites, while the history of the latter race is to a great extent the history of Nephite apostates who henceforth largely held control and government.

When the exasperated Lamanites found the Ammonites had forsaken their homes to escape their unholy vengeance, they gathered in pursuit. A battle ensued in the wilderness that separated the two nations, in which tens of thousands of Lamanites were slain and scattered abroad; there was also a tremendous slaughter among the forces of the Nephites (B. C. 77). But the invaders were repulsed and compelled to return discomfited to their southern homes.

The Zoramites (B. C. 74) were the next body of Nephites who seceded to the Lamanites; as usual, they were traitors and apostates. They entered into a treasonable correspondence with the ever-ready sympathizers with apostasy over the border, which resulted in a united armed expedition against the Zoramites' late fellow citizens. The Zoramites inhabited a large tract of country east of the River Sidon, stretching southward from the Caribbean Sea to the wilderness. Into this region the Lamanites marched, with the intention of joining their new allies in an invasion of the Land of Jershon,† but the Nephite patriots assembled with such alacrity in that land, that the plan of the campaign was changed and the invading forces determined to retire through the wilderness and sweep round by the upper waters of the Sidon into the land of Manti. In this war the Lamanite commander, Zarahemnah, adopted the policy (which was almost universally followed in succeeding wars) of appointing Nephite apostates to be the chief officers of the Lamanite hosts; their intelligence, forcefulness, hatred of their former associates and hardened natures making them implacable foes to the enemy and dauntless leaders of the men under their command. The forces of Zarahemnah were met near the River Sidon, by the forces of the Republic, under Moroni and Lehi; a most sanguinary and hotly contested battle ensued, which was carried on for many hours on both sides of the river with great loss to each of the contending forces, but more especially to the Lamanite soldiery whose almost naked bodies had no protecting armor to resist the sharp weapons of the better armed Nephites. Still the rude warriors, confident in their overwhelming numbers, and encouraged by the desperate valor of their ambitious leaders, fought with magnificent courage. But all in vain, except superior numbers, everything—discipline, equipment, arms, and above all the blessing of God—was with their enemies; their desperate and long-continued struggles were fruitless, and at last their wounded leader surrendered and entered into a covenant of peace, never again to commence hostilities against the Nephites. Having given this promise, and after being disarmed, the magnanimous Moroni permitted the survivors to return to the Land of Nephi.

Peace, however, was but short lived, internal dissensions created by the intrigues of apostates and royalists convulsed the Nephite community. The rebels were led by a descendant of Zoram, the servant of Laban, named Amalickiah. Being overwhelmingly defeated by Moroni he fled to the Lamanites, and there evolved a plot worthy of a demon, which only ceased with life. He was a Napoleon in ambitio

* The Nephites gave this people the name of Ammonites, in honor of Ammon, the son of king Mosiah, and the president of the mission to this race.

† Jershon appears to have lain to the north of the Land of the Zoramites.

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and diplomacy, and possibly also in military skill. At the earliest favorable opportunity after reaching the Lamanite court, he commenced to rekindle the fires of hatred towards his former friends. At first he was unsuccessful, the recollection of their late defeats was too fresh in the memory of the multitude. The king issued a war proclamation. It was disregarded. Much as his subjects feared the imperial power, they dreaded renewed war more. Many assembled to resist the royal mandate. The king, unused to such objections, raised an army to quell the advocates of peace, and placed it under the command of the now zealous Amalickiah. The peace men had chosen an officer named Lehonti for their king and leader, and he had assembled his followers at a mountain called Antipas. Thither Amalickiah marched, but with no intention of provoking a conflict; he was working for the good feelings of the entire Lamanite people. On his arrival he entered into a secret correspondence with Lehonti, in which he stipulated to surrender his forces on condition that he should be appointed second in command of the united armies. The plan succeeded, Amalickiah surrendered to Lehonti and assumed the second position. Lehonti now stood in the way of his ambition, it was but a little thing to remove him; he died by slow poison. Amalickiah now assumed supreme command, and at the head of his forces he marched towards the Lamanite capital. The king, supposing that the approaching hosts had been raised to carry the war into Zarahemla, came out of the royal city to greet and congratulate the victorious general. As he drew near he was traitorously slain by some of the creatures of the subtle officer, who at the same time raised the hue-and-cry that the king's own servants were the authors of the vile deed. Amalickiah assumed all the airs of grief, affection and righteous indignation that he thought would best suit his purpose, then made apparently desperate, but purposely ineffectual efforts to capture those who were charged with the crime, and so adroitly did he carry out his schemes, that before long he wheedled himself into the affections of the queen. They were married, and he was recognized by the Lamanites as their king. Thus far his ambition was realized, but it was far from satisfied, ambition seldom or never is. Amalickiah now cherished the stupendous design of subjugating the Nephites and ruling singly and alone from ocean to ocean (B. C. 73). To accomplish this iniquitous purpose, he dispatched emissaries in all directions, whose mission was to make inflammatory harangues to the populace, and stir up their angry passions against the Nephites. When this object was sufficiently accomplished, and the deluded people had become clamorous for war, he raised an immense army, armed and equipped with an excellence never before known among the Lamanites. This force he placed under the command of Zoramite officers, and ordered its advance into the western possessions of the Nephites.

The Nephites, during this time, had been watching Amalickiah's movements and energetically preparing for war. When the Lamanites reached Ammonihah, they found it too strongly fortified to be taken by assault; they therefore retired to Noah, originally a very weak place, but now, through Moroni's foresight and energy, yet stronger than Ammonihah. The Zoramite officers well knew that to return home without having attempted something would be most disastrous; they, therefore, though with little hope, made an assault upon Noah, which resulted in throwing away a thousand lives outside its walls, while the well protected defenders had simply fifty men wounded. After this disastrous attempt the Lamanites marched home. Great was the anger of Amalickiah at the miscarriage of his schemes; in his wrath he cursed God and swore he would yet drink the blood of Moroni.

During the next year the Lamanites were driven out of the great eastern wilderness, which was occupied by numerous Nephite colonies, who laid the foundations of several new cities along

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the Atlantic coast. Moroni also established a line of fortifications along the Nephites' southern border, which stretched from one side of the continent to the other.

It was not until the year B. C. 67, that Amalickiah again succeeded in raising forces to invade Zarahemla. That time seemed most propitious for the success of his ambitious projects, as the Nephites were rent into factions and convulsed with the contentions of republicans and royalists, the latter being in traitorous correspondence with the Lamanite monarch. In this invasion the bloodthirsty king trusted no subordinate officers to lead his vast hosts, but commanded in person. He adopted a different policy to that which had marked former campaigns. He first invaded the extreme southeast of the Nephite possessions and attacked Moroni, the outlying city on the Atlantic seaboard. This he captured. Leaving a small garrison therein he advanced northward along the sea shore, reducing one after another the fortified cities of Nephihah, Lehi, Morianton, Omner, Gid, Mulek and others of lesser note. Each city, as he conquered it, was yet more strongly fortified, and a small force left within its walls, while he, at the head of the great bulk of his forces, continued his pursuit of the retreating Nephites. This advance was continued until he reached the borders of Bountiful, the most northerly of the lands of the Nephites on the southern continent. Here he was arrested in his triumphal march by a Nephite army under Teancum, and after a day's hard fighting (the last day of the Nephite year), he camped on the sea shore. During the night the valiant Teancum entered the Lamanite camp, sought out the royal tent, thrust a javelin into the heart of the king as he slept, and then escaped. The next morning the Lamanites, discovering that their monarch was slain, retreated to the city of Mulek.

Ammaron, the brother of Amalickiah, succeeded him upon the throne. He continued the war policy, and took personal command of his armies in the southwest. Here also the Nephites had lost ground. The cities of Cumeni, Zeezrom and Antiparah, and to the eastward the land and city of Manti, were held by the dark and savage warriors from the south. Year after year the war rolled on with heart-sickening loss to both sides, but with gradual relief to the patriot Nephites. Ammaron appears to have possessed all his brother's hatred and vindictiveness, but not his consummate cunning and great executive ability. The first great disaster his armies suffered was the re-capture of Mulek; outside of which city, Jacob (a Zoramite), the commander in that department, was slain. He was a man after Amalickiah's own heart—dauntless in battle, unflinching in danger, overflowing in hatred to the enemy, and full of a vicious enthusiasm with which he infused the soldiers under his command. His death was a great blow to the Lamanite cause, and from that time (B. C. 64) the Nephites rapidly, though not uninterruptedly, advanced to victory, and during yet four other years of bloodshed and destruction, had to continue the warfare before they succeeded in wresting every city from the grasp of the invader on both sides of the continent. When the Lamanites were driven to their last hold on Nephite soil—the city of Moroni—the impetuous Teancum determined to again venture into the enemy's camp and slay King Ammaron, as he had before slain his predecessor and brother. Again he succeeded, but at the cost of his own life. The death struggles of the king apprised the guards of the situation and Teancum was pursued and killed.

And it came to pass in the year B. C. 60, that there were none of the Lamanites remaining to pollute the soil of the Nephites. Peace was restored to the exhausted nations, both of which had spent their best energies and expended rivers of blood in the terrible struggle brought on to satisfy the hate and ambition of one traitor and murderer. The next king of the Lamanites of whom we read was Tubaloath, the son of Ammaron.

*George Reynolds.*

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# WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

GEYSERS—III.

Soon after leaving the Grotto, on our return from the Upper Geyser Basin, we crossed the Firehole river and were entertained for ten minutes by a beautiful display from the Riverside geyser, which is in eruption quite frequently and sometimes throws the columns of water from its two orifices from eighty to ninety feet. All along on either side of the road we saw jets of steam rising from thousands of springs and geysers, some near the road side, others on the banks of the river and still others in the thick of the woods, where but for the constantly rising jets and clouds of steam they would never be noticed.

At Midway Geyser Basin is situated the most remarkable hot springs and one of the most wonderful geysers in the world. The group occupies an area extending along the river about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in width. The principal springs are found on a mound about fifty feet above the river level on the left bank of the stream and sloping abruptly to the river's edge. The sides of this mound for half a mile present a wonderfully beautiful variety of vivid coloring, from the overflow of the water from the Excelsior geyser. The principal spring in the group is the Grand Prismatic Spring so called on account of the brilliant tints of the water. It is certainly the largest and one of the most beautiful springs in the Park, which is equivalent to saying in the whole world. Its dimensions are two hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet. The clouds of steam rising from the geyser near it greatly obscure the view, but we were fortunate in having a clear day and being able to approach it from two sides getting very good views both at a distance and near by. A good point of observation is from the bluff on the opposite side of the river. Over the central and deepest portion of this mammoth spring, called the bowl, the water is deep blue in color changing to green toward the edge. The water of the shallower surrounding basin is of a yellow tint fading into orange. Outside the rim there is a brilliant red deposit which shades into purples, browns and grays all painted upon a ground of grayish white, which forms the mound, built up of silicious deposit, upon which the spring is situated. These beautiful colors are in vivid bands which are strikingly marked and distinct. The water flowing off in every direction, with constant wavelike pulsations, over the beautifully scalloped and slightly raised rim of the spring, has formed a succession of beaded terraces, a few inches in height, down the slopes of the mound. These vary in height and color. It is impossible to exaggerate the varied depth and richness of the superb coloring which everywhere about this spring greets the eye. Mr. Thomas Moran the celebrated painter has attempted to reproduce it in several paintings and while he has won new laurels from the art-loving public for the elegant and vivid pictures he has made, he is understood to have freely acknowledged that the best of his efforts utterly failed to equal the sublime wealth of nature's coloring about the Grand Prismatic Spring. Not far to the northward of this is the Turquoise spring, the water of which is of a dark blue color. It is a hundred feet in diameter and its overflow is carried off by a channel two feet wide and eight inches deep with slightly arched or overhanging sides, scalloped and beaded. The bottom is a brilliant white, almost prosphorescent and the edges yellow, fading into salmon color as the river is approached.

A most singular feature of this group is a cold water spring about thirty feet in diameter, situated within forty yards of the Grand Prismatic Spring, whose temperature near its edge is one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and an equal distance from the Excelsior Geyser. It is a beautiful ultramarine color and perfectly cold. The proximity of these widely differing fountains, one

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shallow, hence cool, the other from some deep-seated source, receiving a continual supply of heat, reminds us of Homer's lines:

"Next by Scawander's double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground.
This, hot, through scorching clefts, is seen to rise,
With exhalations streaming to the skies,
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cool as winter's snows."

We now come to the Excelsior Geyser, which is doubtless the most powerful geyser known in the world. In 1871 it was not recognized by the government exploring parties as a geyser, but was reported by Dr. Hayden to be an immense spring, which he called the Caldron. It was described by him as follows: "It seems to have broken out close by the river, and to have continually enlarged its orifice by the breaking down of its sides. It evidently commenced on the east side, and the continual wear of the under side of the crust on the west side has caused the margin to fall in, until an aperture at least two hundred and fifty feet in diameter has been formed, with walls or sides twenty to thirty feet high, showing the lamina of deposition perfectly. The water is intensely agitated all the time, boiling like a caldron, from which a vast column of steam is ever arising, filling the orifice. As a passing breeze sweeps it away for a moment, one looks down into this terrible seething pit with terror. All around the sides are large masses of silicious crust that have fallen from the rim. An immense column of water flows out of this caldron into the river. As it pours over the marginal slope, it descends by numerous small channels, with a large number of smaller ones spreading over a broad surface, and the marvelous beauty of the strikingly vivid coloring far surpasses anything of the kind we have seen in this land of wondrous beauty. There is every possible shade of color from vivid scarlet to a bright rose, and every shade of yellow to delicate cream, mingled with vivid green from minute vegetation. Some of the channels were lined with a very fine, delicate yellow, silky material, which vibrates at every movement of the waters."

As grand and wonderful as this phenomenal geyser appeared to the scientists, who designated it "an immense hot spring," in 1871, the picture portrayed ten years later by Colonel Norris, Superintendent of the Park, far exceeds any previous description. It was then revealed as a stupendous geyser, and was first heard by Colonel Norris, from six miles distant. He reached the scene of this tremendous agitation too late to witness the eruption, though he saw its effects upon the Firehole River, which was so swollen by the flood as to wash away some bridges over the small streams below. In February, 1880, the Excelsior became frightfully violent in its eruptions, causing the earth to rumble, and filling the valley with dense vopor. The period of action began about ten o'clock in the evening, gradually becoming later every night until on the first of July the eruption took place at ten in the morning, showing a loss of twelve hours during that period. Colonel Norris reported that during the summer of 1880, the power of the eruptions was almost incredible. He says that sufficient quantities of water were elevated from one hundred to three hundred feet, pouring over the mound into the river, which at this point is nearly a hundred yards wide, and rendering it a foaming torrent of steaming hot water. Rocks weighing from one pound to one hundred pounds were hurled, like those from an exploded mine, over surrounding acres. Since 1880 the Excelsior has increased in activity, the eruptions becoming quite frequent and very terrible, sending out compact bodies of water from sixty to seventy-five feet in diameter, to a height varying from sixty to three hundred feet. It is a sufficiently awe-inspiring experience to stand at the verge of this steaming lake, upon the hollow crust which projects over the boiling water, and peer down upon the agitated sur-

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face as the clouds of scalding vapor are occasionally lifted by the breeze. But when the geyser is in action, the awful noise and concussion produced by the falling water, accompanied by rumblings and vibrations like those of an earthquake, and the disagreeable habit of vomiting up stones, which is a special characteristic, warrant the visitor in keeping a safe distance away during the display of its terrible power.

*De Vallibus.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

## POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

III.

PLAYING, as it does, so important a part in the origin and growth of political institutions, society must first be unfolded in its primitive state, that there its formation may be traced from the most vital circumstances which produce its development. Social organization may be said to proceed from two causes, which overlap each other in their borderland, but which operate distinctively among men. The first is that which insures private ends, and the second that which promotes public ends. Whenever individuals discover their wants to be better supplied by exchange of labor or products, an incentive at once arises to further private gains and insure selfish ends. But if gain was the only purpose for which society was formed, it would soon ignore those divinely appointed principles which, more than any others, distinguish man from the brute creation; for says Duganne: "A state, or human society, must be founded in relations of sympathy, affection and interest. Accordingly, as these relations harmonize or conflict, so the community is healthy or otherwise. Common interests and objects of society are founded upon privileges and rights of individuals. * * * A solitary human being might be able to tame wild animals and make them his companions and servants. He could teach the dog to guard his hut, and the horse to bear his burden. But his combination with dogs and horses could not form a state. This is because the bond of a state, or community, consists of mutual sympathy and understanding, expressed by human language and affections. Such a bond could not exist between man and the brute creation." The selfish conditions and gains of man should therefore be considered rather a means than the end of society.

Right here it may be observed in passing that the happiness to be attained in the formation of society is not furthered by wealth. From the family to the highest type of society, the nation, accumulated wealth acquired by any other results than those of honest methods does not promote happiness or strengthen the bonds of affection. It not unfrequently happens that the financial status of Utah is compared with that of Colorado; just as though the purpose of our social compact was to acquire wealth instead of the promotion of a common brotherhood established by correct social intercourse. If individual gain is the purpose of human society then the monopolies which belong to our own great nation, as well as to all rapidly developed communities, satisfy the demands even in the misery they create. If Colorado by her wealth provides schools, considers the welfare of the whole, guards public morals, and promotes generally the happiness of the individuals in mass more than Utah, without the wealth then the aim of her social compact is higher and nobler than ours. If not, why boast of her rapid march in that civilization in which money counts against every attribute of God? Riches is not a necessary concomitant of learning. Carthage was in riches the envy of the world, but whoever claims for it the achievements or greatness of Greece? The disposition

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in the minds of men to seek individual gains and private ends was conducive to the development of human society; but when that disposition becomes the end rather than the means, it is subversive of the interest of mankind. When men can exchange those products which they are skilled in making for those which they are less skilled in making, a mutual dependence arises, and mutual benefits accrue. The ambition to accumulate leads men to open new industries and thereby become benefactors of their race. In consequence of the disposition to promote private ends, men have as it were unconsciously established a division of labor and given variety to productions and increase to distribution.

In the second cause for the organization of society, where public ends are to be achieved political institutions assume a distinct form. They emerge from their embryonic state and in contrast to society, which is a patron, act as a punisher. In consequence of aggression engendered by the wicked and selfish inclinations of men, individuals group themselves for defense to the extent that aggression increases until their social compact reaches its limit. Since the happiness and promotion of mankind are effected only by society, those forces which contribute to social organism must be beneficial. To the extent that speculation and contention even in warfare have served as a means to more perfectly complete the social fabric they may be considered to have a healthful if not a pleasant influence. The evils which arise from the forces necessary to unite the interests of man result from a misapplication of them the same as with all the passions of men. The world suffers from the abuse of those forces which are, by proper use, designed to further the interest of the human family. "Most clearly," says Spencer, "shall we perceive the contrast between these two kinds of organization on observing that, while they are both instrumental to social welfare they are instrumental in converse ways. That organization shown us by the division of labor for industrial purposes, exhibits combined action; but it is a combined action which directly seeks and subserves the welfare of individuals, and indirectly subserves the welfare of society as a whole by preserving individuals. Conversely, that organization evolved for governmental and defensive purposes, exhibits combined action; but it is a combined action which directly seeks and subserves the welfare of the society as a whole, and indirectly subserves the welfare of individuals by protecting the society. Efforts for self preservation by the units originate the one form of organization; while efforts for self-preservation by the aggregate originate the other form of organization. In the first case, there is conscious pursuit of private ends only; and the correlative organization resulting from this pursuit of private ends, growing up unconsciously, is without coercive power. In the second case, there is conscious pursuit of public ends; and the correlative organization, consciously established, exercises coercion."

Society tends towards greater complexity in every advance. This complexity tends toward class distinction until the different degrees of importance attached to each order or class in the community is reached. A gradation is manifestly necessary to the performance of individual functions which, because of their variety, give strength to the organization. And although we may deplore the great class distinctions which have arisen in every form of government, there is evidently a beneficent design in the creation of social differences. In animal organisms it is everywhere shown that increased importance attached to the work to be performed, is collateral with the increased diversity of the organisms necessary to perform the functional requirements. While the class grouping need not make any calling void of importance, yet the superior skill displayed by one class distinguishes it from another inclined to stupidity. Members of the same family differ in their attainments and assume positions in precise accordance with their qualifications. Nor is it any more true of the family than the community, the nation,

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or the world, considered as made up of national units. In the past nothing is more certain than the existence of this distinction, and there seems to be no doubt as to its eternal continuance. The evolutionist so views the condition of society, as society differentiates. The fitness of men to circumstances varied by the law of nature, implies social differences. The heavens, according to Job, witnessed a class distinction in the plans devised for the most social inhabitants of this earth. Paul declares the continuance of glories differing from one another among the children of God. Science, therefore, as well as Scripture, invariable points to a constant and continuous classification of the human family. That there shall ever exist a period when society shall become homogeneous, a period when men shall enjoy equal advantages from the endowments the Creator has made, on the earth or in the future state of man's existence, finds no sanction in any part of the history of man, or in the predictions of his future. Reason and justice disclaim such a version, and the examples of God's creations do not warrant it.

But on what ground, it may be asked, should such social differences be made. Let us again refer to the order of human progress, to examine the physical, intellectual and moral steps in the ladder set up for the human race to climb. As has already been shown, the ancients organized themselves according to physical energy, and the same is true of man wherever he exists in a primitive state. Cook wrote of the Sandwich Islanders: "The chiefs are tall and stout, and their personal appearance is so much superior to that of the common people that some have imagined them a distinct race." Of the African races, Reade remarks: "The court lady is tall and elegant; her skin smooth and transparent; her beauty has stamina and longevity. The girl of the middle classes, so frequently pretty, is very often short and coarse, and soon becomes a matron; while, if you descend to the lower classes, you will find good looks rare, and the figure angular, stunted, sometimes almost deformed." The physical differences in the ruling and ruled classes also characterize the Indian tribes of America. After the physical, the mental class distinction began to arise. Wealth, however, is instrumental in breaking down the barriers of the older social ranks. To-day it so modifies the circumstances of men as to entirely revolutionize the social fabric in one generation. However unstable social organizations become by the influence of wealth, their old forms are broken by it, and as means and wealth create new distinctions propitious to the interests of society. But when it becomes the end rather than the means, the distinctions created by it are unfavorable. But happily its barriers are breaking before influences observed in their embryo in the intellectual class distinctions, which have made rapid marches in the last half century. Lastly there comes in social progress the moral elements; elements which serve to build up class distinctions capable of endurance, because they are not formed from a mixture of truth and error, as in the former distinctions. Build political structures as we may, their form, dimensions and finish are laid off by the social standard taken as a unit.

*J. M. Tanner.*

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SELFISHNESS.—Poor human nature, which views the universe from the standpoint of its own interests, is illustrated in this anecdote: A Scotch farmer was greatly exercised regarding the safety of his hay crop. The weather, though often threatening, favored his efforts till he succeeded in getting it safely gathered in, being in this respect more fortunate than his neighbors. After seeing the last wisp of straw tied around his stacks, he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air: "Noo, sin' I hae gotten my hay a' safely in, I think the warld would be greatly the better o' a guid shower."

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A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—*Bacon.*

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## THE ENGRAVER'S DELIGHT.*

The "Burnishers and Scrapers," some days ago,
Received a kind invite to meet and dine,
To honor Mayor Evarts, and, ergo!
To greet him with chaste sentiment, and wine.

Called to respond to honored toast "Engraving,"
I venture with this effort of my pen,
The kind indulgence in the meantime craving
From this array of scientific men.

The picture I would now present to you,
Is part from present life, and part the other;
I do not claim it as entirely new,
The subject may have been a great-grandmother.

'Twas thus, while seated at my work one day,
A gentleman walked smartly in the door,
And throwing down his coat in careless way,
Began to look around and pace the floor.

He gazed at pictures of the quick and dead,
And they good naturedly returned his gaze,
Then turned abruptly 'round to me and said,
"I wonder if this kind of business pays?"

"Sir," said I, "perhaps you'll leave your order,
And I will make a picture of your head.
'Twill enable me to fill my scanty larder,
And my children won't go supperless to bed."

With that he took a picture from his pocket,
And such a picture, friends, is rarely seen,
Unless in some queer antiquated locket,
And made, perchance, in age of Constantine.

*It* was a woman somewhat old and frowsy,
She may have been some tawny gypsy queen;
Her eyes were odd and dull, and looked quite drowsy,
The features lank and lantern-like and lean.

"Now, sir," said he, "give me your lowest price,
And then, perchance, your patron I may be.
But you must make me something very nice,
A picture beautiful as one did ever see."

I bade him make his choice of size and style,
And looking round he said "Make one like that."
Thus pointing to a beautiful profile;
"Make it just as handsome, but not so fat."

"Don't make it look so proud and haughty,
For this dear creature was of modest grace."
The style selected was a dame of forty,
A splendid figure, and a charming face.

We were puzzled sore at first how to begin,
To make of such a subject a great beauty.
To make her picture e'en appeared a sin.
But Nelson said, "Each man must do his duty."

We stippled her, burnished her, and scraped her
But do for her the best, and all we could,
Though features were as like as second nature,
In spite of all, the dame would not look good.

We gave her here and there a hatch,
Making her thinner, or a little fatter,
Then gave another hatch and scratch,
And made her broad pug nose a little flatter.

At last, spite of mishaps and our confusion,
Having increased her and diminished her,
The thing was coming to a just conclusion,
We gave the final touch and finished her.

The proof submitted, we ne'er waited long,
And be assured, we were not much surprised
To learn the *skira scura* was all wrong,
We hadn't caught the expression of her eyes.

Her family could scarcely recognize her,
They had not seen in a score of years;
For you must know 'twas then they buried her,
And then 'twas in her shroud and through their tears.

So after giving us a good sound lecture
On what a handsome picture ought to be,
They wished I'd do it from another picture,
And they would show the difference to me.

The few who most approved of what was done,
Still pointed to some fault about our labor,
And every fault described by every one
Differed from that discovered by his neighbor.

Finally it passed with all its imperfections.
No doubt you've all been troubled much the same,
And peradventure, in your calm reflections,
You'll say, "Ne'er let us look upon her like again."

*A. B. Hall.*

* These verses were read at the annual meeting of the Engravers, which convened not long since in Philadelphia. The junior member of the firm of H. B. Hall & Sons, now so well known in Utah, being called on for a speech, presented these lines, setting forth some of the perplexities of the profession, which struck a responsive chord among the "Burnishers and Scrapers," who greeted them with applause. By favor of Elder Jas. H. Hart we are enabled to present them to our readers. They have not heretofore been published.

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# THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

A GLANCE at the map of North America is sufficient to prove that Ontario, the garden of the Dominion of Canada, lies like a wedge between the great states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. The adjacent waters of the great lakes render the climate more temperate, and the rainfall more heavy than places farther west in the same latitude.

The soil is exceedingly fertile, and produces nearly all the grains and fruits of temperate regions. On account of its wedgelike position between the states, and the facilities which the great lakes afford for shipping, its commercial advantages are unrivalled. Its railway system is magnificent, and the traveler who, sitting in a comfortable palace car, rides through this corner of Her Majesty's dominions, will meet with many a picturesque view, none of which are grander than those in the vicinity of Niagara. Volumes have been written about this world-famed cataract, yet no pen or pencil can do it justice.

As is well known, the river Niagara is the connecting link between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and forms a part of the boundary between the United States and Canada. It is thirty-four miles long, and runs in nearly a northern direction. From the outlet of Lake Erie to the Falls, is nearly twenty-two miles; and for this distance the river has a strong uniform and increasing current. Steadily the waves increase in violence; more and still more they lash each other in their fury, till at length, gathering up as it were their shattered forces, they hurl themselves in one wild plunge into the abyss below. Above the Falls the river averages one and one-eighth of a mile in width, but only about twenty feet in depth. From the precipice to the whirlpool, a distance of a mile and a quarter, the depth of the river is about two hundred feet.

Sixty rods below the Falls, is the upper suspension bridge. It is the longest one of its kind ever erected—a light, graceful structure, one thousand, two hundred feet in length, and hangs one hundred and ninety feet above the water. A mile and a quarter below, at the head of the Whirlpool rapid, is the railway suspension bridge; it is eight hundred feet long, and two hundred feet above the water. For three-quarters of a mile below this bridge runs the Whirlpool rapid, the wildest part of the river below the falls. The name "whirlpool" is not quite accurate since the body of water to which it is applied is rather a large eddy in which small whirlpools are constantly forming and breaking. The spectator cannot realize their tremendous power unless there is some object floating upon the surface by which it may be demonstrated. Logs from broken rafts are frequently drawn over the Falls, and when they reach this eddy, though they are two or three feet in diameter, and fifty feet in length, they will be drawn down for a time, and then thrown out. Sometimes they will continue this motion for several weeks before escaping from their prison. At the outlet of the Whirlpool the river is scarcely four hundred feet wide, and as one stands by the water's edge, and looks upon that vast volume of water rushing through this narrow chasm, with a current whose unbroken surface indicates its immense depth, the mind is impressed with a sense of physical power, greater even than that made by the great Fall itself.

From this point down, the water rushes on in a restless, resistless flood, until it escapes from the gorge at Queenston. Geologists tell us that the Falls were originally at Queenston; but that slowly they have worked their way backward to their present position. At the present time they are receding at the rate of nearly six inches a year. At that rate it must have taken nearly seventy-five thousand years since the waters of Niagara tumbled over the rocky cliffs of Queenston. Near the Whirlpool the rocks are much harder

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than where the Falls are at present, which fact might prolong the time to one hundred thousand years. After leaving Queenston, the Niagara slackens speed, and floats out a broad, deep, majestic river through as beautiful a plain as can well be imagined, till at length it loses itself in the placid waters of Lake Ontario.

In the year 1854, a small steamer, appropriately named the *Maid of the Mist*, was built to carry passengers across the river immediately below the Falls. The enterprise was unprofitable and after a few years the owner of the "packet steamer" determined to sell her. For this purpose he must needs take her through the whirlpool down the river. But how was this to be done? The intrepid boatman Mr. Joel M. Robinson, whose exploits in rescuing persons from perilous positions about the Falls are so well known, was engaged to act as captain and pilot. Mr. McIntire, a courageous engineer and able machinest volunteered to go with him. Notice was given of the time of starting and a large number of people assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or men after they left the dock. About three o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and, knowing that their flitting would be short at the longest, set his steam valve at the proper gauge, and waited—not without anxiety—the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. Robinson took his place at the wheel, and pulled the starting bell. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape pipe, the boat ran along the shore a short distance, then swung around to the right, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapids. When a third of the way down the rapids, a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, heeled her over, carried away her smoke stack, cast her partially on one side, threw Robinson on his back and McIntire against her starboard wheelhouse with such force as to break it through. Every spectator breathed freer as she emerged, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the vortex and steamed on past the whirlpool. Thence, after receiving another drenching from its waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Queenston.

Thus was accomplished one of the most remarkable and perilous voyages ever made by men. Robinson said that the greater part of it was like what he had always imagined must be the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight; that when the accident occurred, the boat seemed to be struck from all directions at once; that she trembled like a fiddle-string, and felt as if she would crumble away and drop into atoms; that both he and McIntire were holding to the wheel with all their strength, but produced no more effect than if they had been two flies; so great was the force of the water which struck the rudder.

The effect of this trip upon Robinson was decidedly marked. To it, as he lived but a few years afterward, his death was commonly attributed. "He was" said Mrs. Robinson "twenty years older when he came home that day than when he went out." He sank into the chair like a person overcome with weariness. Both his manner and appearance were changed. Calm and deliberate before, he became thoughtful and serious ever afterward.

In winter, the white vestments of frozen spray with which everything in the immediate vicinity of the Falls is robed, is exceedingly beautiful. There is something marvelous in the purity and whiteness of congealed spray. One might imagine it to be frozen sunlight. If after a pleasant day in spring or autumn, a sharp, still, cold night succeeds, and on this there breaks a clear calm morning, the scene presented is one of unique and enchanting beauty. The frozen spray on every limb and twig of tree, and on every stiffened blade of grass, is covered over with a fine white powder—a frosty bloom, from which there springs a line of delicate

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frost spines, forming a perfect fringe of ice moss than which nothing more fanciful or beautiful can be imagined.

But apart from the grand and picturesque scenery, Niagara and vicinity have other claims scarcely less interesting to the thoughtful mind. Within sound of these tumultuous waters have been fought some of the most decisive battles upon this continent. Here the sons of a common ancestry have mingled in international strife, and the streams that meander through those grand old forests or through that vale of Arcadian beauty which stretches from Queenston to Lake Ontario have been crimsoned by the blood of England's and America's valiant sons. Though Ontario enters like a wedge between the great North Central States, yet it is practically accessible at only two points, that is, at or near Detroit and at the Niagara river. On the Canadian side of the Niagara river, for several miles distant, nearly every acre of ground is historic. A few of these battle grounds it may not be out of place to mention.

Commencing at the upper part of the river, near the outlet of Lake Erie, stands the ruins of Fort Erie. This place was captured by the Americans July 3d, 1814. A few moments after the American forces had entered and the British had evacuated, the greater part of the Fort was blown up. The British, seeing they were unable to hold the place, had secretly put large quantities of powder under the walls, and as they retired they lighted the fuse, and in a few minutes the whole place was a scene of ruin. Nearly two hundred American soldiers were killed and wounded. This is the magnificent place the Fenians captured in 1866, and which caused a temporary excitement.

A few miles below these ruins, is the battle ground of Chippewa. Here a severe battle was fought July 5th, 1814. The Americans were victorious, they were anxious to pursue the retreating British; the weather was very warm, so they did not take time to bury those killed on the British side; they placed the bodies in a pile interspersed with fence rails, and *burned the British dead.* Twenty days after was fought the battle of Lundy's Lane. This was the most terrible battle fought on Canadian soil. From seven o'clock in the evening till half past one next morning, the battle waged with varying results. At length, as if by exhaustion or mutual consent, the firing ceased. When daylight came, the Americans had retired. The British retaliated by *burning the American dead.* To this day both nations claim the victory. The writer of this article visited this battle ground in 1868. He was shown the places where it is said the dead were burned. Two spots, each about fifty feet long and seven or eight feet broad, were shown, on which it is said no grass has grown since the time of the burning.

Nearly seven miles below the Falls stands the quiet little town of Queenston. It was once a place of considerable commercial importance; but that was before the days of railroads or the Welland Canal. Nestling under the rocky cliff of Queenston Heights, it is invisible to the traveler coming from the south, until he arrives at the edge of the cliff and sees the town spread directly at his feet. On the cliff overlooking the town is the spot where, October 13th, 1812, was fought the battle of Queenston Heights. A terrible storm was raging; in the darkness of the night and early morning six hundred Americans had crossed the Niagara river, and the boats had returned to bring reinforcements. They landed at the foot of the gorge and took possession of the town. The inhabitants were driven out and the place was burned. For several days the Canadian general Brock had watched the movements on the American side of the river. He had only three hundred regular soldiers, but messengers had been sent in various directions and nearly one thousand militia had assembled. After a short but severe engagement the Americans recrossed the river. General Brock was killed, and a splendid monument now stands near the spot where he fell. From the top of this monument may be seen on a clear day

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the distant cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo, and St. Catharine's, as well as the nearer towns of Lewiston and Niagara.

Of late years the vicinity of Niagara has assumed a commercial importance owing to the enlargement of the Welland Canal, which may be justly considered one of the greatest marvels of civil engineering in the world. As is well known Lake Erie is nearly four hundred feet above Lake Ontario. The question was, how can this great obstacle be surmounted, and ocean vessels be made to float upon the great inland seas of Erie, Huron and Michigan. The story of its accomplishment would alone fill a volume. An account of the vast expenditure, the thousands of men employed, the great locks and reservoirs and docks for shipping, could not fail to be interesting. It is sufficient to say that it is now an accomplished fact, and great ocean vessels and steamers may be seen daily in the summer season wending their way through the canal, destined for the far western cities of Milwaukee and Chicago, or for distant European ports. The locks admit vessels two hundred and forty feet in length, sixty feet in breadth and twenty-eight feet below the water line.

It is a grand, as well as an amusing sight to stand, on a summer's day, and, looking up toward the pine clad summit of the Burlington hills that overlook the city of St. Catharines, see the white sails of the vessels, interspersed amidst the dark green foliage of the pines—to see great vessels and steamers—some of them hailing from London, Liverpool, the ports of the Mediterranean and even the Indian Ocean—climbing, as it were, the rugged sides of the mountain, and bearing on this liquid commercial highway the breadstuffs and manufactured products of two hemispheres. By means of the St Lawrence river, the Great Lakes and the Welland Canal the inland cities of Detroit and Toledo are brought nearer to Europe than the Atlantic cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore; and Chicago, the great city of the western prairies nearer than the Atlantic city of Charleston. To the great water route formed by the Lakes, rivers and canals is due much of Canadian commercial prosperity. *J. H. Ward.*

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

### MAHOMETANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*

My brother, George A. Smith, has wished us to excuse his Mahometan narration, but I would feel more like giving a vote of thanks to the Almighty and to His servant for so highly entertaining and instructing us.

I am aware it is not without a great deal of prejudice that we, as Europeans, and Americans, and Christians in religion and in our education, so called, have looked down upon the history of Mahomet, or even the name; and even now we may think that Mahometanism, compared with Christianity as it exists in the world, is a kind of heathenism, or something dreadful, and the other we look upon as something very pretty, only a little crippled. For my part, I hardly know which to call the idolatrous side of the question, unless we consider Mahometanism Christianity, in one sense, and that which has been called Christianity, heathenism.

Mahometanism included the doctrine that there was one God—that He was great, even the Creator of all things, and that the people by right should worship Him. History abundantly shows the followers of Mahomet did not take the sword, either to enforce their religion or to defend themselves, until compelled to do so by the persecutions of their enemies, and then it was the only alternative that presented itself, to take up the sword and put down idolatry, and establish the worship of the one God; or, on

* By Apostle Parley P. Pratt, Salt Lake City, Sept. 23, 1855.

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the other hand, be crushed and cease to be, on account of the idolatrous nations around them; they seemed to act on the defensive, although it might legally be considered aggression.

The Greek and Roman Churches, which have been called Christian, and which take the name of Christian as a cloak, have worshiped innumerable idols. On this account, on the simple subject of the Deity and His worship, if nothing more, I should rather incline, of the two, after all my early traditions, education, and prejudices, to the side of Mahomet, for on this point he is on the side of truth, and the Christian world on the side of idolatry and heathenism.

In the first place, the latter lay it down as a point of theology, and it is a foundation point too, that there is only one true God, consisting of three persons, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, but without body, parts or passions. Here is the exact image and likeness of an idol established through the principal creeds of Christendom, that is, if it is an image at all, or of it makes a shadow at all, it is that of an idol; it is a being that never existed in heaven, earth or hell; it will not make even a shadow. Indeed, it is a thing literally motionless and powerless, as much so as any term that can be used to mean nonentity. Jesus Christ, whom we worship as the Son of God, and the Savior of the world, has body, parts and passions, and He is like His Father; He is the express image of His Father's person and the bright- of His glory, whom we also worship. They are individual personages, organized as a pattern after which men were created; they have tabernacles, and are in every way personages and intelligent beings.

Therefore, that something, or that nothing, that imaginary being, that idol that is recognized in the creeds of Christendom in general as a god without body, parts, or passions, has nothing to do whatever with the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, or with the Son of God that came in the meridian of time, who was crucified, died and rose again from the dead, and ascended on high to lead captivity captive, and give gifts to men. Inasmuch as He and His Father are organized with body and parts, with limbs, joints, flesh, and bones, that are immortal and eternal, they have no part or lot, or communication whatever, with that imaginary being which is recognized in the principal creeds of Christendom as *their* God, a god without body, parts, or passions. Therefore, in that sense, in the very foundation of their creeds, they are idolators; and instead of saying that Mahometanism prevailed against Christianity, and that Christianity was in danger of being done away by its prevalence, we would rather say, that where Mahometanism prevailed it taught and established one truth at least, viz., the true and living God, and so far as this went, it did preserve people from worshiping idols. And had the crescent waved on the tower of London, or on the church of St. Paul, instead of the cross, and had the Mahometan religion been enforced instead of the Roman religion that was enforced for a series of generations, and had tradition riveted what the sword enforced, then that nation and the surrounding nations would have been worshipers of one true God instead of idols; they would have recognized it in theory at least, whether they would have worshiped Him in spirit and in truth or not. But now they do not recognize Him in theory, for they acknowledge as their god an imaginary being without body, parts or passions.

Setting aside this one point, they acknowledge and worship innumerable idols, pictures, images, etc., amounting almost to an infinite number, in every place where Christianity has been blended with the civil power, and enforced and established by law under the one great standard called Catholic—imaginary deities that are the works of men's hands, and to which they actually and literally bow down. This may not be the case so fully in these United States, where there is a kind of balance of power, and religion, and population, and influences of various kinds acting as checks upon each other; but go to those

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countries where there are no such checks or balances of power; go to Chili, Spain, or any other of the states or nations where the Roman cross, instead of the crescent, or any other ensign, is the standard, where there are no Protestant influences and Protestant dissensions to interfere with the prevailing power, and, as a matter of course, all the subjects of that realm have by law one religion prescribed to them, supported and enforced by civil authority, to the prohibition of all others. In such countries, you can contemplate that religion in all its open and unveiled idolatry; it is there you will see more fully exhibited the practice of worshiping images, of bowing down to dumb idols in the shape of pictures, images, saint worship, angel worship, etc., etc.

I have seen all this with mine eyes, and heard it with mine ears. They will pray to the Virgin Mary, so called, in the form of a painting, which they set up to be prayed to. They also set up other canonized saints in like manner, painted on canvas and other substances. But I will not confine this practice to those countries alone, but in a city of the United States I have beheld a public procession of a vast majority of the populace united in one grand bowery, extending around the public square, and pictures and images of saints were posted in the roads, and an extra bowery was prepared for each of those images or paintings, decorated in all the pomp and splendor the people could command, and while in procession they would kneel down in the dirty streets and public squares, though dressed in the richest silks and satins that money could purchase; persons so richly attired were bowing down on their knees, or prostrating themselves in the dirt and dust at every place where there was an image, and were devoutly offering up prayers. This is the idolatry that prevails more manifestly in the countries where religion is the law, but it also prevails right in our own country, because there is a liberty of conscience to worship what you please.

Now, if we take Mahometanism during those dark ages, and the corruptions that are so universally prevalent over the earth, and the idolatrous systems of religion falsely called Christianity, and weigh them in a balance; with all my education in favor of Christian nations and Christian powers, and Christian institutions, so called, with all my prejudices of early youth, and habits of thought and reading, my rational faculties would compel me to admit that the Mahometan history and Mahometan doctrine was a standard raised against the most corrupt and abominable idolatry that ever perverted our earth, found in the creeds and worship of Christians, falsely so named. It might not have been a very pure standard, for the fulness of the Gospel, with its Priesthood, ordinances, powers and gifts, were not there, because that pertained to another branch of Abraham's family.

Ishmael and his descendants were blessed by the Lord, who said, "I will make of him a great nation, and kings shall come of him, and he shall have dominion;" yet there was one thing not said on the head of Ishmael. It was not said that in him should the elect seed be chosen, who should bear the keys of the eternal Priesthood, and salvation, in which all nations should be blessed: this was said on Isaac, the brother of Ishmael, the heir; and it was also said of Jacob and of Abraham; therefore, the blessings that were peculiar, that pertained to the fulness of the Gospel, that pertained to the eternal Priesthood, that pertained to the coming of Christ, and to the things of His ministry, and to those that were called with the same calling, and in which all nations should be blessed and redeemed, could not be given to Ishmael and to his descendants, but they belonged by election to the chosen seed to whom the promises were made, viz., the children of Abraham through Isaac, and through Jacob; but the Lord said of Ishmael, "I will make of him a great nation, because he is thy son; I will bless him because he is thine, and kings shall come of him." So the Lord seems to have fulfilled, more or less, from those early days until the



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present, the promises that He made to the children of Abraham, that were not particularly designed to hold the keys of the Priesthood.

All that a nation could have, without the keys of the everlasting Gospel, without the gifts and powers pertaining to those keys, and without the fulness of the Gospel, the people of the East seemed to have been blessed with, so far as the Lord saw fit to bestow upon them blessings during those dark ages. A great portion of the Oriental country has been preserved from the grossest idolatry, wickedness, confusion, bloodshed, murders, cruelty, and errors in religion that have overspread the rest of the world, under the name of Christianity, or mystery of iniquity.

An open defiance of God is no mystery; open drunkenness, and revelling debauchery, and all manner of wickedness and immorality professed by sinners who profess to be nothing else, are no mystery; they do not deceive anybody; but when all manner of wickedness, idolatry, drunkenness, and corruption is cloaked under a sacred name, under an outward sanctity and holiness, and under as high and dignified an appellation as Christian, it is a mystery of iniquity; and that has overspread a great portion of the world, and has borne rule until the present day, sometimes under the name of Roman universality, sometimes under the name of the Greek Church, and at other times under various classes and names. Many that were honest have been deceived by this mystery of iniquity, who have esteemed things to be sacred, which were abominably corrupt; and corrupt superstitions have been revered because of the great names and sanctified professions that were attached to them.

If such institutions actually professed wickedness, they would go for what they were worth; but when a thing professes to be holy, and takes the name of Christ as its founder, and the holy Prophets and Apostles, to carry out all manner of oppression, all manner of idolatry and idol worship, all manner of priestcraft and kingcraft, and more or less instigating division among nations and governments, all to carry out bloodshed, cruelty, the rack, the inquisition, and holding of men in bondage, ruling them with a rod of iron, it is a mystery of iniquity calculated to deceive millions. The Apostle John, speaking of this same power, says, "By thy sorceries were all nations deceived."

The Mahometan operations, in the hands of the descendants of Abraham and Ishmael, seem to have warded off that deception and mystery of iniquity in some measure, so that it has not entirely overrun their country, morals and institutions. Though Mahometan institutions are corrupt enough, and need reforming by the Gospel, I am inclined to think, upon the whole, leaving out the corruptions of men in high places among them, that they have better morals and better institutions than many Christian nations; and in many localities there have been high standards of morals. There are, no doubt, sections of country, and different localities in Asia, where the people have not walked strictly according to the regulations and laws given by Mahomet, and observed by his true followers.

But returning to the general corruption that has prevailed nationally, politically and religiously, under the name of Christianity, leaving out Christ and His Apostles, I do think there has been no idolatry in the world, under any form or system, that could surpass it. It is the mystery of iniquity, the great whore of all the earth. It has brought the whole earth under a lasting curse, having departed from the laws of God, changed the ordinances, and broken the everlasting covenant, in consequence of which the earth is destined to be burned, and few men left. So far as that one point is concerned, of worshiping the one true God under the name of Mahometanism, together with many moral precepts, and in war only acting on the defensive, I think they have exceeded in righteousness and truthfulness of religion the idolatrous and corrupt church that has borne the name of Christianity.

There is one thing for which I like

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Mahometanism better than the present Christianity of the world; if prisoners are taken by them, no matter of what country or religion, and they become lawful captives, doomed to slavery, according to their rules, they will take them from their labor, order them to wash their bodies, and put on clean clothes, give them plenty to eat to refresh them, until they have rested and have full power and vigor of both body and mind to investigate and study the Mahometan religion. If the captives embrace the true religion, as they call it, they are set free from slavery, and permitted to marry among them. But if the captives still reject the religion of the Mahometans, they are made to return to their slavery. I want to know where the Christian nation is that does this—that will take their lawful captive that may have some other religion, and set him free from servitude, and give him time to wash and clothe himself, and think, and investigate, when both body and mind are enjoying their full power, and if he embraces their religion, then permit him to become a citizen.

I will not detain you; I have been more lengthy now than I intended. We would do well to look into the bearings of the history of nations, and the dealings of God with them, as impartially as we can, at all times, and cull out all the good there has been, is or may be, and acknowledge the hand of God in all things, in His dealings with the nations as well as in other things. I acknowledge His hand even in this Gentile reign, whose corruption I have been hinting at. It has had its day, which has been a long and dark one; the nations have groaned under its sway; all nations have felt its withering power; all nations have been deceived by its darkening and mysterious influences, they have groaned in ignorance and corruption under the hand of oppression, and tyranny, and wrong, until the head and heart are sick, and they are ready to wake up and seek something better.

I acknowledge the hand of God in it; it was to have its day, that the nations might know fully, and experience the difference between light and darkness, mystery and truth, peace and war, liberty and oppression; between truth and falsehood; between the rule of Satan, of priestcraft and kingcraft, and the reign of the kingdom of righteousness; that they might have enough of their own way, and be filled with it until they would be glad to seek the Lord. That same God has promised His Apostles and Prophets a day when there should be an end of superstition and ignorance and falsehood, of priestcraft and kingcraft, an end of Gentile polity; that their fulness would come in, and the prophecies of the holy Prophets would be fulfilled, and the reign of iniquity would complete its time; and then what —a chaos? No, but an organization, a kingdom, a government, a power which should stand for ever, and no more pass away; and what was that? Why, the God of heaven should set it up: suffice it to say, the kingdom of God.

## IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

III.

"IT is a mistake to consider the Irish Land Question as a mere local question arising out of conditions peculiar to Ireland and which can be settled by remedies that can have but local application. On the contrary, I contend that what has been brought into prominence by Irish distress and forced into discussion by Irish agitation, is something infinitely more important than any mere local question could be; it is nothing less than that question of transcendant importance which is everywhere beginning to agitate, and if not settled must soon convulse the civilized world—the question whether, their political equality conceded (for where this has not already

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been, it soon will be), the masses of mankind are to remain mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the benefit of a fortunate few, whether, having escaped from feudalism modern society is to pass into an industrial organization more grinding and oppressive, more heartless and hopeless, than feudalism, whether, amid the abundance their labor creates, the producers of wealth are to be content in good times with the barest of livings and in bad times to suffer and to starve? What is involved in this Irish Land Question is not a mere local matter between Irish landlords and Irish tenants, but the great social problem of modern civilization." Logical reasoning will manifest to us the same spirit in its various guises—the Communism of France, the Socialism of Germany, the Nihilism of Russia—and the Fenianism of Ireland—it is the bitter war of capital and labor inaugurated under different auspices and continued under circumstances best suited to its growth and proportions. The Irish landlord is the same *genus homo* as the English or American landlord, striving to make the most of his landed possessions, he does not differ very much from the landowners of the Southern States, or in fact in any of our States or Territories—who let their lands to croppers who underbid each other, and so swell the coffers of the landlord. Ireland is densely populated, hence competition for the use of land is sharp and high—as it is in nearly all thickly settled countries. The same result is reached in every case, it is simply cause and effect. During the French Revolution and under the *regime* of the Jacobins the war cry was death to the aristocrat; no excuse could be offered by the victim, that would be of aught avail; enough that he possessed the coveted luxuries of wealth and station, the means by which he gained them was not questioned, he was evidently a victim of circumstances, and a fit subject to appease the wrath of the rabble. Did circumstances permit and warrant, the same enactments would be law to-day.

What propositions are offered by Irish agitators for the solution of the land question? The most prominent and the most radical one is the following: "Create a peasant proprietary." The state to buy out the landlords and sell to the tenants for annual payments extending over a term of years and covering principal and interest. How would this work? Spartan history furnishes us an abundance of testimony of the many difficulties Lycurgus was forced to surmount before he partially succeeded in bringing about a system whereby all should be producers. Examine the records of the newly settled States and Territories of our own land, and see the homesteads and pre-emption claims of the early settlers united into great farms of thousands of acres; and so will it ever be while capital forces its support from labor, and so many are consuming the legitimate wealth of the producer. More squalor, and poverty, and wretchedness is to be seen in England to-day than in Ireland, and our own boasted land can display want and luxury jostling each other in the thronged thoroughfares of nearly all her great cities. The Irish tenant farmer is a healthy, robust type of manhood, and the peasant women of Ireland renowned in song and story for their virtue, while in England and Scotland want and privation have degenerated the physical man and severed the family affections, till indigence and vice are allied in forging the corrosive chain of physical, mental and moral destruction. It is true that the larger cities of Ireland, as Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Clonmel and others, are well supplied with these adjuncts of modern civilization; nevertheless, the country towns, villages, and hamlets are measurably free from vice, and the social purity of the Irish peasantry is a well established fact; whereas her sister isles can produce classes in which the idea of female virtue is all but lost, and the family affection all but trodden out by want and unwholesome employment.

The Irish tenant farmer is poor, and during a famine is sometimes wretched, and compelled to resort to many expedients in order to make both ends meet;

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but is his case more deplorable than that of the English operative, or the Scotch agricultural laborer, or the Welsh miner, or even the workingman of our own free America, under similar circumstances? We think not, and, having had facilities afforded us whereby to judge the social, moral and physical condition of the people of Ireland and England, we feel convinced the peasantry of Cork are, as a whole, better off, happier and more contented than the agricultural laborers of the midland counties of England. Old men may be seen breaking stones on the highways of the County Cork, for one shilling per day, whose ability to earn more than that through age and decrepitude might be questioned; also may be seen in the agricultural counties of England, men in the full pride of manhood working for seven shillings per week (rarely reaching ten), and compelled to support a wife and family on such a pittance. No wonder they have almost forgotten the taste of animal food, except as it is occasionally doled out to them as charity.

We might bring ourselves face to face with the question, "To whom does the land of Ireland belong; to the people or the landlord?" If to the former then what right have the latter to exact fees, rents, or interest on the debt in any form, from the people? If to the landlords then have they not clearly the right to sell it, barter it, or use it in any way or manner they may choose? Who shall dictate to them what they shall do with it, or to what use they shall put it, or what rent they shall charge for it? If the people own the land from whom did they obtain a title? We answer, from the God of nature, who has given to all a right to live, and move and dwell upon earth, and *sustain life*. If the landlords own it, from whom did they obtain it? They answer, from a long line of ancestors. It is true, Henry II, James I, Cromwell and others had the *power* to give away Irish lands, but, had they the *right?* All honest thinkers, who are searching after truth will be willing to admit that as, "God made all men to dwell upon the earth," he also made the earth for them to dwell upon, or to quote the words of "the Psalmist" "The heavens even the heavens are the Lord's, but the earth hath He given to the children of men." Now if God has given the earth into the hands of a favored few, that they may recline in the lap of luxury, and to the majority the privilege of starving or living in slavery then must we reverse our views of theology and accord to Deity other attributes than those of Love and Justice.

Using the arguments of Herbert Spencer we may ask "at what rate per annum wrong becomes right." If society under a shallow pretense acquiesces in the right to land obtained by fraud, usurpation and spoliation as a just and religious right there is the right to possess and use the kidnapped negro, a social and religous right—or the possession of piratical treasures, a claim on justice—or the defaulting cashier a right to the enjoyment of his surreptitious gains. Might, will never be right, whether exercised in Ireland, England or our own free and glorious republic. The cry of Land League is echoed by all tillers of the soil, whether in Ireland, England or America, but through misconception of its true meaning and misguided by selfish ambition, Communism, Socialism, Nihilism, etc., etc., are fostered and cherished.

If new born babes have a right to life, if they are born heirs to that precious gift of God, then they are born with the right to possess enough of the land for their support. No man has the right to barter away his birthright; it is as much the gift of Heaven as the use of water or air. Usurpation and tyranny and spoliation have given to men the possession of land; but is that possession the gift of power or right? If the innocent possessor of a vast landed estate in Ireland or England to-day boasts of his *right* by primogeniture and the acquiescence of society bears him out in it, then has the son and daughter of the southern planter the *right* to the peaceful possession of their entitled negroes, or the king of Dahomey to his sacrifices. Social upheavals mark the course of

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events and wrongs perpetrated in the twelfth, seventeenth, or nineteenth centuries, will bear fruit nauseating to the body politic. And where a nation suffers from social or political wrongs entailed upon it by its founders or administrators, it is ever ready to apply a remedy and eagerly grasps at supposed remedial straws as they float by, without reflecting upon their practicability, or their potency when applied to the seat of the disease. So has it ever been with Ireland; she has had presented to her lips the tempting draught of "United Irishmen" by Grattan and Flood and in quaffing it, has sacrificed some of her best blood and interest, the "Anti-Union Association" of O'Connell; "Young Ireland" under Mitchell and Meagher, together with Ribbonmen, Croppy, Fenians, House Rule, and Land League, till in her despair, she is willing to accept dynamite, believing that the disease is desperate and requires a desperate remedy. The Land League of Ireland is the Land League of England, or France, or Belgium, or America; so far as its aim is to alleviate the distress caused by capital draining the life blood of labor and vampire like clinging with deadly tenacity to the producer of the nation's wealth; and as scrofula demands constitutional and not local treatment, so does this social evil demand the axe to be laid at the root and not periodical applications of dynamite, like a bunch of firecrackers tied to the tail of an Irishman's frieze coat. The theory of Herbert Spencer is a good one and if properly applied would prove an efficient remedy; we here present it for consideration or advocacy, feeling assured the faithful supporters of right in all lands, will admire if not endorse his method of equal rights, he says: "Such a doctrine is consistent with the highest state of civilization; may be carried out without involving a community of goods, and need cause no very serious revolution in existing arrangements. The change required would simply be a change of landlords. Separate ownership would merge into the joint stock ownership of the public. Instead of being in the possession of individuals, the country would be held by the great corporate body—society. Instead of leasing his acres from an isolated proprietor, the farmer would lease them from the nation. Instead of paying his rent to the agent of Sir John, or his Grace, he would pay it to an agent or deputy agent of the community. Stewards would be public officials instead of private ones, and tenancy the only land tenure. A state of things so ordered would be in perfect harmony with the moral law. Under it all men would be equally landlords; all men would be alike free to become tenants. * * * * Clearly, therefore, on such a system the earth might be enclosed, occupied and cultivated, in entire subordination to the law of equal freedom."

*Robert S. Spence.*

## AT SEA.

In mid winter and mid ocean, between Liverpool and New Orleans, six hundred Saints and four hundred Irish on board! For two days almost a perfect calm—the sails flapping lazily against the masts—not a sign of a storm or a breeze to be seen in the whole upper deep —the spring like weather had enticed nearly every one on deck, where they were reading, knitting, sewing, telling stories and singing songs.

The Captain, to break the monotony, had invited some of the first cabin passengers to the quarter-deck, where we had schottished, waltzed, and done the cotillion, fisher's hornpipe and Irish jig in as hilarious a style as is often stepped to music. In the midst of this a darkness and sadness fell on me almost too heavy to bear. I went to the side of the ship and asked God to tell me what it meant —in my musings I said, Father is there

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danger, do we want sail taken in? After a moments pause I said, "I am going to the Captain to ask him to shorten sail, if this is right let the darkness and sadness leave me." The first step I took light and peace came. I went directly to the Captain and asked him to humour a nervous man like me and take in some sail — he jumped to his feet, and exclaimed with an oath: "Who's Captain here!" then shouted to the mate on the fore-castle, "clap on two more sails quick!"

I called the Saints on the quarter deck, to get below in a hurry. I jumped to the front of the quarter deck and shouted to those on the midship: "Saints, downstairs!" They minded, they believed in counsel and in obeying it. When the last person's foot was on the bottom stair leading under cover of the deck, and to safety, the first mast went overboard, and in five minutes, every mast was torn from its holdings and hurled on deck. But for the warning, many would have been maimed and crushed. The scene that followed, my pen is too feeble to picture—with the debris hanging over the sides of the ship, causing her to careen over to nearly an angle of forty-five degrees; the whirling of the angry waters (for a spent hurricane off the islands had struck us), the howling of the terrified Irish, on whom we had sprung the bolts of the bulkhead—the solemn silence, waiting, questioning of the Saints, how shall we be saved from this? formed a living scene that I think can never be truthfully represented by any artist.

In a few minutes I went with a deputation of three old sea captains and six sailors and others who were of our people. The Captain was told that we did not wish to use force or to come under a mutiny act, but we wanted control of the ship, and we would save her. He replied: "Take all control." We cut loose the dragging shrouds, and after an anxious night's work saw the old dismasted vessel settle evenly on the waters, but with no more power of movement than a soddened tub—ten hundred and fifty souls on board in the midst of the Atlantic! A jury mast was rigged. Weeks of patience, the very essence of patience, and we sighted New Orleans. But the pleasure of all common landings was far surpassed by the happiness of our emancipation.

What of the sea captain? The morning after the accident he came to me, weeping like a child, and said: "Sir, what do such things mean?" I answered: "It means God is fulfilling his promises to his ancient people and prophets, and gathering the Israel of the latter days; and has His servants to lead them." He replied: "I shall come to you for counsel from here on till we reach port." And during the rest of the voyage, twice each day he came and asked, "Is all right?"

This is one among many lessons which have taught me to know that God is with this people. *C. L. S.*

## CO-OPERATION.

1.

In the common vocabulary of life there are words which seem to become an offense; by long continued use, by too persistent or untimely presentation, probably, also, because of some unfortunate association of words with things, of success or apparent non-success, in connection therewith.

In religious matters how hackneyed the word "salvation" has become, yet all that it implies is just as important and essential now as in any period of man's experience; every where there is needed salvation from ignorance, salvation from sin, from self, from influence, associations, from results that always and everywhere suggest the blessings of salvation.

Yet men reject salvation because in the abstract it has been allied with priest-

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craft, with hypocrisy, with money making and with that selfishness which, while an evil, is yet testimony to the absolute presence and inherent thirst for good.

So with the word "co-operation," it is to some an unpleasant word, the use of it dampens conversation in a circle of friends, its introduction in the pulpit or stand is as a wet blanket on many a congregation, they have become surfeited with it, it has been before them in season and out of season, it has been far too often presented dogmatically, argument and reason have been the last weapons employed in its advocacy, and when at times inaugurated, so little attention has been given to auxilliary principles connected with it, that inevitable failure might have been easily foreseen. There are those who look upon the advocates of co-operation, as being the subjects of monomania, as seeking the introduction of a new principle of action among mankind, altogether losing sight of the fact that men are continuously engaged in the most stupendous industries, and in enterprises of the most complicated character, using as their method the essential elements of co-operation. From this come our steamships, railroads, telegraph and similar gigantic organizations, and individual power is dwarfed by the magnitude of their operations. Fire and life insurance and assurance, all friendly societies and clubs, all partnership and combination testify to an inherent recognition of the value of unity, and it is because this inheres in human nature, that it is practicable and it might be said possible. Even in nature this law of action may be observed; leaving out the philosopher's question involved as to the intelligence of matter, it is evidently everywhere endowed with the faculty of cohesion, with the principle of co-operation, the individuality of a grain of sand, only needs to be supplemented by the adhesion of its fellows, when it becomes a barrier to one of the mightiest forces of the globe, the power of water, as rain, as mist, as hail or ice is everywhere recognized, the disintegrating power of water is natures grand magician, yet the ocean in its wrath is no less controlled by the simple grains of sand, than when in softened ebb and flow, to the music of its foamy waves, it breaks around the children's feet. And yet yielding as it is, easily cleft at times in subservience to human skill and needs, it can become so consolidated that its friction changes the contour of the globe, and on a small scale the action of the same cold makes that which is the synonym of instability and of infinite capacity of division, so compacted and solid that men use it as a highway for convenience or pleasure.

Co-operation is not a new thought, it is no modern invention, it is an eternal principle; it is the rule of the Gods, and when men invoke it, when they practice it, it is simply an exhibition on a smaller scale of that sublime suggestion, which, in the cycles of the past, was thus significantly expressed, "Let *us* make man in our image and in our likeness," and further, "Male and female created he them;" need we wonder then that nature bears this impress of its creator, need we wonder that men gravitate toward unity of effort, toward combination for offense or defence, for the accomplishment of good or even evil?

Now the Latter-day Saints profess to be the people of God, in an exceptional sense; while admitting that all men are His offspring; they claim a closer relationship by virtue of special calling, by virtue of obedience to special laws, and consequently if this is true, they should be the special exponents of this co-operative idea; it would surely be their distinctive characteristic, and its power would be exemplified in more directions than could be looked for in those subject only to general inspiration, in contradistinction to an assumed special inspiration and special mission.

There is "a measure of the spirit given to every man that cometh into the world to profit withal," but to his covenant people He giveth the Holy Ghost by "the laying on of hands," Moreover, when the history of the Latter-day Saints is analyzed, it will be seen that whatever success has been achieved by

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them, it has come by unity of action and effort; what could individualism have accomplished in preaching the Gospel, in gathering the poor, in developing the spiritual unity and religious force which has been evolved? The machinery of sectarianism is not an element in the methods of Israel; no paid, no educated ministry, sustained by the coffers of wealth has been the propoganda of the truth; no literary culture, no profound study, no mastery of rhetoric, or subtlety of reason have stored the magazines, or been used in the battle and the fray. Its advocates have been simple, honest, earnest, united men, their power was in the possession of the truth, its simple eloquence pierced the shell of tradition, the crust of ages, and touched the hearts of men, and the unity of their thoughts, their blending of worlds, and the reuniting of broken links, connecting the past, present and future, brought hosts of converts into the common fold.

What individualism could have withstood the shock of persecution, the sneers of a nation, the contempt of the world? What man, single handed and alone could have defied the armies of the Philistines? None, strength came from unity, from sympathy, from a certainty of trust in the adhesion of co-religionists and friends.

What individualism could have brought the sons of God from afar and "his daughters from the ends of the earth?" What human wisdom would have applied to the gathering so grand a power as co-operation, and created the perpetual emigration fund? Who would have volunteered, on common grounds, to have given a summer's work and team journeying to the Missouri river and back for those they had never seen or known? It was the spirit of common or united brotherhood, which impelled to sacrifice, to the suffering of inconvenience, to the comprehension of that authority which declared on the slopes of Palestine: "Except ye are one, ye are not mine." Again, in the redemption of the waste places of earth, in the colonization of these "fugitives from among men," what could have been done by desultory and personal effort? It was the power of unity or co-operation which made possible subsistence in the desert; thousands of miles of fencing, of canals and ditches, singing in the summer's sun, and bidding the sleeping earth awake to luxuriant verdure, is testimony to an ever vital principle of almighty truth.

Every open schoolhouse, every humble meeting house or chapel, every growing temple, speaks in unmistakable utterance, the syllabled music of co-operative effort, and wherever there has been failure (real or apparent), the key to the conditions can, without the intervention of a prophet, be traced directly to a neglect of that principle and its auxiliaries, which were intended of the heavens for the establishment of truth and righteousness upon the earth. It has been assumed by some that co-operation was an infringement of personal liberty, of admitted agency, of interferference with vested rights, but surely none but the most superficial, or the most selfish, could cherish or give utterance to feelings of this kind. How could that which has ever been a friend be transformed into an enemy? How could that which is in the common experience of mankind beneficent, in a local capacity, become a curse? How can that which universal consent considers an unmixed good become anywhere an evil? Evidently such conclusions betray that narrowness, selfishness, avarice and repudiation of primary principles which is unworthy of a Latter-day Saint.

The adoption and practice of this principle, its extension into channels old and new, is more and more desirable, indeed it is the only plan of salvation for the Latter-day Saints, if they enter into it willingly, with generous impulses and with ready hand, there will be a change for the better throughout the land and in all its borders; if neglected, like Samson shorn of his locks, they will only be weak and unstable as other men, and will not excel. Singing, praying, preaching in regard to unity, to one-



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ness, will never usher in the latter-day glory; men's conceptions and efforts must harmonize, to directions indicated there must be more obedience, or all revelation may be dispensed with in the future, and ignored for the past; personal feeling, prejudices, interests, must become subservient to the benefit of the whole, the spirit must be willing even where the flesh is weak, and an advance must be made from the condition of the old married couple that most have read of, if there is to be harmony in the household and peace continued in the family. The old couple had married early; yet with certain ideas in regard to the unity of married life, it needed no argument to prove that a man and his wife should be one; this was a fundamental thought of the relationship, and its advantages and blessings, often formed the topic of conversation around the hearthstone and amid the family; there was no question as to its desirability or necessity, they believed earnestly that they ought to be one; but after fifty years of faith and experience and satisfaction often expressed in regard to the theory, they had never reached the conclusion as to which one? Are not many of the Saints in this condition, devoted, convinced, ready to sing, pray, preach, in favor of unity, anxious, apparently, that they may become one, yet as far from conclusion as the man and his wife after fifty years, and everlastingly asking the question, Master, which one?

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen the plainest when all around is dark.

## A WARRIOR QUEEN.

ARTEMISIA, one of the most interesting of royal rulers, and the most famous Greek woman who ever possessed sovereignty, with the single exception of Cleopatra, was a native of Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, where she was born, presumably about the year 525 B. C. She was the daughter of Lygdamus the Dorian, dynast or king of Caria. The moderate policy of this monarch secured the prosperity of his kingdom. While the other Greek colonies of Asia resisted the Persians, Halicarnassus and its king paid ready obedience to Darius. The great king was not unmindful of this favor, and he rewarded the prudence of Lygdamus by enlarging the bounds of his kingdom. The three neighboring islands of Cos, Calydna, and Nysirus were added to the Carian sovereignty, and the crafty Dorian became one of the powerful satraps of the Persian empire. He allowed his people to enjoy their own laws and institutions; he fostered commerce and founded a powerful navy; he built cities and reared costly and stately works of art, and in every respect ruled like a sovereign monarch, save that he paid a tribute to the Persian king and furnished such contingent of men and ships as the exigencies of the empire demanded.

Prosperous and powerful, and high in favor as was Lygdamus with Darius, his fame paled before that of Artemisia, his only child. Born of a Cretan woman and educated in the political school of her father, Artemisia developed at an early age a faculty for government that had no parallel in that age. All the force, all the energy, all the ambition, all the shrewd, pliant cunning and political skill of her brilliant Greek race seemed combined in the character of the Halicarnassian princess. To the Greek intelligence and adroitness she united the gravity and the grace of the Asiatic. Even in her youth she shamed the wisest graybeards in her father's council chamber, and when her own dark locks were silvery none of the other advisers of Xerxes spoke so wisely as she. In her schemes of aggrandizement no other Greek save Polycrates ever equaled her. As a builder, she well-nigh eclipsed Nebuchadnezzar him-

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self, or the royal chiefs of Achaemenes. And to crown all, to her grace as a woman, her prudence as a legislator, her energy as a ruler, she added a masculine intrepidity and bravery that made her a gallant general in the field. In an age when female rulers were an exception, an anomaly, Greece and the world beheld a woman who not only surpassed every other sovereign of her time in her capacity for governing, but who also rivaled Pisistratus in her patronage of wise men and scholars and architects, and who in military skill and heroism equaled any of the Greek heroes of her own or former times.

Artemisia was ruler of Caria for more than thirty years, and during that time she made herself both feared and respected by all the surrounding monarchs. Wise in the council chamber and able in the field, she preserved the bounds of her own kingdom intact, while her fostering of letters and art made Halicarnassus, her capital, one of the magnificent cities of the world. Greece looked on in wonder at this spectacle of a woman, who at the early age of twenty-five was bereft of father and husband, and who, triumphing over the weakness of her sex, grasped the sceptor with the vigor of an old warrior. But there was lion's blood in her veins. Her Dorian race gave to women a greater liberty than any of the other Greeks; and unhampered by the institutions of Lycurgus, this Dorian princess under the Asiatic skies of her native land, developed an independence and a strength that were the marvel of that age.

When Xerxes made his mighty preparations for the subversion of Greece, Artemisia was summoned with others to provide her portion of ships, men, and money. She was then forty-five years of age, and her sagacity and cunning were at their zenith, nor had she suffered a diminution of energy and of martial enthusiasm. She had no desire to drag her country into a protracted war, and to draft all her fighting men into such a crusade was to sap her prosperous kingdom of its very life. Fifty war-galleys were at anchor in the harbor of Halicarnassus, but of them she armed only five for Xerxes. In order to remove all suspicion of being wanting in zeal, however, she herself took command of her little fleet. Xerxes was flattered by her adroitness, while the Greeks were alarmed at the thought of so renowned a captain fighting on the side of the invaders. To counteract this fear the Athenians offered a reward of ten thousand drachmas to whoever should take her alive.

Among the myriads of the great king none showed themselves so brave in field, none so wise in the council as this warrior-queen. In the sea fight oft Euboea, she showed herself a practical sailor, and her valor was so apparent that Xerxes from that moment regarded her as his ablest captain. She strongly opposed the naval engagement at Salamis, for she had learned that the Persian fleet was far inferior in the skill of its sailors to that of the Greeks. Xerxes was greatly pleased with the wisdom of her counsel, but he followed the opinion of the majority of his chiefs and risked the engagement.

In that fatal battle Artemisia displayed the most extraordinary intrepidity and skill. If all the Persians had fought as she did, Greek independence must have found its grave that day. Xerxes, even in the rage and mortification of his defeat, found time to notice the valor of the Halicarnassian queen. "All my men," he cried, from his golden throne, "have become women, and my women alone fight like men." In the confusion of the rout Artemisia did not lose either her courage or her cunning. The efforts of the Athenians had been especially directed toward this remarkable woman, and in the pursuit the queen found herself followed closely by one of the Athenian captains. In order to escape, Artemisia had recourse to a sudden and extraordinary artifice. Directly before her was one of the Persian vessels commanded by a Calyndrian prince, with whom she had once been embroiled. Accordingly, in order to mis-

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lead the Athenian captain, she, without the least hesitation, bore down upon the Calyndrian vessel and sunk it, taking care that none of the crew should escape to betray her. Was this not truly a feminine stratagem in which she at once deceived a public enemy and gratified a private vengeance? She accomplished her object. The Athenian seeing the vessel he had pursued thus attack a barbarian, conceived he had mistaken a friendly vessel for a foe, and turned his attention to another object of assault.

Xerxes, who witnesed this last feat of Artemisia's, of course thought that it was a hostile ship she had sunken, and felt his admiration for the heroine still further increased. His confidence in her superior wisdom was such that he summoned her alone to give advice as to the policy of his returning at once to Susa, and when she counseled him to depart he delivered to her care his young sons who had accompanied him to Greece.

Artemisia's warrior achievements ended at Salamis. The remainder of her reign was devoted to the internal improvement of her kingdom. In that corner of the Greek world men saw the popular factions so rampant in Ionia and the mother land, in complete subjection to a woman. Nothing could daunt her, and her will was inflexible. Her watchful eye detected every revolutionary conspiracy before it was ripe, and at last men feared to plot against the stern old princess. When she had no longer to guard against revolutions, she directed her surplus energies to the ornamentation of her capital.

Sailors coming in from sea saw the haughty city growing into tenfold greater beauty on its commanding eminence. The old queen lavished wealth and genius upon her royal seat. In all the Greek world Halicarnassus beheld no rival save in Athens and Syracuse. Cymon in Athens and Hiero of Syracuse beheld themselves rivaled by a woman, whose history was as romantic as that of an ancient hero.

In her latter days Artemisia relinquished the sceptor in favor of her son Pisendelis, but she gave up none of the real power. Her strong, masculine spirit still clutched at sovereignty, and with all the executive capacity of a Catherine de Medici, she possessed a still greater power. She held it to the last, dying at the age of nearly eighty. Her memory as a queen was long revered in Caria, and her name was repeated a hundred years later in the wife of Mausolus, who built the costliest of monuments over the tomb of her dead husband.

No other Greek woman ever showed the capacity for government that Artemisia did. Perhaps none ever really possessed the power. Cleopatra was a puppet in the hands of Cæsar and Antony, though she possessed much greater culture, did not have one tithe of the abilities of the Halicarnassian queen. Olympia, the mother of Alexander, had no power of her own. She ruled simply as a regent for her husband or her son, and had none of the warrior courage of Artemisia. Her namesake, the second Artemisia, stands dwarfed beside the stern, reliant Amazon who fought for Xerxes. The history of Greek warrior women ends with her. Women after her were to reign in the temple of Apollo, and not on the throne of Zeus. As the graceful Parthenon was to succeed the temple of the Olympain Zeus, so Aspasia succeeded Artemisia.—*Selected.*

## DIVINE AUTHORITY—WHO HAVE IT?

To people of every religious persuasion, but more especially those who are earnest in their desires to be saved in the presence of God, is this question of vital importance. From the history of the past, we understand when God had a message to deliver to any of the earth's inhabitants, He invariably divinely commis-

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sioned some one to deliver that message. For instance, He desired to warn Nineveh, and to that work He commissioned Jonah. He also desired to warn the inhabitants of the world before the deluge, and for that work he raised up and authorized Noah to declare the warning. And before famine came upon the land of Egypt, God raised up Joseph to forewarn the people.

The importance of this question becomes more apparent when we take into consideration that when God sends a person to do His will and work, He requires the people to give heed to His authorized servant. And if the person whom God has sent and the message he bears be treated with indifference or contempt, God will hold them to account as guilty as if the insult were directly offered to Himself. Here is the proof: "He that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me." This view is exceedingly reasonable. We will illustrate it further by a figure. Suppose a mercantile firm in Salt Lake City wished to make purchases in New York; they send to that point an authorized agent, who does the business of purchasing for them; the goods are sent here, the bill presented, and at once the firm acknowledge the transaction. Why? Because they authorized, sent and empowered that person to use their name and do business for them.

If another party who was not thus authorized should take it upon himself to make purchases for them, when the bill would be presented, the whole transaction would be regarded as a fraud, because the firm name had been used without authority. Let the same line of reasoning be applied to the work of the ministry. Should an individual understand that the mode of baptism is by immersion, and the object the remission of sins, and in administering the ordinance, say: "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I baptize you;" but at the same time, if he had no authority to act in the holy name of the Lord, the whole matter would be looked upon, by Him, as a fraud.

We will now examine the Scriptures of divine truth and try and find out how God authorized men to act in His name. While Jesus was on the earth laboring among men, He set us good examples and laid down rules for our observance. Indeed, it is said by Paul, and all Christians accept the statement: "There is no other name under Heaven whereby man can be saved but by the name of Jesus Christ." Therefore it becomes us to be strictly governed by His precepts and daily practice. And doubtless it will be readily conceded, by all who reflect, to be a fact that His doings and sayings, with reference to calling men to preach the Gospel and administering its ordinances, are as worthy our consideration as His example and counsel on any other subject. Let us throw open our minds and receive truth, for "His word is truth." John xx 21, records a very important matter in this connection; it reads thus: "Then said Jesus unto them, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." From this scripture we learn, it was the fact of Jesus himself being sent of the Father that gave Him power to call others to the ministry. And in further proof of this statement, we read, Hebrews v, 5, 6: "So also Christ glorified not himself to be made a high priest: but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten thee. As he saith also in another place, thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec." This scripture, taken in connection with that quoted from John, is conclusive proof that Jesus did not assume the priesthood, but that He was called or appointed by the Father before He undertook the duties of the ministry; and the only reason He gave on this occasion for calling the Twelve was that He was sent by the Father.

Who are they, blessed with reason, that will refuse to admit that, if it was necessary that Jesus should be sent of the Father before assuming the authority to preach, it is much more requisite that

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poor, weak, mortal man, estranged from God, should not "run before he is sent?"

Moses, when sent by the Lord to deliver Israel from the bondage they were in under Pharaoh, as narrated in Exodus iv, complained much to the Lord of his inability to speak the sentiments of his heart; and the Lord told him that his brother Aaron could speak well, and He also instructed him how he and Aaron were to conduct themselves in order to deliver the message of mercy they were intrusted with. The 27th and 28th verses say: "And the Lord said to Aaron, go unto the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him; and Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord who had sent him, and all the signs he had commanded him." From this we learn that neither Moses nor Aaron took it upon themselves to deliver Israel, but both were called and sent by divine revelation; and we here observe, Aaron had to be called by revelation, his great power of public address notwithstanding. It will be readily seen from the foregoing that when God wished ministers, he made it known by revelation. An objector to modern revelation would very likely say: "We are agreed. In by-gone days, God called men to the ministry by revelation; but now it is not possible nor necessary, nor has it been since the days of Christ's apostles." True, true, Mr. Objector; it is true, since the days of the apostles it has not been possible, but I apprehend the necessity. But we will continue to confine ourselves to the Bible while seeking evidence to guide us on this subject; for before our mind is the word of Isaiah as in letters of living fire: "To the law and to the testimony, and if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." Paul, when writing to the Hebrews on the subject of priesthood, said: "And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron." Here is a plain statement of how men are to receive the authority to preach the Gospel. No man, except he be called and appointed by revelation, has divine authority.

The servants of God of eighteen hundred years ago said much upon this question, and why their teaching can be misunderstood or ignored by religionists of to-day, is not very apparent. Here is another plain statement on the subject: "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed, and how shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent."

Roman Catholic, Protestant and Latter-day Saint, are you willing to have your claim to divine authority brought up before the bar of God's word and reason, and be there tried? If your claim be valid, an open and fair examination of it will only tend to establish it more firmly; but if it be that the claim you make to authority is not grounded on the "rock of ages," the sooner you are apprized of it, the better.

We give the position of the Romanists in their own words, as taken from the Right Rev. Dr. George Hay's book, entitled "The Sincere Christian:" "By the word apostolical is meant that the Church of Christ was founded by the apostles, and received the doctrine of her faith, the powers of the priesthood, and the mission of her pastors from them at the beginning, and that she must continue to the end of the world in the profession of the same faith and doctrine, and in a continual uninterrupted succession of the priesthood and mission of her pastors." (p. 151.) "The Roman Catholic Church alone is truly apostolical, not only in the continual preservation of the sacred doctrines delivered by the apostles to her at the beginning * * but also in the constant uninterrupted succession of lawful pastors, with all the sacred powers of the priesthood and mission derived from the same source." (p. 158.) The above statement and claim, if warranted by the word of God would render that church the only one accepted of Him, and consequently all others, without exception, apostates. Two things are here claimed: first, that she has preserved the doctrines of Christ; and, second, she is in

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possession of the priesthood. We will examine the first of these by contrasting some Catholic doctrine with the Bible, in order to find out if "she has preserved," up to the present, the doctrines of Christ:

Catholic doctrine: "The priests of our church must not marry." "Neither our priests or nuns are married, yet they are, we assert, in the Lord."

The Bible doctrine: "Marriage is honorable in all." "The man is not without the woman or the woman without the man in the Lord."

Catholic: "If infants are not actually baptized with water, and they die, they cannot go to heaven."

"Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Catholic: "We baptize infants who are incapable of believing or disbelieving."

Jesus said: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Catholic: "We make, uncover our heads to, kneel before and kiss images." "We also pray to Saints."

Bible: "Thou shalt not make any graven image that is in the heaven above or the earth beneath."

Catholic: "God is immense, and infinite, and filleth all places and all things."

Bible: "A great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind, and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake, and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire."

It becomes unnecessary to say the Roman Catholics have departed from, instead of having preserved the doctrines of Christ, because this is self-evident from the above comparison.

We will now examine their claim to authority on the ground of "uninterrupted succession." We find on page 129 of the "Sincere Christian" the following: "The church never proposes to her children any new article of faith, but only brings to light and unfolds the truths originally revealed by Jesus Christ * * and this is the principal thing in which the Holy Ghost gives her His infallible assistance." On page 118, it is said: "We hold that the rule of faith is the word of God, as interpreted by the church." Now, before proceeding further, we ask, Could any person perform the mission and duties of an apostle without having the qualifications and blessings pertaining to that office and calling? The assertion "they could" would be on its face too great an absurdity. Yet Romanists virtually take this position. They tell us they perform the mission of apostles, and with the same breath say their "only rule for divine guidance is the word of God (anciently revealed) as interpreted by the church," and "the Holy Ghost makes no new revelations," but only assists them to bring to light and unfold the "truths originally revealed by Jesus Christ." The apostles whom Jesus sent not only had a divine call to the ministry, but were also divinely qualified to execute the work enjoined upon them.

In the absence of their divine master, who directed them in their labors, He revealed His will to them that they might know what He desired. Jesus said to them: "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." This Comforter was the agent between God and them, which qualified them for the ministry, because it taught them all things, and not only brought to their minds things past, but also gave them new revelation. Here is a case in point: "And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed into Seleucia." (Acts xiii, 3, 4.)

We ask Romanists how their uninterrupted succession of priesthood was maintained since the Holy Ghost made no new revelation? At the death of Leo X was Adrian VI called of God as was Aaron? He certainly could not be called in that way, because Aaron's call was direct from God, nor could Leo X be sent in the same manner as Barnabas and Saul, because their appointment

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was declared to be the "work of the Holy Ghost," and consequently a revelation, which to take place in the sixteenth century would be contrary to the Catholic rule of faith.

As has been shown, the Roman Catholics have departed from the doctrines of Christ and His Apostles, therefore it is not the Church of Christ. They are not qualified as were the apostles, therefore they are not capable of filling the mission of apostles. Their rule of faith and the limits they set to the operation of the Holy Ghost render it clear they receive not nor do they believe in new revelation; therefore they have no priesthood, because no man can have it but he that is called of God as Aaron was.

The Protestants lay claim to no more authority than is contained in the commission Jesus gave to His Apostles, Mark xvi, 15, which reads: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Say they: "Jesus desired that the gospel should be preached to every creature; and as there are creatures who, we believe, have not heard it, we feel from this commission authorized to preach." Let us reflect a little on this. If the sayings of Christ, uttered eighteen hundred years ago, authorized one denomination to preach, it certainly gives the same authority to all others, because no one specially is mentioned; so therefore it authorizes the Methodists, who teach "all are saved through grace;" it also authorizes the Presbyterians, who teach "there are some who are saved by election, and others damned by predestination." It authorizes the Society of Friends, who say "all are on the way to hell but them;" it also authorizes the Universalists, who say "all people of all denominations will be saved in Heaven." It authorizes the Episcopalians, who accept as divine all the books in the Bible; it also authorizes the Lutherans, who reject as spurious five of these books. It authorizes the Evangelical Union, who teach "the atonement is of no importance." To believe Christ is the originator, upholder and director of such contradictions, is too preposterous for further consideration.

What are the claims of the Latter-day Saints to authority? As it has been shown by the foregoing, all divine authority has been taken from the earth for hundreds of years; and in order to have it on the earth again it must be brought here by those who have it. Then you believe it necessary that those who have it must come with it before it can be enjoyed on the earth? Yes: most decidedly. Well, has the divine authority been given you from Heaven; for if not, so far as that is concerned you are in no better condition than others? It has again come to earth; here is the testimony of Joseph Smith, who in company with Oliver Cowdery received the divine messengers. "While we were thus employed, praying and calling upon the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light and having laid his hands upon us, he ordained us, saying unto us 'Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of the Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels and of the Gospel of repentance and of baptism by immersion, for the remissoin of sins; and this shall never again be taken from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.'" The Melchisedec Priesthood was also confered upon Joseph Smith by Peter, James and John.

When the authority was again brought back the channel of revelation was opened between God and man, and consequently Joseph Smith knew whom God desired should have the Priesthood and was able to say, as Jesus said, "As my Father hath sent me even so I send you." Therefore among the Latter-day Saints men are called to the ministry as was Aaron. *A. M. Buchanan.*

## LOUIS KOSSUTH.

THIRTY years ago the hero of the hour in the United States was Louis Kossuth, the unsuccessful defender of liberty in Hungary, and then one of the foremost orators in the world. He was the guest of Congress, and was tendered

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such honors as never have been offered to any foreigner, not even excepting Lafayette. The legislature of every Northern State invited him to its capitol; young men all over the country, in their enthusiasm, donned the soft felt hat and feather worn by the Magyars. As he passed from city to city, the excitement grew feverish. Multitudes crowded about him, moved to passion and tears by the power of his eloquence and pathos. Kossuth was then a man of forty-eight. He was the son of a Magyar noble, and was educated in all the prejudices of his order against the peasant class. But the boy was of a peculiar character, which set him apart from all his associates. He had the firmness, the genius for command, which constitute a leader of men, and at the same time a heart tender as that of a woman. When he was a child, he often came home from school in the bitter cold of a Hungarian winter almost naked, having stripped himself to clothe some poor playfellow. He was passionately fond of hunting as a young man, but once, when reading Firdousee, a Persian poet, he was startled by an appeal for pity to dumb animals, and made a vow never to indulge himself again in pleasure gained by the pain of any living creature. He kept his vow. So fond were the serfs of Ujhely of the young noble, that when there was an insurrection among them, and the town was besieged, a flag of truce was sent in with food for him and his family.

Kossuth at twenty-one became a leader of his people in their struggle for freedom. When only thirty-three, he was sentenced to an imprisonment of six years in the fortress of Buda. Instead of giving way to despair, he managed to secure a Bible, Shakspeare and a dictionary, and set himself to acquire English, with the hope which he afterwards fulfilled of influencing England and America to aid his enslaved race. When he came to this country, he spoke the language with a fluency and power exceptional even in a native, which shows what difficulties may be overcome by inflexible purpose. Daniel Webster, being asked his opinion of the great Magyar, replied, "He has the manners of a king. As for his English, it is the English of Shakspeare and of Milton; not ours."

"I had rather have newspapers without government," said Thomas Jefferson, "than government without newspapers."

## IN MEMORY.

He has not gone to dwell alone,
From out this world of pain and sin,
For others on that path have gone;
The angel land to win.
A loving friend, perchance, and true,
Has gone from earth before him, too;
And in the realms of bliss,
This friend his path with flow'rs shall strew.
And meet him with a kiss.

The path that winds in blooming vales,
Shall bear them up as, hand in hand,
They travel on to brighter dales,
Then in the Savior's land
They rest with others who are there,
Until the time when all shall share
In death, in nature's way;
Until the angel shall declare
The resurrection day.

The vail shall rend; from homes of rest
The Saints shall come to dwell on earth,
Which purified shall be, and blest,
And cleansed through nobler birth.
When friend with friend shall meet and talk,
In love and union ever walk,
And taste no more of sin.
Then, death no more our hopes shall balk,
Nor precious lives shall win.

The Savior, then, with us shall dwell,
Shall reign our King a thousand years;
The pains that now our bosoms swell
Shall banished be; no tears
Of bitter birth shall eyes bedim.
To gain such bliss be true to Him,
Seek not this world's alloys;
Seek God, and He will comfort you,
And grant you all His joys.

*Edward H. Anderson.*

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER, 1883.


## CHARLES C. RICH.

WHILE President Taylor and party were attending the Sanpete Stake Conference at Ephraim, word came by telegram on the morning of November 17 that the veteran Apostle Charles C. Rich was sinking rapidly, after his long affliction, and that his death was hourly anticipated. On receipt of this message President Woodruff, in speaking to the writer, observed that he could not mourn the departure of his old fellow laborer and friend, but that he had prayed for his release from the terrible affliction which held him bound a sufferer upon earth, unable to discharge the duties of his holy calling either here or in the spirit world. He was therefore glad if the hour of his release had come, for he realized that labor of the highest and most glorious description, in which his spirit would delight, awaited him beyond the vail.

These are the thoughts, which the death of a Saint who has spent the vigor of his life in the service of God on earth call forth, from those who understand the eternal nature of the cause of Truth in which the Saints are engaged. All Israel mourns the loss of their leaders and the servants of God when they die, but all Israel rejoices in the victory such have won, and in the thought of meeting again on that brighter shore beyond the dark and mystic river Death.

Brother Rich was one of the noble men of his generation and time. He was endowed with those sterling qualities of head and heart that signalize valor, courage, truth, virtue, and stamp the man who possesses them with that indefinable power and influence, which makes him a leader among his fellowmen. He was a wise counselor and true friend, a patriarch in his family, revered and loved, and he was esteemed by the people among whom he dwelt as a father, always kind, approachable, and ready to comfort and bless. A vein of genial humor in his character often enabled him to dispel clouds of difficulty and to show the brighter side of many a dark or gloomy picture. Brother Rich took the Gospel to his heart when he embraced it, and forever after each and every truth pertaining to it came to him as the evolutions of nature. He never doubted a principle, and was early in life established in the Truth. He filled up the measure of his creation to the best of his ability in doing his Father's will, and was an untiring, zealous laborer in the vineyard, during the whole period of his connection with the Church, as may be seen from the following biographical sketch, which was published in the Bear Lake *Democrat:*

"Charles Coulson Rich was born Aug. 21, 1809, in Campbell County, Kentucky; was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Ira M. Hinkle in Tazewell County, Illinois, April 1, 1832, and ordained an Elder in Fountain County, Indiana, by Zebedee Coltrin, while *en route* to Kirtland to see the Prophet Joseph. He received his endowments in the Kirtland temple, and was ordained a High Priest under the hands of Patriarch Hyrum Smith, at Kirtland. He moved, with his father, to Far West, Missouri, in 1836, and was married to Sarah D. Pea, February 11, 1837, near Caldwell County, Missouri, by George M. Hinkle.

"Brother Rich took a prominent part with the Saints in all the persecutions in Missouri. While carrying a flag of truce between the camp of the Saints and mobocrats, at Far West, he was shot at, about ten yards distant, by one Bogard, a Methodist preacher and a mob officer. At the battle of Crooked River, when David Patten fell mortally wounded, and while bullets were flying thick and fast,

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he laid down his sword in the heat of the battle and administered the ordinance of laying on hands to the dying hero; after which, he resumed the sword, assumed command, and the battle of Crooked River was won by the Saints. Because of the prominent part he took in the Missouri troubles, he was forced to flee for his life through the wilderness into Illinois. He was ordained a member of the High Council in Nauvoo, and was a member of the City Council. He left Nauvoo on the 13th of February, 1846, and presided over Mount Pisgah branch the following winter. Left Pisgah March 20, 1847, for Winter Quarters, starting for Salt Lake June 14, 1847, in charge of a company of moving Saints. He arrived in Salt Lake valley October 3, 1847. During the absence of the Twelve, on their return to Winter Quarters, he acted in the valley as counselor to Father John Smith, who was left to preside over the colony.

"Elder Rich was ordained a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles February 12, 1849, and started on a mission to California on the 9th of the following October, returning home November 4, 1850. He again went to California, March 6, 1851, with a portion of his family and a company of Saints by the southern route, to purchase a place for the location of the Saints that might be gathered from the islands of the Pacific. With Elder A. M. Lyman, in September, 1851, he purchased the ranch of San Bernardino, containing an area of twenty miles square, for the sum of $77,500, to which place the company removed and began the foundation and settlement of what is now one of the richest and finest countries in southern California. When the Buchanan war broke out, the ranche of San Bernardino was sold, and the Saints returned to Utah. Brother Rich leaving there April 16, 1857, arrived in Salt Lake in June of the same year. He accompanied Gen. D. H. Wells to Echo Canyon and Fort Bridger during the Buchanan war, rendering valuable counsel and aid. His first mission to Europe was in 1860, leaving home on the 1st of May, laboring in England until September 18, 1862. In the autumn of 1863, Brother Rich explored Bear Lake valley, and moved his family there in the following spring. He has been the main supporter and pioneer in the establishment of towns and settlements in that region, where he still resided at the time of his death. In the political affairs of Utah, he served several terms as a member of the House and Council in the Legislature. His attention to duty never allowed the barriers of the frozen north to daunt him. He has many times crossed the mountains on snowshoes to attend Conference.

"In the year 1872, Brother Rich visited the reunion of the Rich family, held at Truro, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

"He was the son of Joseph Rich and Nancy O. Neal, his mother dying three days after her arrival in Salt Lake, and his father dying in Paris, Bear Lake valley, July 26th, in the year 1866.

"Brother Rich was stricken with paralysis October 24, 1880, and died in Paris, November 17, 1883. During all these three years of affliction he was never heard to complain or in any manner evince anything but a spirit of the utmost contentment and resignation."

## A PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

PURSUANT to the announcement in our Prospectus for Volume Five of a Christmas Story, we extended the following invitation to all who have ever written for our columns.

*To Writers for the Contributor:*

Your attention is respectfully directed to the announcement, in the Prospectus of Volume Five, of a Christmas Story, which it is our intention to publish in the January number, to be issued about the twenty-fourth of December, as a holiday number of the Magazine.

For the purpose of adding interest to this feature of the new volume, and eliciting the best efforts of those whose writings have already given so much satisfaction to the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR, it is proposed to invite you to enter into a friendly competition for the space to be devoted to this story—about

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twenty pages—and for a prize of twenty-five dollars, subject to the following conditions:

Manuscript must be neatly prepared and delivered by December 1st, and must be limited to fifteen thousand words.

It will be considered preferable if the foundation of the narrative shall be in facts connected with the travels of the Church, or relating to events in the history of our people.

Each contribution should be signed with initials or a device, and the name of the writer together with his fictitious signature sent in a separate envelope.

The manuscripts will be opened and read by a select committee, who will decide upon the successful one, and award the prize before opening the envelopes containing the names of the writers.

The competition is confined to those who have already written for the Magazine.

Address manuscript and envelopes containing names to the CONTRIBUTOR Office, and mark on the envelopes, plainly, the words, "Christmas Story."

We trust there will be a general and prompt response to this invitation.

Yours very truly,

*Junius F. Wells.*

The prospects are that several stories will be received, from which a selection will be made.

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Death borders upon our birth and our cradle stands in the grave.—*Hall.*

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## RIGHT SURVIVES MIGHT.

THE understanding of men is varied and conflicting. It is an utter impossibility to hear from a given number of persons an exactly corresponding account of a transaction which all of them have witnessed. No two lawyers look upon the points involved in a case precisely alike; doctors disagree as to the symptoms presented, indications of cure and treatment of a disease. The public at large have contending theories in relation to popular measures and remedies, and still chaos does not prevail. The divergent and opposing opinions emanating from that undescribed and indescribable entity in human affairs known as the mind, mingle for a time, produce discord and strife, and out of the conflict arises coherency, tangibility and form, the prevailing idea controlling and being accepted as law. This may not be a complete exposition of the groundwork of this grand philosophy, but it will be recognized as a correct one. It does not follow, however, that because the majority have settled upon a plan of action for the guidance and government of all, that the minority are theoretically or practically wrong; their united voice and action is less potent, but their conclusions may be and often are more just. In support of this proposition, a myriad of instances might be cited, but a few will suffice.

Galileo made the discovery that the sun did not revolve around the earth, as it appears to do, but that it was relatively a fixture and the earth moved in an orbit around it as well as performing diurnal rotations upon an imaginary axis. This doctrine was treated as a heresy by the assumed spiritual dictators of the people, and he was required, as a condition of forgiveness, to publicly recant what he had announced and knew to be the truth. The civilized world to-day recognize the correctness of Galileo's theory, and know that of his opponents to be an utterly preposterous fallacy, born of ignorance and nourished by heathenish tradition. Yet the advocates of the latter, with one exception, represented a totality of the people, the astronomer being the exception and the helpless minority—but he was right and they were wrong.

When Robert Fulton perfected his grand scheme of steam as a motive

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power upon the waters, and launched his craft in the Hudson River, the venture was witnessed by an assembled multitude, among whom there were no sympathizing friends, no believers in the feasibility of his project; they had not assembled to witness the triumph of persevering genius, but to deride and decry the disastrous culmination of an obscure and unpopular man's labors. But when the mighty mechanism felt the power of the steam in its iron joints, and the ponderous piston-rod sent the paddles in rapid succession into and out of the water, creating a force which propelled the vessel grandly away from the presence of the scoffers, they then realized that they—the majority—were wrong, and he—the insignificant minority—was right.

When a handful of people populating the British colonies of America decided that the unjust legislation and aggressive measures of the mother country should no longer be borne, and placed themselves in a hostile attitude to maintain that decision, they were what then seemed a hopeless minority; but they were victorious, and the principles for which they contended are now admitted to be just and proper by a large proportion of the defeated majority.

The world is full of such incidents, all pointing to the grand fact that a principle, if correct, cannot be destroyed, no matter how weak its defenders or how powerful its opponents. The test of correctness is found in its ability to live on despite antagonism and strife. If an erroneous idea takes root in the human mind, it cannot survive the shock of the conflict which it will produce, no matter how well fortified and sustained it may be for a time; whether right or wrong, it will be fought from its birth; and if it be encased in the impenetrable armor of eternal truth, it matters not how humble its station or how feeble its adherents, it will live and conquer. It will have its hours of vicissitude, its days of despondency, but its years of triumph will be as illimitable as the abyss of space.

*Essay Caigh.*

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The time spent in reading books that do not make us think is worse than useless. One good book may furnish food for a lifetime.

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## EXTINCTION OF DRUIDISM.

WHATEVER may have been the merits of the religion of the ancient Britons theoretically, like many religions of more modern times, it did not benefit them much in a practical way; at least this was the case with the general masses of the people. The Druids themselves, who made the laws but paid no taxes, who did no common labor, yet lived on the fat of the land, evidently cared little by what precarious means the common people procured their own living. While the youths of Britain were building huge temples in the secluded forests under the direction of these priests, their parents were dwelling in mud hovels thatched with straw; while their minds were steeped in ignorance, even as to the injurious methods used by their superiors to raise the gigantic blocks of stone, which formed those structures whose relics and ruins are seen to-day. Instead of imparting such practical information to the people as would improve their condition, which is really the groundwork of both individual and national prosperity, it is believed they deluded them with the statement that the temples were erected by magic—a power supposed to be possessed by the Druids. Whether this deception was practiced or not, it is certain each priest carried a magic wand, and wore about his neck what he claimed to be a serpent's egg, fastened up in a golden case. These eggs were said to be obtained under very singular circumstances, and to possess a miraculous charm or virtue.

How strikingly different is a false re-

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ligion like Druidism from that which is revealed from heaven in our day! What a contrast between the mysterious chicanery of the one, and the candid nobility of the other. The one debasing, cruel and oppressive; the other elevating, instructive and sublime! What a lesson is taught by this picture of folly and fanaticism on one side, and of enlightenment and progress on the other.

Still, in contemplating the course of the Druids, we must consider their peculiar surroundings, and make many allowances. Remember, if they freed themselves from taxation, they possessed unquestioned authority to do so. There is nothing strange about such an action with such power in their hands. See how the tax collector is dodged in enlightened countries to-day, even when there is no hope of escape, and no power to evade his official grasp. Do you think, if such power were possessed in the nineteenth century, even in this land of progress, that those who wielded it would follow the collector to his home on a cold night to pay their taxes? "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," and let charity and common sense plead for these early "reformers."

Then we must also recollect, that if the Druids were peculiar in their views on religion generally, according to our mode of thinking, they had no revelation, no gospel, nothing but traditionary principles and human ideas to guide them. Then again, they had no opposition. There were no antagonistic creeds to give them spiritual warfare. In no debate with aggressive revivals did they have to explain or defend their mysterious practices. There were no newspapers to denounce their cruel acts, and, with sensational headlines, to hold up the priestly perpetrators to public censure. On the contrary, they had things pretty much their own way; and there is no telling how long their power would have lasted, how many human victims they would have sacrificed, or to what extent their policy and rule would have been carried, if Julius Cæsar had not brought his army, and, sailing in ships from the French coast, landed on the shores of Britain, as the herald of a new, although imperfect civilization.

It is thought that St. Paul visited Britain in an early day, but however that may be it is believed that the Gospel was preached there during the time of the Romans, and at all events the Catholic religion was introduced there under their rule. The Druids did not like the doctrines of the new religion, and when it was taught that to serve God people "must do to others as they would be done by," and "love their neighbor like themselves," the Druids cursed all who should believe in such doctrines. But when it was found that the curses had no effect, that whether the Druids blessed or anathematized, people prospered just the same, their following fell away; and it is not to be wondered at that the angry priests brought upon themselves their own destruction. They had predicted their own triumph and the downfall of their opponents, but the prophecies failed and they were in time overcome; large numbers were massacred, and a remnant took refuge in Anglesea, but was afterwards destroyed. It is said that some of these unfortunate people were caught and caged in their own wicker baskets, and there consumed, if not exactly after the pattern of their own cruel ceremonies, at least with the same disastrous results.

Thus the Druids, who had once been so formidable to their own people, and whose hopes of success in resisting the enemy had almost crystallized into prophetic certainty, were compelled to flee before the invading hosts. Driven from their strongholds of seclusion, hitherto held sacred, they fell a prey with the humblest of their followers to the sword of the stranger, and by their final extinction expiated and ended one of the most dangerous freaks of fanaticism the world has ever known.

*Chas. W. Stayner.*

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The man who is in the wrong generally uses hard words and soft arguments, while the man who is in the right uses soft words and hard arguments.

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# ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### REPORT BLANKS.

Stake and Ward Report Blanks for the Y. M. M. I. Associations may be procured after the 15th of December at the office of the General Secretary. It will insure a more perfect distribution of the blanks if the Stake officers will order sufficient for all the Associations in their respective Stakes.

Address Nephi W. Clayton, Salt Lake City.

### QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—CACHE.

The regular Quarterly Conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of Cache Valley Stake of Zion, was held in Logan Tabernacle, Sunday, October 14th, 1883. 10 a. m. Present on the stand: Of the General Superintendency, W. Woodruff and Moses Thatcher; the Stake Superintendency, Stake Presidency, Prest. Wm. Budge of Bear Lake Stake, and officers of the County Associations. Opening prayer by President C. O. Card.

Supt. L. R. Martineau stated that those Associations who had not already resumed their regular weekly meetings, should do so at once. Trusted that officers would use their utmost endeavors to make their Associations instructive and interesting during the coming season.

The following brethren gave their views briefly upon the subject of mutual improvement: Elder Wm. Daines, Jr., of Hyde Park; J. A. McAllister, Second Ward, Logan; Samuel Oldham, Paradise.

Apostle Moses Thatcher spoke upon the necessity of a thorough system of exercises being adopted by the Associations. Thought the programme of exercises contained in Volume Two of the CONTRIBUTOR an excellent one that should be adopted as a basis by all Associations. Advocated and recommended the "Preceptor" as a good book, and one from which much instruction could be derived. Mutual Improvement Associations were not established for amusement, but to secure the members testimonies of the truth.

President W. Woodruff was anxious for the welfare of the Associations; they were instituted for the benefit of the young of Zion, and the results had been so far very satisfactory. There was still room for many improvements being made. Some of the Saints think, in order to obtain a testimony of the truth of the Gospel, they must see some unusual manifestation, such as visiting of angels, etc. This is incorrect; after having passed through the ordinances of baptism, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, Saints can receive a testimony by the inspiration of the Spirit. Associations were established to give the young an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of the Gospel.

2 p.m. The following Y. M. M. I. A. Stake missionaries spoke briefly: T. C. Parkinson, of Franklin, J. B. Jardine, of Clarkston, and A. Merrill, of Richmond.

President Wm. Budge said the result of the establishment of Mutual Improvement Associations has proven that it was done by inspiration. Young men who now go upon missions have hardly any excuse for being incompetent, for by attending their Association meetings they can prepare themselves to expound the Gospel intelligently. Urged upon the young the necessity of keeping the commandments of God.

President W. Woodruff spoke upon interesting and beneficial topics to the young men.

Assistant Superintendent Seth A. Langton presented the General and Stake Authorities of the Y. M. M. I. A., who were sustained unanimously.

President Wm. B. Preston spoke upon the necessity of the Word of Wisdom being more generally observed, and especially by those who expect to do their work in the Temple now nearing completion, giving good advice and counsel upon the subject.

Apostle Moses Thatcher urged the patronage and reading of the CONTRIBUTOR by members—deprecated the vice of backbiting—"control your thoughts

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in pure channels; a man who can not control his thoughts cannot control his actions."

Conference adjourned for three months.

Benediction by President Woodruff.

*R. S. Campbell*, Secretary

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OFFICERS OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

IT is our intention, as rapidly as possible, to publish the names of the officers of all the Y. M. M. I. Associations. Stake Superintendents are requested to at once respond with complete lists to the call made by the General Secretary.

WEBER STAKE.

Stake Officers.—E. H. Anderson, Superintendent; L. A. Herrick, Zechariah Ballantyne, Counselors; A. T. Wright, Corresponding Secretary; Alma D. Chambers, Recording Secretary; W. S. Harris, Treasurer.

First Ward, Ogden.—Wm. Jackson, President; Heber Stowell, W. H. Wallace, Counselors; D. W. Stone, Geo. Browning, Secretaries; L. J. Holther, Treasurer.

Second Ward, Ogden.—Wm. Purdy, President; J. G. Ellis, J. E. Browning, Counselors; Washington Jenkins, Secretary; W. James, Treasurer.

Third Ward, Ogden.—Jos. T. Johnson, President; Henry J. Newman, B. E. Rich, Counselors; S. P. Richards, Secretary; Newton Farr, Treasurer.

Fourth Ward, Ogden.—Moroni Poulter, President; Chas. Tillotson, Jos. F. Burton, Counselors; John V. Bluthe, Secretary.

Uintah.—John Priest, President; Wm. Gale, Hyrum Stoddard, Counselors; Fred Wilkinson, Secretary.

Riverdale.—Jos. Fife, President; Adam Russel, Frank Watson, Counselors; David Russel, Secretary.

East Hooper.—Oliver Belnap, President; A. C. Christiansen, Alfred Stanger, Counselors; John Manning, Secretary; David Jones, Treasurer.

Pleasant View.—Jas. M. Wade, President; Wilford Cragun, F. G. Williams, Counselors; E. H. G. Williams, Samson Knowles, Secretaries; Moses Wade Treasurer.

Marriotts.—Hans Madsen, President; Moroni S. Marriott, Geo. Butler, Counselors; Bernard Parry, Secretary; Jas. W. Burton, Treasurer.

Mound Fort.—John L. Wilson, President; Walker Barlow, Jules A. Farley, Counselors; Fred. E. Barker, Secretary; Ellis Barker, Treasurer.

Huntsville.—Geo. Halls, President; David McKay, A. H. Sprague, Counselors; Chas. Wright, Secretary; Moses Petersen, Librarian.

West Hooper.—Eli Spaulding, President; Willard Flinders, Wm. Wadsworth, Counselors; J. T. Rigby, Secretary; John Haynes, Treasurer.

West Weber.—Nathan W. Hawkes, President; Almy Hardy, J. W. Hart, Counselors; Wm. Parrington, Secretary; C. Green, Treasurer.

Eden.—Heber R. McBride, President; Henry Fuller, A. C. Heninger, Counselors; W. J. Linsey, Secretary.

Lynne.—W. W. Crane, President; Geo. Smuin and Matilla Shaw, Counselors; Jno. H. Cordon, Secretary and Treasurer.

Wilson.—James Wilson, President; Willard Bingham, Daniel Drake, Counselors; Nephi Anderson, Secretary and Librarian.

Plain City.—Wm. L. Stewart, President; Wm. Knight, C. W. Weatherston, Counselors; F. S. Bramwell, Secretary.

Slaterville.—H. Bartholomew, President; Jas. A. Slater, Geo. W. Stanger, Counselors; Wm. Halley and W. H. Manning, Secretaries; Isaac L. Allred, Treasurer.

East Harrisville.—N. L. Shurtliff, President; R. D. Brown, A. K. DeBell, Counselors; N. J. Harris, Secretary; Green Taylor, Treasurer; M. H. Harris, Librarian.

West Harrisville.—Jacob Thomas, President; W. W. Taylor, Jas. Martin, Counselors; P. C. Stevenson, Secretary; V. C. Hegsted, Librarian; N. W. Taylor, Treasurer.

North Ogden.—Jas. Storey, President; John W. Gibson, N. H. Barker, Counselors; Geo. S. Dean, Secretary; John Chadwick, Wm. Cazier, Assistants; Geo. W. Rose, Librarian.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1884. NO. 4.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

CONTENTS OF THE RECORDS—III.

THE history of the Lamanites still continues a history of wars. In B. C. 53 they again raised a numerous army and went down against their traditional foes. The campaign was a short one. Moronihah, the son of Moroni, inflicted a signal blow upon their advancing legions, and drove them back to their own lands. The loss in this deservedly ill-fated expedition was great.

Still this bloodthirsty race never seemed to gain experience by the things they suffered. This no doubt arose, to a great extent, from the continued irritation kept up by the wily apostates, who had much private spleen to gratify in the sufferings of the Nephites, and who held no particular love or respect for their credulous dupes and catspaws, the Lamanites.

In the year B. C. 51, the Lamanite armies were commanded by a Nephite dissenter named Coriantumr. He was a descendant of Zarahemla, therefore, presumably of the tribe of Judah. He determined on new and venturesome tactics. He made a sudden dash northward, down the centre of the Nephite territory, surprised and captured their capital city, and for the first time the savage soldiery of Laman held possession of the towers, temples and palaces of Zarahemla. Not content with this great triumph, Coriantumr pushed further north; his intention was to obtain possession of the narrow isthmus which was the key to both continents. In this he failed. The Nephite commanders first checked his progress northward, and then cut off his retreat. In a fierce battle that followed he was killed, his armies surrendered, and the remnants hastened ingloriously home; Moronihah magnanimously permitting them to return unmolested.

It is not until the year B. C. 38 that anything further of especial note is recorded regarding the Lamanites, but the hour of their most terrible triumph then drew near. It was an age when the Nephite church was weakened by iniquity, and the commonwealth was rent by opposing factions; when the defeated cliques, according to the old, old plan, went over to the king of the Lamanites and began to stir up strife. At first the fears of the people prevailed, and these breeders of contention were unsuccessful. But two years later, when other bands of the dissatisfied flowed southward, with loud repetitions of their asserted wrongs, the Lamanites took up their cause and prepared for war. The next year (B. C. 35) the invasion began. The distracted and sin-weakened citizens of Zarahemla were in no condition to withstand the tumultuous flow of the barbaric host. They crept backward from land to land, until not only Zarahemla, but the whole southern continent to the isthmus was held by Lamanite warriors. In this war the Nephite dissenters took active part against their white brethren, and to this fact, in part, may be attributed the sudden success that shone on the Lamanite arms. But little by little in succeeding years the half-repentant Nephites regained their lost ground, until (B. C. 31) the most north-



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erly half of their possessions had again fallen into their hands; but because of their only partial repentance, their generals had not strength to lead them further.

A great change now illumines the history of the Lamanites. The prophets Nephi and Lehi witnessing, with grief, the abounding sinfulness of the Nephites, were inspired to begin missionary labors. They commenced at the most northern regions of the southern continent, and from thence continued southward. Their success in bringing the Nephites to a realization of their melancholy condition was extremely gratifying to these lovers of the souls of men. Southward they still kept their journey to the city of Zarahemla, which was still in the hands of the Lamanites, and in the midst of this people and their apostate associates they lifted the Gospel banner. God was with them in their ministrations, He softened the hearts of their hearers and inclined them to accept the saving word. So great was the heavenly power that attended these holy men, that eight thousand Lamanites in the land of Zarahemla, and the regions round about, were convinced of the falsity of the traditions of their fathers, and were baptized unto repentance.

From Zarahemla the prophets proceeded to the Lamanite capital in the land of Nephi, where yet mightier power attended them. The voice of God from heaven sustained their testimony, angels ministered to the people who assembled to see them, neither prisons, nor chains, nor bonds could restrain or hold them, and they accomplished an ever blessed and marvelous work among the benighted children of Laman (B. C. 30). God's power was manifested at these times in mercy to the darkened condition of their minds, when only extraordinary manifestations of His divine goodness could reach their hearts. They had no records to which they could appeal, and all their traditions were opposed to the Holy Being whose message of eternal joy the Nephite prophets bore. Thus in their weakness they were strengthened by signs and wonders to which a people better educated in the things of God could have no claim. Such had Moses and the prophets, and holy angels could bring them no message that they would more readily receive. The result of these glorious manifestations was, that the greater portion of the Lamanite race cast aside their idols, gave up the worship of the unknown "great spirit," and were converted to obedience to Gospel law, and henceforth they showed, in a marked degree, greater stability in the cause of righteousness than did their Nephite fellow-worshipers. They were not so given, as were the latter, to blow hot and blow cold, to be carried to and fro by every wind of false doctrine, and they remained steadfast in holy things, when often the Nephites were wallowing in apostasy.

The first great act of justice performed by the reformed and now preponderating Lamanites, was to restore to the Nephites Zarahemla and all the other lands they had wrested from them, thus showing that their conversion was sincere. They next sent missionaries to preach to the inhabitants of the land of Zarahemla and the regions stretching into the far distant north. They labored with great effect and abundant joy, and a universal peace, such as had never before been known since the division of the two races, extended over the whole land. Indeed, from this time the history of the two nations, to a great extent, becomes one. Together they worshiped the Lord, together they rose and sank, together they battled with the assassin hosts of Gadianton, together they triumphed over these desperadoes, and together they sought refuge in one vast body, when there was no safety but in massing the people gathered in from every land; together the more unrighteous portions of both races were destroyed at the crucifixion of the Savior, and together the more righteous ones witnessed His appearing, listened to His words, received His law, and became members of His holy church. Henceforth, for generations there were no more of Nephi, no more of Laman, no

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more of Jacob, no more of Ishmael—all were of Christ.

But even before this blessed era the union had become so complete that it is recorded (A. C. 13), "that those Lamanites who united with the Nephites were numbered among the Nephites, and their curse was taken from them, and their skin became white like unto the Nephites, and their young men and their daughters became exceedingly fair, and they were numbered among the Nephites, and were called Nephites." It is also exceedingly consoling to know that the greater part of this race belonged to the Church of God, and even when complete apostasy darkened the annals of the Nephites, a few Lamanites were still found who remained faithful and true under every change of fortune and in every variety of circumstance. Those who remained in unbelief fraternized with the robbers, and continued in the savageness of former generations. On the other hand the Gospel bore abundant fruit in the hearts of those who accepted its tidings of great joy, they became industrious, thrifty and enterprising, and, as far as can be learned from the record, rivaled the Nephites in the arts of peace and civilization.

Many prophets were raised up in their midst, among whom was one Samuel, who performed an important mission to Zarahemla (B. C. 6). He was marvelously blessed with the spirit of prophecy, and proclaimed, in striking detail, many of the events connected with the birth, life and death of the coming Messiah, as well as with the future history of the descendants of Lehi. It will be quite in place to record here a few of his sayings concerning the Lamanites, as they throw much light on the dealings of God with His people. He says, "But behold my brethren, the Lamanites, hath he hated, because their deeds have been evil continually, and this because of the iniquity of the tradition of their fathers. But behold, salvation hath come unto them, through the preaching of the Nephites, and for this intent hath the Lord prolonged their days. And I would that ye should behold that the more part of them are in the path of their duty, and they do walk circumspectly before God, and they do observe to keep His commandments, and His statutes, and His judgments according to the law of Moses.

"Yea, I say unto you, that the more part of them are doing this, and they are striving with unwearied diligence, that they may bring the remainder of their brethren to the knowledge of the truth, therefore there are many who do add to their numbers daily. And behold, ye do know of yourselves, for ye have witnessed it, that as many of them as are brought to the knowledge of the truth, and to know of the wicked and abominable traditions of their fathers, and are led to believe the holy Scriptures, yea, the prophecies of the holy prophets, which are written, which leadeth them to faith on the Lord, and unto repentance, which faith and repentance bringeth a change of heart unto them; therefore as many as have come to this, ye know of yourselves are firm and steadfast in the faith, and in the thing wherewith they have been made free.

"And ye know also that they have buried their weapons of war, and they fear to take them up, lest by any means they should sin; yea, ye can see that they fear to sin; for behold they will suffer themselves that they be trodden down and slain by their enemies, and will not lift their swords against them; and this because of their faith in Christ. And now because of their steadfastness when they do believe in that thing which they do believe; for because of their firmness when they are once enlightened, behold the Lord shall bless them and prolong their days, notwithstanding their iniquities, yea, even if they should dwindle in unbelief, the Lord shall prolong their days until the time shall come which hath been spoken of by our fathers."

After the glorious appearing of the crucified Redeemer in the Land Bountiful, and during the universal reign of righteousness that followed, the hated name of Lamanite was never heard, only as the people may have sadly referred

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to the iniquities of old. But in the days of Amos, a very few revolted from the Church and took upon themselves the name of Lamanites; thus there began again to be Lamanites in the land. There numbers were but few and their influence was unnoticed, yet they were the precursors of unnumbered hosts who in after years followed in their wake. From their day iniquity raised its frightful head, and in a short time (A. C. 201) the unity of the Christian church was dissevered, and false creeds, dogmas and institutions once more found place, these led to gross inhuman idolatry, and the state of those who accepted them was worse than that of the Lamanites of old.

In the year A. C. 231, a great division occurred, and the people were again divided into two strong contending bodies, who assumed the old names of Nephites and Lamanites.* But there was a great difference between those opposing races and those who had borne the same names in centuries past. The Nephites of this age were the true believers in Christ, while the new Lamanites, (whatever their pedigree) had not dwindled in unbelief, but had wilfully and knowingly rebelled against the truth, and their children, through the wickedness and abominations and false teachings of these fathers, diminshed in everything that was good—in knowledge, in handicraft, in civilization, and also in beauty; for now they were a white and lovely people, but soon the old skin of darkness—the fit companion of their filthy habits and mark of God's displeasure—came upon them. Nor were they alone in their iniquity, the Nephites soon followed in the same path, the Gadianton robbers re-appeared, the land was full of violence, and the inspired recorder was compelled to confess (A. C. 300) that "there were none that were righteous save it were the disciples of Jesus."

* It is worthy of note that the Mexicans of the days of Montezuma and Cortez dated the commencement of their race and national existence from this very same year. See Mexican Calendar Stone.

Still active hostilities did not break out for some time; but when war commenced, it scarcely ceased until that great battle near Cumorah, which brought extinction to the Nephite race. This war, or series of wars, was one of peculiar horrors. All the old savagery ten times intensified, was rekindled, transforming the combatants into fiends. Each race seems to have striven to outrival the other in its bloody and infernal inhumanity. Mormon, the Nephite Prophet-general, in an epistle to his son, Moroni, sorrowingly relates the fate of the Nephite prisoners—men, women and children—taken at Sherrizah. He adds: "And the husbands and fathers of those women and children they [the Lamanites] have slain; and they feed the women upon the flesh of their husbands, and the children upon the flesh of their fathers; and no water save a little do they give them. And notwithstanding the abomination of the Lamanites, it doth not exceed that of our people in Moriantum. For behold, many of the daughters of the Lamanites have they taken prisoners, and after depriving them of that which was most dear and precious above all things, which is chastity and virtue; and after they had done this thing, they did murder them in a most cruel manner, torturing their bodies even unto death; and after they have done this, they devour their flesh like unto wild beasts, because of the hardness of their hearts, and they do it for a token of bravery." Such was the horrible condition into which open, wilful, determined rejection to the Gospel had brought both races.

We will not harrow up the feelings of the reader with the details of this last long-continued agony. Suffce it to say, war broke out A. C. 322. At first the Nephites were victorious, and active hostilities were not resumed until A. C. 326. The fortune of war rested triumphantly first on one army then on the other. The name of the Lamanite king was Aaron, while the youthful Mormon led the armies of Nephi. After a continuance of this most sanguinary conflict which extended all over the land with

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the most variable results, a treaty was patched up (A. C. 350) by which it was agreed that the Nephites should hold all North America, and the Lamanites possess the whole Southern Continent. The Isthmus of Panama being the dividing line between the two nations. A peace of ten years followed, when the Lamanitish king invaded the Land Desolation. Year by year the horrors increased, until, by mutual agreement, the remnants of Nephi gathered in one vast body, met their foes at Cumorah, fought with the desperation of despair, were overwhelmed and annihilated (A. C. 385).

The Lamanites were now rulers of the western world, their traditional enemies being utterly destroyed. But they did not cultivate peace, and no sooner were the Nephites obliterated than they commenced fighting among themselves. The lonely Moroni (A. C. 400) tells us that "the Lamanites are at war one with another; and the face of the land is one continued round of murder and bloodshed, and no man knoweth the end of the war." And again, yet later, he writes: "Their wars are exceeding fierce among themselves."

Such was the sad condition of the Lamanite race in the early part of the fifth century after Christ. Here the inspired record closes; henceforth we have nothing but uncertain tradition. The various contending tribes, in their thirst for blood so long gratified, sunk deeper and deeper into savage degradation; the arts of civilization were almost entirely lost to the great mass of the people. Decades and centuries rolled by, and after a time, in some parts, a better state of things slowly uprose. In Central America, Mexico, Peru, etc., the foundations of new kingdoms were laid, in which were gradually built up civilizations peculiarly their own, but in many ways bearing record to the idiosyncrasies of their ancient predecessors. Of this we have here little to do; many of their traditions (though disregarded by mankind) bear unequivocal testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon, and we have the joyous assurance that as the words of their ancient prophets recorded therein, have been fulfilled to the letter in their humiliation, and as they have drunk to the dregs from the cup of the bitterness of the wrath of God, so is the glorious day now dawning, when the light of the eternal Gospel shall illumine the hearts of their descendants, fill them with the love of God, renew their ancient steadfastness and faith, and make them the fitting instruments in His hands of accomplishing all His holy purposes with regard to them, in which also shall be fulfilled all the gracious, glorious promises made by Jehovah to this transplanted branch of the olive tree of Israel.

*George Reynolds.*

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Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,—
And this is true rest.

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## ANGELA: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

You want me to tell you a true story, one that I have known in real life, and connected, too, with our people's history? You say you want a heroine, young, beautiful, gifted and good, and yet with a cross to bear, a life shadowed and burdened by sorrow or trial.

What a romantic young person you are, and how exacting in your numerous requirements. Just as though our every-day life is not sufficiently interesting, just as though something tinged with the mystical coloring of improbability, were any better than common daily events! And yet it is so with nearly all of us, that which seems lifted a little

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above the ordinary, and possibly into the imaginary, the more readily claims our interest.

Did it ever occur to you that the most thrilling stories, the most vivid pictures have been from real life; and if you were to look around you, closely and deeply, that perhaps you could tell me something more romantic and heroic than my story can be? It isn't in your line, and you would rather listen? Very well, then, but perhaps what I am about to tell you may not fulfil your anticipations. Yet I can tell you a true story, with all the qualities in my heroine that you require, and she was one of our people, and my story of her begins with the early history of our Church before you were born, my dear.

"Who was she?"

Ah, you want to know that too soon; wait till I have finished, and then I will tell you. I will begin by describing briefly her appearance.

At that time she was only seventeen years of age, above medium height, slender, with abundant, curling chestnut colored hair, classical features, large dark eyes, and pure, clear complexion. But above all her personal attractions and intellectual gifts, she possessed a voice of wonderful sweetness and power. On Sabbaths, and almost every public occasion, when she sang, she dressed simply in white, without jewels or any striking color of ribbons or other ornament.

With her, music was a companion; she studied to master it, she communed with it as the poet does with his thoughts, or the artist with his ideal, and it led her spirit into high and sacred spheres of being, until her very person grew beautiful with the influences of melody and harmony, that became, as it were, part of herself. Descended from a family that were all singers and musicians for many generations, this was not strange, nor strange that she turned to music as a life vocation and worship.

Up to this time her life had been like a gently awakening dawn, free as the breath of morning, fair as light, and the advancing future brighter growing. We will leave her here on the threshold of a new era in her life, undreamed of by the dreaming girl, and meet her where she stands an actor in a period of our history, a life awakened to a knowledge of its place and use among her kindred and her race.

It was the sixth of July, 1846. An emigrant ship had anchored in a lonely bay, a fine mist was gathering over the water and almost hiding the land; dimly outlined rose low hills, and near the beach stood an old adobe barracks, around which were scattered eleven shanties and a cottage or two. A few ships, whaling vessels, trading ships and sloops of war rocked idly in the calm harbor; all seemed still, desolate and lonely. If the sun had shone out brightly, the prospect might have seemed different, but even the welcome of its light and warmth were hidden by the rising fog.

The weary, long journey was ended, the perils of the deep were in the dim distance of the past; the land they had waited and sighed for was reached, and yet where was the joy, the sense of relief and satisfaction they had anticipated?

They had left the crowded thoroughfares of an historic city, its advantages, comforts, refinements and lifelong associations, and united by one sacred purpose had made this six months' voyage in a sailing vessel to begin life anew on a stranger shore, and for what cause? A few pilgrims, exiles, and devotees of a faith, obnoxious to their fellow-creatures! If they had perished, who would have missed or mourned them? Only their immediate kindred, and *they* with a sorrow blended with and hushed by shame. Fleeing from civilization for safety and peace, they found confronting them the power that had banished them, and instead of the retirement and peace they sought, a field of war just ending; the land dotted with newly-made graves, tents of wounded and dying men, a town under guard, and the desperate, vindictive, conquered natives hovering without the lines, waiting opportunity to exterminate them.

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The pilgrims, with heartsore patriotism—for they loved their country with a love that the adversary's emisssaries had not power to destroy—greeted their nation's flag with three cheers. But almost while they learned the story of their situation, the order for disembarking was given. During the unlading of their stores and possessions, there were activity and interest that banished for the while these gloomy feelings, but this being ended and the emigrants themselves having landed upon the beach, they looked back to the ship that had been their shelter and home through so many perils; the captain, who under God had been their guide and father—for he was a good captain—with a sense of loneliness and heartache akin to that which comes of desertion. Often they turned and looked back as they slowly wended their way to the town.

Sentinels paced slowly to and fro; outside lay everywhere the bleaching bones, or later carcasses of slaughtered cattle; and worthless dogs, retreating in unmistakable cowardice, barked loudly as they advanced.

To dispose of their number, in the limited accommodations afforded them, required more ability than time. Sixteen families crowded into the "old adobe," dividing their apartments with quilts, blankets and shawls.

It was the custom of the native inhabitants to do their cooking in an outhouse, no provision for fires in the dwellings being considered necessary in that climate, by a people who on colder days wrapped themselves in an extra shawl or two, and smoked while they played cards to pass the time away.

But lack of space and warmth were not the only deprivations which had to be met and endured, the provisions which had at first been used so lavishly had been greatly reduced by their long voyage, then the roaches and other vermin infesting the ship rendered much that remained unfit for use, but in their extremity there was no squeamish consideration of taste or odor; they ate to live.

The good ship that brought them, sailed away in a few days after their landing, and knowing that they should never again behold her, it was with unfeigned emotion that many waved a "farewell and Godspeed" to the fading bond between them and the busy world, across the breadth of waters. Sure enough, the ship after the return voyage made one trip to Ireland and home again to New York, and was then laid by as unseaworthy.

Slowly they turned to the realities of the situation. One thing they had—friends in each other, a purpose and faith in common. They knew they were sent there, and there they would wait till the word came what to do next. They expected the great body of their people to come overland to them; and giving orders to them to plough and plant at earliest opportunity, their leader with a few chosen men started over the mountains to meet and pilot in the advance body of pioneers; and they were left a degree lonelier.

The summer and autumn months dragged slowly by, one day so like another in suspense, distress and hunger. O, did no influence ever whisper to some patient heart 'tis near the dawn? Who held the secret of the wondrous future so close at hand, so still, that its light was obscured, the tumult of its coming wave unheard?

"Where were the heroes and heroines of my story?" They were all of them such; they were the key that should open an epoch in history; they were the pioneers who preceded the advance of civilization—the monumental arch through which honor, grandeur and power should enter the sleeping wonderland.

From the many, I will bring a few stray leaves from the history of one whom I told you we would meet again. Faith, devotion and inspiration had drawn her from the high paths of artistic life to follow the guidance of the "still small voice" across ocean or desert to fulfil a higher destiny—consecration to God and his work, whatever or wherever that might be. This faith sustained her throughout all, the echoes of grand harmonies still chimed within her soul,

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remembrance of the beautiful and great truths learned in high halls ministered food to her mind in hours of lonely trial; and memories of her childhood's home had power to sweeten even the rudeness of her exile life.

Day after day passed on the same; night after night the weary fishermen drew up their empty nets upon the beach; it was the same fare week in and out. They had money, but food could not be bought for gold; their enemies would not sell to them, and they could not ask for food at the hands of the government that had permitted them to be driven from its boundaries.

At this time there was an exchange of commodities between California and Oregon, the hides and tallow of the former for the merchandise of the latter. The wild, long horned native cattle were driven up, lassoed and slaughtered; the hides were thrown to one side to be afterwards spread upon the sand and staked down till nearly dry, and then sewed up into bags. The carcasses were thrown entire into huge vats and boiled, and when cool the tallow was skimmed off and packed into the rawhides. These sometimes lay for weeks along the beach awaiting the return of the vessel to transport them, and even the salt sea air could not stay the development of mould and decomposition and consequent disagreeable odors.

The colony had a little bad flour remaining, and the general bill of fare for weekdays, was flour and water cakes fried in the aforesaid tallow scooped out of these hides, and a tea made of the pennyroyal which grew wild all around the town. The Sunday fare was about the same.

Just outside the town, the wild cattle roamed in freedom and alluring proximity, the wild strawberries covered the sandy hills with green, white and red; the shruby, wild lilac perfumed the atmosphere, the ancient oaks with the curious, long, soft, gray moss swinging and waving in the wind—looking in the moonlight like spirit robes trailing through the air; the huge black vessels looming up from the water, teeming with life; yet life that held no human kinship or sympathy with them; the one all might and health and strength—the arm of war—the arm of the nation that had just conquered the nation's foe; the victor proud of the wide domain secured for his government. The other, weak and faint lip and limb, lonely and alone—yet rich and strong in faith and hope. Faith that could call nothing there its own—hope that might call nor hear an answering voice, yet leaned with perfect trust on the Invisible, the Infinite.

At intervals, for a few weeks they could hear the firing between the skirmishing parties of the whites and the Mexicans as the latter were loth to yield the freedom of their country, even after they knew their cause was lost and the American flag was floating over them. Sometimes a cavalcade of wrathful Mexicans would ride furiously toward and past the town causing consternation for the time at least. Sometimes a false alarm would be given, the weary pilgrims would rise and watch hour after hour till daylight came. Mothers sang with hushed voices to their babes, listening the while.

After the hostilities had practically ended, the wounded soldiers were brought in from further parts of the country and cared for in a more comfortable manner. About this time, the husband of my heroine, if I may call her so, secured for his family a little four roomed cottage and moved from the "old adobe" into it. A few days after, he was called upon with a request for the two largest rooms, one for a hospital, the other for a printing office, and of course complied. The cook-house for this cottage was also built outside and used by both the family, and the hospital cook, a mulatto.

In many respects this move was a beneficial change for the lady of my story. She had much leisure time that would have been lonely but for the new scenes surrounding her. The hastily and rudely written despatches she was at first solicited to assist in deciphering, and correcting the proof, and found much in

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this occupation to interest her. Once, she went into the hospital, with some dish she had prepared as a change, and the surgeon, noting that it pleased the sufferers, asked her once afterward, if she would be willing to come and stand by a poor fellow during the treatment of his wounded arm. "It seemed to do them so much good when you came in the other day."

By degrees she came to visit them frequently, the suffering and the dying; and it brought a sense of peace and rest to them, to watch her pale and lovely face as she passed to and fro among them, doing some little act that men would never think of, but so acceptable to them; her musical voice and sympathetic words charming away their bitterest, saddest thoughts. Among themselves, when she was absent, they called her Angela—thus folding like a benediction, the meaning, "Angel"—in the gentle Spanish word. And sometimes when she rocked her child to sleep, she sang sweet fragments of the old time melodies, very gently and low—remembering those poor men; or after some more cruel phase of suffering, she, who could not go and pray beside their beds, would blend both sympathy and prayer for them in some pure fervent hymn or chant that reached their hearts and gave them peace.

One morning when she went into the room, one brown face was whiter and perfectly still. A comrade answered her look—"It's all right, ma'am, he went off last night when you were singing 'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;' said it was his burial hymn and sermon; then he talked as if his mother was here and went off smiling; look at him! Said he was going right where that music came from." Poor Tom! His grave, like so many others, was marked by a board. She showed it to me once, and around it the drifting moss caught and wreathed itself, and the dainty wild flowers crept upon and over it.

Could I find it now? No; years ago the burial places of many who fell in that war were covered by the mansions of the rich and great; it is now almost in the centre of the city; I could tell you the street that runs close by it.

Such incidents made her realize that there were life-lots lonelier than hers, and emptier, exiled and famine stricken as it was. And yet it would come back with overpowering force—how long would this last, how would the way be opened?

One night there came into the town, after dark, silently and with gentle whisper of caution, two native women. With gentle, curious, pitying eyes they looked around, talked musically to each other, and with gracious farewells vanished into the darkness, and past the dull sentinels. The next night they came again, bringing bottles of milk, and strips of dried meat, tasting of each as they offered it to the white woman. Neither spoke the language of the other, but the simple offering and the strangers' kisses upon the baby's cheek conveyed the promise of friendship full well understood.

The rainy season began, and through want, anxiety, and long continued hardships, Angela grew daily more pale and feeble. There were those who pitied and loved her, but they could do nothing; they endured the same privations, and they knew that she was not regretting the step she had taken any more than they did. Come life or come death, they would prove faithful to the end. But at their worship she became different from her usual self. Then her face grew light as with inspiration, her eyes were wondrous eyes, the hymns she sang with them grew glorious as promise and as prophecy. Strangers, too, looked on with wonder at the little colony, and questioned what would become of them. And they who had sacrificed nearly all that they possessed, were now, after their long journey, so destitute of not only food, but clothing, that some were even barefooted. Her shoes, too, were gone, and she wore rubber overshoes during the winter weather.

The holiday season was now approaching, at least the season which would in the old home be observed as such. Angela sat with her sleeping child in her

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arms; the fire had died down upon the hearth her husband had built, its embers the only light, for she was lost in memory. She pictured the Thanksgiving-day reunion at her father's house. Had they thanked God for His care over all their family? They who had cast her out as a blot upon the family name, leaving her to the mercy of God, for they had withdrawn theirs; could they have held the usual Thanksgiving family party not knowing where she was, living or dead? And now, Christmas was coming—well, what difference would there be to her between Christmas and any other day?

She could not help, though, recalling the happy scene so oft repeated through her life; the brave, quiet father just returned from the perilous sea; her mother, beautiful, bright and gifted, moving about, with such a presence, among her family and guests; the dear aunties and cousins, the good old uncles, and yes—the reverend silver-haired grandparents. She recalled the welcome all received, the comfortable guest-chambers, the large best rooms freshly decorated with mistletoe and evergreens, and the latest treasures brought by her father from some island shore; the great dining room, where the whole party could feast without being crowded, the huge fire-place that warmed the whole room, and the busy kitchen where everybody was almost elbowing everybody else, taking up the roast turkey, fowls, meats, and dear knows what; running against the girls with cranberry sauce and hot mince pies (that didn't smell exactly temperance-like), pumpkin pie and roast pork and beans, too, beside all the kinds of cakes her mother had been baking for nearly two weeks.

She just then remembered how the boys were bringing up apples from down cellar, and nuts down from the garret, and what a noise those boys always made cracking nuts for the girls, and how they generally spilled the cider, coming up stairs. Then they all sat down around the table that was generations old, and the dear old minister grandfather invoked a blessing on the food, and on his descendants, children and grandchildren. Ah! Angela was the only one absent there to-night. Her sweet sister, the companion of her life, would sing alone from the grand anthems those solos they used to sing together—would she miss Angela's voice and falter? Her father and mother would join the grandparents in the old fashioned music, written in square notes on pages yellow with age; and then the boys, her brothers, would bring out their instruments and all play together, a perfect band of musicians; and what about that hymn that Angela and her eldest brother sang together as no one else ever sang it—of Christ? Would they not think of it? Would the grandfather—whose word was law—say, "Let us pray for the child?"

Then she thought of a grand hall in the city where she had joined in the rapturous harmonies of "The Messiah" and "The Creation;" and how at that time all her life seemed leading onward in blissful currents, without a thought of its interruption from the glorious course marked out for her; until the Gospel's music—the hymn; "The Spirit of God like a Fire is Burning"—sounded in her ears and to her inmost soul. This broke the dream, this changed the order of her life. She turned from the promise of an earthly fame to the promise of eternal life. As from temptation, she had turned from kindred, yes, from country, to follow God's narrow path across life to the Celestial world.

And where was she now? It was the Twenty-fourth of December, 1846, and she was a pilgrim and wanderer, hungry and cold, in a wild, strange country. "O!" said she to herself, "I am so hungry! I would walk ten miles for a warm biscuit and butter."

It was a relief to let the tears fall through the wasted fingers, and she wept silently. A sound of distant music broke the stillness; her child started from sleep in fear. "Mother, do you hear the Spaniards coming over the hills?" "Sleep, my child, there is no danger." The little one soon sank to sleep again, and Angela wept still. The door opened gently, she thought it was

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her husband. "Missis," whispered some one coming quickly up to her, "Ise brought you dis for to-morrer's dinner—couln't get at nuffin else—keep it dark, or I'll get flogged;" and laying the bundle in her lap, he vanished.

She rose and opened the towel and saw a quart of dried white beans and a large piece of salt pork. The happy tears fell faster now than a few moments before, and with a whispered blessing, she sat about preparing her first Christmas dinner in California, and that night laid her head upon her pillow with a happier heart than she had known for many months. It was a new thing for her to fasten her door at meal times, but on that memorable occasion it was securely locked, for the poor cook's risk was uppermost in her mind.

The restrictions and dangers of the situation were now gradually lessened, and the natives now also resumed their national sports, bull fighting being most popular. It was quite a novelty to see the gay procession, generally on Sunday, pass the town, out to the Presidio, perhaps a mile away; the great bears in heavy wooden cages drawn by oxen —the loud music, the gay caparisoned horses with bridles and saddles, trimmed profusely, ornamented with solid gold, the riders in picturesque costumes of velvet, silk and gold embroideries, and heavily ornamented dirks, placed conspicuously. Then followed carriages (wooden carts) of richly dressed ladies going to the fight, all chatting gaily. From the Presidio the music of the band, the angry voices of the animals and the cheers of the spectators would now and then faintly reach the town.

With the spring time, the colonists commenced planting the seeds they had brought with them. Labor began to be in demand, and the husband found all the employment he could attend to. A vessel soon arrived from Oregon with supplies for sale. The Mexicans were also now willing to sell beef cattle, milk, chickens, or whatever they had that would find a sale. Of the Mexican women, the white women learned to use the soap root, which grew in abundance around them.

When the summer time again crimsoned the sunny hills with strawberries, a picnic party was planned, and on the appointed day sallied out in true primitive California style. They had engaged a Mexican cart, oxen and native driver. The wheels were a foot in thickness, and sawed from a solid log about four feet in diameter. The hub was burned out somewhat unevenly, the axle was thicker at one end than at the other, and the wagon-bed was made of two strong poles, extending from the axle to the tongue, to which they were lashed, the tongue in turn being securely bound to a thick stick tied with rawhide across the foreheads of the oxen. Upon the triangular shaped foundation cross-sticks were tied and covered with a hide for ladies and children to sit on. Three slender uprights (rather unsteady) were braced apart at the top and covered with a gay serape or gentleman's shawl, to keep off the sun. A spirited, civilized animal would have taken fright and run away at the sight, to say nothing of the sound of one of these outfits, but the dull oxen would plod along, heads swaying from side to side, the loud, piercing, dismal creaking of the crazy vehicle, apparently occupying their entire attention. The driver would jump off occasionally to thrust a sharp stick into the sides of the lagging oxen or to impale a cactus blade, which he would thrust into the hub as a lubricator.

A band of gorgeously attired beaux rode alongside chatting with the señoritas, and occasionally singing. The ladies, in richly colored dresses and silken *revosas* (scarfs), with their glossy black hair elaborately braided, and a profusion of jewelry, fans, etc., would ride as complacently in those outlandish conveyances as though there were not the slightest incongruity between them and their apparel. Such was the party that voluntarily decided to accompany the picnicers, thus showing, by this artless disregard of conventionality the sincerity of their good feelings.

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Bread, cold meat, tea and sugar had been provided from home; the milk was to be obtained at a house along the road. As they arrived, several ferocious looking horsemen had just driven a couple of cows in from the hills, and after considerable flourish and profanity, had tied them head and foot to be milked for the accommodation of the party. After much gyration of four horns, each about three feet long, much desperate and harrassing plunging and loud bellowing, on the part of the cows, a limited supply was obtained, which, if the pathetic bawling of two starved looking calves were to be taken into consideration, the purchasers certainly were not welcome to. The pinioned cows were loosened,the attendants hastily got out of the way, and the cortege moved on; the piteous bleating of the poor calves, tied in the glare of the sun, appealing reproachfully for human sympathy and assistance.

Leaving the deplorable picture of a Mexican home behind them, they soon reached the sunny slopes and dells, where they were to gather the feast. The children quickly began, eating as fast as they gathered them, their delight being equally divided between the berries and the lovely wild flowers. Gay humming birds attracted and eluded them, and now and then the sloping beach and shining waves seemed to call them to gather shells.

The gentlemen spread blankets upon the ground, a few ladies began gathering berries, some handy person made a fire and boiled water for tea, somebody else took out the lunch basket and set the contents on the table—no, tablecloth. And while these satisfactory preparations went on, the ever-at-ease and indolent beaux entertained them with such music as only they could produce from their most familiar instrument.

The scene was refreshing and beautiful, and now that they had no enemies to fear, it was enjoyable. The call to the feast scattered any gathering reflections, and a very appreciative party collected around the tempting array displayed, with appetites well sharpened by the long ride in the exhilarating air, now perfumed by the flowers, now charged by a swifter breath, salt and cool, from the sea.

How they did eat for a few minutes, while the tea was cooling, and how they did enjoy everything! "Good gracious, what is the matter with the tea!" Such expressions, on some faces, were surely not indicative of pleasure, and now it seemed to be general. "What's the matter?" "Who made this tea?" "What was it made of?" Anxious investigation soon disclosed the fact that the water had been brought in a small keg once used for vinegar, and it had acquired a taste that made a very peculiarly flavored tea. What a dilemma! But as there were no springs or streams within a long distance, and the milk was already all poured out upon the berries, of course it had to be endured, although everyone now appeared to be very thirsty and would have preferred water to anything else.

After a forced reconciliation with the imperative nature of affairs, they were recovering their former good spirits and appetites when a low, rumbling sound, certainly not suggestive of anything ecstatically beautiful, caused a general looking around. Less than a quarter of a mile distant, a drove of native cattle, tall and lank bodied, with extraordinary horns, were pawing up clouds of dust, and with unmistakably ferocious intentions were proceeding towards the picnic party, with increasing speed, attracted perhaps by the brilliantly colored shawls covering the *carretos* (carts).

The frightened ladies hastily mounted the vehicles, which afforded no real protection, the scattered children ran screaming to their mothers, and the gentlemen prepared for defense. Quickest of all, the Mexican beaux mounted their horses, which were lariated to stakes close by, and galloping towards the advancing, bellowing foe, with loud anathemas and whirling lassoes, soon turned the attack into inglorious flight.

One of these animals was well known

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to the early settlers as "Old Toro." I have seen marksmen fire repeatedly at his enormous head, and he would reply to the thud of the bullets with a vicious shake of his horns, raise a cloud of dust out of which he would stare with glaring eyes in a manner that would have been just the thing if he had been standing for his picture. His shaggy forehead was so matted with burs that bullets rebounded harmlessly and fell at a respectable distance to the ground. He was a terror to pedestrians, and many a citizen has returned, rushing in from the hills, gun in hand and game bag empty, with "Old Toro" galloping after him. I suppose he was at last driven off to some lonely ranch, remote from human habitations, for his death would certainly have been reported as a felicitous event worthy of special mention.

After all the pleasant anticipations, strawberries certainly seemed to be a secondary consideration that day. Returning to the scene they had so hastily deserted, they quickly finished the meal in less æsthetic spirit than would have been natural under less embarrassing circumstances, for the ladies and children felt certain the enemy would return, and they entreated to be taken home with all possible haste. However, upon the profound assurances of the Mexican cavaliers, who looked like perfect heroes, calmness at last prevailed and the party scattered, not very far apart or far away, and strolled around the gentle slopes and emerald dells that were like dimples in the hills; gathering flowers, breaking off sprays of the fairy lilac, branches of the rarely beautiful manyanita and arms full of the elegant ferns. The children collected aprons full of acorns, and catching the wonderful moss that swayed from the branches of the oaks, drew it down to carry home. Once in a while a low cloud seemed to roll along the ground, which, on inquiry, proved to be the little ground squirrels running along in line. In the same burrow with them dwelt rattlesnakes, horned toads and the comical little brown owls that sat at the top nodding, and at sound of approach would, with a sort of curtsy, dodge down just behind the disappearing plumy tail of the little squirrel. These little creatures greatly amused the children. Now and then a cloud of rustling, whirling topknot quails would start up almost from under their feet, just a moment too soon for the hunters.

Each looked upon the landscape with his own peculiar reflections; hilly, sandy and lovely, the ocean ever moaning to them in the intervals of silence. As they rode slowly home, it seemed as though these hills would stand there forever—as in the past it would in the future be much the same, just the outskirts of a Mexican town. Still, the party certainly looked very picturesque, the situation was a novel one, but did not appear at all strange to their kind Californian companions, who chatted and sang as they rode, the gentlemen performing some very remarkable feats of horsemanship, presumably, by way of entertainment. Down hill at breakneck speed, after nothing at all, and returning in furious haste for nobody knew what, unless it was to try and wear out horseflesh. Once in a while they would lean while going at full speed and snatch from the ground, almost beneath the horses' hoofs, the quivering jeweled dirk hurled by a comrade. Dull as the town looked, they were glad to reach it, for, after all, was it not home? And this one day out in the country had soothed their spirits, after the fright was over, and helped them to be better contented with their poor surroundings.

The sick and wounded recovered and went away; the colonists began to labor according to their counseled plans; a few brethren, the "Mormon Battalion," came among them bringing news, and although it was months since these brethren had left their families and the body of the Church, they were eagerly listened to by the Saints they found. Soon also their leader returned, and they recognized at once that he was disaffected. Said he: "I have brought you here, I now resign my charge over you; go, or do as you please; hereafter I will

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labor for myself." This fell like a cold blast upon their faithful hearts, and many stood in doubt what to do. They had left all and came here for what? Nothing? But there were those who had the spirit within them to refrain from reproaches or murmurings, and they counseled patience still, and waiting, to labor on as under the eye of a commander, "So live by faith and not by sight," until the true voice should call them, for they were now a flock without a shepherd. They were left to stand alone previous to the great temptation which was to further prove them. They had endured ostracism, sacrifice, perils and famine, and now God would test them with blessings.

A rumor came, whispered at first, then freely spoken of, that at last ran like the cry of fire along the streets. It was true, it was proven—gold! gold inexhaustible! In a few days the town was deserted by the able-bodied men. The families remained at home, caring for their gardens and waiting for the verification of the report. Men returned, bringing the shining grains and nuggets that found ready exchange for the merchandise of the ships in the harbor. The comforts of life were soon supplied in every home and almost before they could realize that the word had reached the eastern shores, time passed so swiftly in the excitement, ships came one after another heavily freighted with gold seekers and all manner of merchandise. Overland also came the slow teams, and the sand hills were now covered with tents and shanties. The rough roads were trodden smooth by thousands of hurrying feet of strong men. Products of all kinds found ready sale at fabulous prices. Labor commanded five times its former wages. Men who stayed at home made fortunes from those who found theirs in the mines. Gold was everywhere. I have seen it by the kegful; I have seen every shelf covered with papers on which the washed gold was drying; and sometimes it was accidentally brushed to the floor. Customs changed. Meat sold by the pound, instead of by the yard, as it used to when it was dried in narrow strips; the air rang with the noise of builders' tools and hurrying drays; the old landmarks were fast becoming obliterated, Yerba Buena was of the past and San Francisco was the city of the present and the future. The islands sent their vessels laden with tropical fruits and spices; Mexico sent her filagree golden jewelry that was almost too heavy to wear; China and Japan their silks, teas and rich quaint cabinet work; England her useful wares, and steady Eastern States their keen-witted, industrious tradesmen, schoolmasters and speculators. And with the flow of wealth came indolence, waste and wanton luxury, and not last or least, forgetfulness by some of the object which brought them there, until losing their clasp upon the arm which had protected them in adversity, they forgot also the watchful eye and ear, and so drifted on into by and forbidden paths downward into destruction.

To Angela also came wealth; many times more than she had lost was repaid her. The mulatto cook of the hospital was now her faithful servant. Never again would come to them another Christmas like the last. But did wealth bring her happiness? Not quite, for with it came a new experience, a fear that steadily grew greater. But neither luxury caused her to sit down in indolence, nor trouble to fold her hands in despair; she felt ever present the shadow of something that must be met and borne.

In the crowded haunts, where all was confusion and haste, order and cleanliness were for the time ignored; human beings rioted rather than lived temperately, and soon a fearful scourge, the cholera, broke out. Night after night the groans and shrieks of the dying pierced the air. The sick were threatened to extort their treasure from them, chests were ransacked, beds drawn from under the dying and ripped open in search of gold. All day long the burial wagons hurried by, and even the sea breeze could not sweep pure the tainted air. From the tents and shanties, where

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orphan children cried, the breath of pestilence seemed to deride sympathy or aid to the living; and yet, Angela, as the wounded men had named her, went there and brought them out, caring for them, until others took the burden from her hands. The gift of healing went with her, and was named from lip to lip, until the suffering called her by name to come to them. At last it pleased the Merciful Father to stay the scourge, and from the severe school many came forth better men and women.

Still the tide of prosperity flowed on, and with it rose gambling saloons and other haunts of wickedness. Men who would not work began to plunder, houses were fired and robbed, and once, twice and again, the city was burned, leaving few buildings standing. It was a fact that not a house of a Latter-day Saint was destroyed by fire. This Angela observed as a token of the Father's power and love.

Around her drew another element of destruction, not of worldly possessions, but of the body and soul of him who had been a fervent Saint in adversity, an honorable man, a kind husband and father. She watched him grow reckless in speculations, irregular in his habits; skeptical in religion; and when she spoke to him of it, he laughed derisively, he "had advanced beyond leading strings." She entreated him to forsake the companionship of men whom she knew would lead him down to their own level, but in vain. He wished her to ignore certain ignorant associations; as his wife, he would take pride in bestowing upon her all that his wealth could command, but let him be his own guide and judge.

He bought her fabrics too rich and showy to suit her taste, she could not bring herself to wear them. Jewels he laid before her, whose price would have made them a home. And when she said, "Let us, instead of these, take the money they cost and help our people," he answered, "If you will not wear them I know who will." Poor Angela! these words were proven to her to be too true, but she could not, would not, squander wealth upon herself, when her people were driven, robbed and suffering, upon the plains, and in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

Again the tempter came, to draw by stronger cords. The brave old sea captain, hungering in his heart to see his banished child, and take her home again, if possible, came in his own good ship and found her. It was not long before he read the truth, how, from associations, the husband had grown intemperate, a gambler, losing heavily night after night. "Come home with me, my child," he plead, but she answered, "I started to join God's people, and I have not reached there yet; I can never turn back." He waited, her guardian and protector, for many months, but whenever he would have spoken, her look told him the answer would be the same. Sorrowfully he left her to go back to the waiting mother, hopeless now that they would ever win her from her faith.

But the husband. The very beauty which he wished so to adorn, became as a thorn in his heart. Jealousy took possession of his being. The voice which once had been his pride, he could not bear that others should hear, and so she lived, her melodies unsung. Once he heard her spoken of, with gentlest, gravest respect, by an artist, "the loveliest face I have ever seen, pictured, penciled or living." These words he brooded over until one night he entered their room and wakened his sleeping wife, commanding her to stand against the wall. "What for?" she asked, for his look was strange. "Stand there without moving, and I won't hurt you." She stood still as death while he fired bullets into the wall around her head and neck, then bowing with mock courtesy, said sarcastically, "Madam, your picture is finished—you may go!" Night after night, when she heard his step unsteadily ascending the stair, she caught her children from their bed and fled from the house. But to continue to live this way was cowardice, not duty. She asked him which would be his choice, his family or drink, and he replied, with

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stung pride, "I will take the latter; you are too good for me."

The separation came, and Angela removed far from the city of luxury, of wickedness and sorrow, to a remote village of the Saints. The responsibilities of life rested heavily at first, but strength came with her need, and a few years later, one good and noble came to walk beside her, taking the burdens from her life. Here they built a home that artists loved to look upon, their days were pages of beauty and of worth. And yet a new desire was growing in their hearts; not beauty alone could satisfy the soul, nor plenty hush the craving for the higher food, the spiritual food of life.

Across weary deserts they journeyed day and night, and halted where—not where life's luxuries and ease were to be found—but where their lives and works were needed. In an obscure village, where few would choose to go, but where it was needed some should stand, in the heart of a desert fanned by sultry winds, and watered by bitter streams, they fought the elements of sickness and decay. They beautified the home with flowers, vines and trees brought as living relics from the lovely semi-tropic land.

Here, too, Angela found a missionary work; she drew the poor, degraded children of the desert round her door, she taught them how to work, she bought of them the crops they raised from seed that she had given them; their children listened to her voice and learned from her both sacred hymns and Gospel truths; their hearts were opened unto truth and light flowed in upon their darkened minds. And love grew in their hearts for those who made the idle streams and burning sands to yield both beauty, shade and food. They learned that labor was not merely toil, but brought a rich reward. They learned the value of possessions won by labor, and it brought a sense of dignity to even their narrow minds. They looked, too, upon the white people as a link between them and God. And for her who had not thought it too far beneath her high abilities to stoop and lend a helping hand to them, they held a feeling of respect and duty. Were they hungry? They came to her for "a paper," knowing it would bring them meat or flour. When sick, she ministered to them, and taught them that God was their healer. In these ways she aided those whose place it was to lead.

At length, what glad tidings were brought. A temple was to be built within their little city. Not out of their abundance, but free will offerings of sacrifice and self-denial. Now, she no longer had gold and silver to give, but there was much that she could do. The walls uprose day by day beneath the blinding, sultry sun, and looking from her window, sheltered by fruit-clustered vines, she would rise and gather cool and luscious fruits and send to them. So, day by day she remembered the builders; sometimes it was the fresh, sweet honeycomb, sometimes a cool, refreshing drink so different from the bitter water.

Like a fever in her veins grew the desire to see the temple finished. Time seemed too slow, for in those walls a work was waiting for her, a work of worship and of salvation, not for those of earth alone, but for the dead. It grew upon her, night and day, it fastened on her life. The fervor of old anthems grand swept through her soul with newer import. Mortality, its mission, and immortality revealed itself to her. The goal of her life-long endeavor was almost within reach. Something, too, seemed to whisper of the coming of that messenger whom all must obey and follow. "Could anything she possessed —everything, hasten the finishing of the temple? She would give it all, joyfully." But the counselor answered her, "you have given enough; the temple will be finished and dedicated in a few days more." Angela returned home to wait; after so many years, what were a few days? Should she not labor in the temple until her heart was satisfied? The answer was in the night; a messenger came and touched her with a power no mortal hand could ward away, no love dispel, he loosed her hold on

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all that was of earth, and to her raptured eyes he opened wide the portals of eternal life.

"Who was this Saint?" It was my mother. *Augusta Joyce Crocheron.*

A CRUSHED DEACON: "I hate to see a woman with rings in her ears," exclaimed the good deacon; "they hain't natural. If it was intended for woman to wear them she would have been born with holes in her ears. The first woman didn't wear earrings, I'll be bound!" "No," remarked the quaint little man in the corner, "nor nothing else." The discussion was brought to an abrupt termination.

## THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THERE is probably no name to which the American people are more devoted, and certainly none that is more familiar to them, than that of Thomas Jefferson. As the author of the "Declaration of Independence," he has erected himself a memorial, whereby his name will always be loved and cherished by those who enjoy the blessings of the free and republican form of government, of which that instrument was the beginning. Indeed Thomas Jefferson codified in that document the entire spirit of the times; a spirit full of courage and dignified indignation, mingled with a sincere desire to be loyal to the mother country, so long as such loyalty should not be perverted into slavery by the oppressive measures of an unwise ruler, or give a silent consent to destroy the most essential elements of the inalienable rights granted to all British subjects by the Magna Charta.

Thomas Jefferson was thoroughly familiar with all the "bitter, burning wrongs," which the colonists had suffered more or less during their entire existence, and particularly during the last few years immediately preceding the Revolution; and for that reason he was the most able advocate of the rights of a people, who had exhausted every other means before pronouncing their determination to defend their liberty with their blood.

Jefferson was born on the thirteenth of April, 1743, and entered college at the age of seventeen. After graduation he read law, and was finally admitted to the bar when he was only twenty-four years old. For seven years he followed the legal profession, gaining many friends by his thrift, industry and unquestionable desire to benefit his country. But Providence had chosen a greater future for this young Virginian, and had selected him as one of the performers in a work which was to revolutionize all the old time-worn ideas of government, and present in its stead a system where merit should be the only qualification of rank, where the brave should be knights; the learned nobles; and the virtuous, princes.

In 1768 he commenced his political career by being elected a member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, where he, with five or six others, planted the germs of that freedom, which afterwards encompassed the entire country, by corresponding with leading men of the sister colonies, inviting them to send delegates to an inter-colonial convention, and when in 1774 this idea was carried into effect, he was sent as one of the delegates from Virginia. In that remarkable Congress, of which it has been truly said that "in solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion," it had never been excelled, he, in spite of the fact that he was one of the youngest members present — shone with superior lustre among the many bright stars which had so suddenly appeared upon the firmament of liberty. Jefferson did not in this Congress, nor indeed at any time, excel by his eloquent speeches. In fact he shunned open debate, not because of a lack of courage, or because he was not himself convinced of the correctness of his doctrine, but because he fully realized his

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inability to express himself freely in an impromptu discourse. But pen in hand he rose like a giant among his peers, and was able to silence the most acute arguments made against himself, his party or his ideas. Nearly all of the few speeches which he ever delivered were reduced to writing before their utterance, and the majority, if not all, of his great political successes were brought about by correspondence.

The 4th of July, 1776, however, was the day which brought to Jefferson the never-fading laurels that were to distinguish him forever as the greatest advocate of liberty America has ever produced. His ready pen had drafted the "Declaration of Independence," which in after years was to stir the patriotic feelings of every American. On this day he saw it accepted by Congress and signed by all its members.

As soon as this was done he returned to Virginia, where he knew his presence was needed. He refused to serve in Congress, and took a seat in the House of Burgesses in October, 1776. In this assembly he introduced a great many valuable measures, which in some instances gave the key-note for reform in the other States. Notable among these is his "bill to enable tenents in tail to convey entailed property in fee simple," which, although desperately fought at first, is now almost universally adopted. No less important was his "bill for the establishment of religious freedom." Jefferson also proposed the abolition of slavery. But although he was defeated in this measure, he was nevertheless convinced that the abolition was inevitable, and a little later he writes to a friend: "The day is not distant when it *must* be adopted, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate, than that these people are to be free."

On the first of June, 1779, Jefferson became governor of Virginia, but his administration was not very successful in consequence of the repeated English invasions, with which, Jefferson, because of his peaceful disposition, was unable to cope. After leaving the gubernatorial chair, he gave himself up to his intellectual pursuits, finishing his celebrated "Notes on Virginia," until in 1783 he was re-elected to Congress, and by that body sent to France, in May, 1784, to aid Dr. Franklin and John Adams in negotiating treaties of commerce. He stayed in France five years, and made many friends. His energetic spirit drove him to investigate everything which could have a tendency to free humanity from the yoke of an idle and oppressive royalty. Disguised as a farmer, he traveled among the agricultural classes of France, and learned their needs much better than the French statesmen themselves understood them. Rambling among the gorgeous cities of Europe, Jefferson compared them with his native towns on the other side of the Atlantic, and in a letter to Monroe, he writes: "London, though handsomer than Paris, is not so handsome as Philadelphia." Further on he says: "No man living will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe permanently. * * The comparison of our government with those of Europe, is like a comparison of heaven and hell. England, like the earth, may be allowed to take the intermediate station."

During Jefferson's stay in France, the spirit of freedom, which was afterwards to result in such fatal and disastrous consequences to France, commenced its operation, and naturally all the advocates and leaders of the French revolutionary movement looked to Jefferson, the representative of a successful republic, for instruction and advice. But he, wisely realizing the necessity of neutrality, refused to take any other part than that of a silent spectator.

Finally in 1789, Jefferson was called home. He left France with an ardent desire to return, though he was never afterwards permitted to do so. But even away from France, he was her honest friend, sometimes even at the peril of his own reputation, until he was convinced that France no longer evinced regard or respect for the young republic, and then his patriotic feelings overpowered those

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of friendship, and he openly denounced France and her representatives.

When he returned to America he found a different country from the one he had left behind him in 1784. The Constitution had been adopted on the seventeenth of September, 1787, and under it George Washington had been chosen President, and John Adams Vice-President of the union. Washington, with his usual far-seeing wisdom and diplomacy, chose for his cabinet the most able and prominent men in the country. He made Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General, John Knox, Secretary of War, and Jefferson, Secretary of State. The latter only reluctantly, and after much persuasion, accepted the position, his preference being that of another mission to France. It has been alleged that Washington selected Jefferson and Hamilton as the leaders of different political parties, for the purpose of uniting them. This is entirely erroneous. At that time there were no parties, and it was not until a long time afterwards that Jefferson and Hamilton separated, and thereby caused as great a gulf between the political opinions of their followers as their own personal relations were antagonistic. In fact, the first open disruption took place when Hamilton proposed the plan for the assumption by the United States of the war debts of the individual States, which was rejected in a committee of the whole in the House of Representatives, but which was adopted in the House itself by the strategem of Hamilton, who succeeded in inducing some of the southern delegates to vote in favor of assumption, in consideration that Hamilton's friends should vote in favor of building the Capitol on the Potomac.

The party line was drawn more and more distinctly by the introduction of the banking question, the so-called "whiskey insurrection," and the attitude toward Genet, the French ambassador, all of which are facts too familiar to be recalled here, until finally the contention between Jefferson and Hamilton became so unbearable, that they both agreed to resign their cabinet positions.

He now returned to Virginia, until in 1796, after a severe struggle, he was elected vice-president under John Adams as president. During the entire administration of Adams the country was in constant excitement, caused partly by the rapid decline of the federalist party, with Hamilton as leader, partly by the passage of the semi-criminal "Alien and Sedition Act," followed by the no less wicked "Kentucky Resolutions" by the anti-Federalists, and lastly by the disgraceful French X. Y. Z. affairs.

In 1800, Jefferson was elected President, not, however, until Hamilton had demonstrated his magnanimous spirit by defeating the underhanded scheme, carried on by Aaron Burr, who pretended to be Jefferson's friend, but who tried to obtain the presidency for himself. During his first term he negotiated with France and effected the purchase of Louisiana, which embraced all the territory west of the Mississippi. In 1804, he was re-elected by an almost unanimous vote; but his second term was not quite as successful as the first, it being marred principally by the passage and obstinate enforcement of the "Embargo Act."

At last, care-worn and tired, Jefferson left public life in 1809, having been offered a third term, which he refused. He returned to his home in Virginia, and here, surrounded by the pleasures of home and the cheerful influences of his only surviving daughter, the "Sage of Monticello" attracted a constant crowd of visitors from all over the Union, as well as Europe. He also devoted much of his time and means for the furtherance of education, particularly encouraging the University of William and Mary, of which he, together with John Adams and James Monroe, was a rector for many years.

Jefferson's religious opinions have always been a matter of considerable conjecture. It cannot be said that he was an infidel in the most accepted sense of that word, because he believed in the existence of God; but it cannot

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be denied that his ideas were rather crude on religious subjects. Taking into consideration, however, his rather liberal spirit and the intolerant conditions of the religious denominations of his time, where dogmatic rites and fanatical pomposity took the place of reason and reverential devotion, we cannot wonder at the reluctant and hesitating position he occupied in religious affairs. In a letter to a friend, he gives his own opinion in the following language: "I am a Christian in the only sense in which Jesus wished any one to be; sincerely attached to His doctrines in preference to all others; ascribing to himself every human excellence, and believing He never claimed any other." But in a letter written shortly before his death to his grandson, he advises him to "adore God, honor thy parents, love thy neighbor as thyself and thy country more than thyself." But apart from his religious ideas, we are obliged to look upon Jefferson as a worker for the cause of God, because to doubt that Providence had chosen Jefferson, together with a number of others, for a purpose which they accomplished, would be to doubt the superhuman grandeur of the Constitution and Declaration of Independence.

At length, tired of this world's care, and satisfied with his career, the veteran prepared for death, and on the 4th of July, 1826, he expired quietly at his home, just fifty years after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. This coincidence was greatly magnified by the fact that on the same day John Adams died at his home in Massachusetts, exclaiming in his dying moment: "Jefferson still survives." The two great leaders, who on the 4th of July, 1776, commenced their joint labor by drafting the Declaration of Independence, and who had worked together for fifty years, seeing the blessings resulting from that hazardous step, had now finished their life's toil simultaneously, on the fiftieth anniversary of that memorable event. Truly the American nation had that day lost two great men, to the memory of whom the erection of a monument would be equally superfluous, because their lives are written in golden letters in the books of liberty. But if there should be any difference that of Jefferson would be the more lasting, from the fact that the noble instrument of liberty, of which he was the author, will constantly cause us to exclaim with John Adams, "Jefferson still survives!"

*Henry H. Rolapp.*

## FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THERE are perhaps few sights in the world more beautiful, and at the same time more awe-inspiring, than the great falls and canyon of the Yellowstone.

The drive from the Fire Hole Basin to Hayden valley, the falls and canyon, is delightful, the scenery along the route being of marvelous beauty. Passing over an extended belt of forest-fringed meadow, we climb the divide shedding the waters of the Fire Hole and Yellowstone rivers in almost opposite directions, and at the very top find Mary's Lake, a lovely mountain mirror, reflecting, in its crystal waters, the pines with which it is completely surrounded.

Descending, to the right and left we see innumerable geysers, puffing clouds of steam, which hang in misty banks over the grass-clad hills. Driving through a prone, dead forest, rotting and enriching a soil that puts forth a thrifty growth of young trees, we reach a dark stream of sluggish, mineral-impregnated water, unfit for man or beast. Further on we noon by the side of a sweet babbling brook, upon whose banks grow luxurious grasses and fragrant flowers. Away on the hills, and skirting the hollows, stately, long-leaved pines form shady nooks, fit haunts for elk and deer; while miniature parks, secluded glens, lovely valleys and noble ridges running back to mountains whose

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sides and summits are covered with dense forests, form a scene wonderfully enchanting.

Sweeping down from the south is a broad depression, in the midst of which flows the majestic Yellowstone river. Running back towards the north is Hayden valley, upon the western border of which is Sulphur Mountain, remarkable for its steam jets, boiling vats, crystallizations and dazzling colors. Crossing the valley, and on approaching the river, we pass a rude pine table, upon the face of which is inscribed with charcoal, unflattering lines, to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who was expected to visit the National Park with President Arthur.

How silently, yet how majestically this river of mystic beauty curves round jutting hills and moves gently onward, while kissing its moss-clad banks. Parties intrusted with the expenditure of Government money have, at this point, shamefully misapplied it, the road being located and constructed on an uneven grade away up among the trees, which obstruct an otherwise delightful view of the river below. The scenery of the Hudson, beautiful in many places though it is, can in no respect be compared with that particular point of the Yellowstone and surroundings; but the road should have been located near the river's edge.

Two miles farther down, forming with three wagons a hollow square, with our tent in the midst, beneath two weather beaten trees, we made camp. Across the river above, a sloping ridge runs far inward causing the river ro make one of those grand, sweeping curves, which art can never imitate. Save a few wild flowers that grow close to the water, the point forming the crescent is mineral-stained and bare, but rises gently to the smooth carpet of grass above. Just opposite the extreme sweep of the river a small stream flows in, forming a miniature bay which, catching the evening light, mirrors surrounding objects with striking distinctness. Beyond, towards the north and west, are mountains covered with trees, and hills matted with grasses and flowers. Across the river south and east are ridges, interlacing ravines, springs, dripping rocks and rivulets. Near us the horses are leisurely munching fresh, green grass, while at our feet the camp fire burns cheerfully, emitting sparks which fitfully rise, then quickly fall, quenched to rise no more. Thin wreaths of smoke, like silver cords, reach the vault above and seem to suspend this marvelous combination, more striking than any picture wrought by human art.

As the declining rays of the sun rest upon the placid waters of the noiseless river, its surface glows like burnished gold, and myriads of hungry fish leap forth and clutch at the reflection of trout flies moving many feet above the silent mass. The stillness which often reigns supreme amid the wilds of nature, oppressing with a deep sense of solitude, is here relieved by occasional mutterings of underground thunder which, mingling with the constant but more subdued voice of falling waters, a mile below, touch the chords of nature which vibrate here under the stress of suppressed power. Mighty, pent up forces, uncontrolled by Him who notes the sparrow's fall, would make earth reel and stagger like a drunken man.

With its subterranean mutterings, silent flow, rushing cataracts, rock-bound shores, foaming falls, magnificent curves, restful banks, craggy heights and mighty depths, how like the flow of time, is this king of mountain streams! Time, while but a "gleam between two eternities," is fraught with life and death, with sunshine and shade, peace and sorrow. Where duty calls, youth may find pleasure, joy, content; may rest on the mossy banks of Time, while gathering sweet flowers that grow there; may safely swim from shore to shore, explore its depths and round its upper curves; may test its shifting currents, pass its whirlpools by, avoid its hidden rocks, and land at will upon its peaceful shores. Once in the stream, struggle hard, contend manfully against the tide; float not with the current, here and now, silent and harmless; elsewhere and hereafter, turbulent and dangerous. Yield not to false hopes

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and bad influences, which lead downward where hidden reefs do wreck and ruin.

Here the voiceless Yellowstone flows calmly, peacefully by. How easily a boy, even, could swim with or against its silent current; below, angry waters are rushing over obstructions, forming cascades, and beating and foaming against mighty rock-ribbed hills, from whose sides huge boulders have fallen, while jagged walls reach out as if to drive back the surging mass, in which no man could live. Checked for a moment, the angry waters eddy and bubble and boil, recoil on the craggy barriers, then rushing with a mighty flow to the center, gather force and leap wildly a hundred and sixty feet below. Can this seething, roaring, hungry mass, now falling into a huge foaming caldron, be any part of that glassy, golden sea that so gently, silently passed our camp less than thirty minutes since? How pliable then; how easily resisted there! How furious now; how irresistible here! Cutting through solid rock, it makes the everlasting hills tremble, while leaping into a mighty amphitheatre wrought by its own resistless power. In the midst of this grand commotion, glittering drops leap through misty spray, and, falling on mossy banks, sparkle there, like the tears of innocence on the face of purity.

Between craggy banks the foaming, seething waters bound; then with rapid current along the grizzly rocks descend where barriers thrust themselves adown the steep, till a gulf profound is reached. Beneath ramparts high, mighty submerged walls do meet to check the rushing torrent, ere it o'er leaps the brink, and falls three hundred and fifty feet. The submerged bridge, over which the vast sheet falls is rough and uneven, forming a heavy swell which continues green and unbroken for fifty feet below. The broken water then gathers itself into six well defined ribs, which, expanding, assume the form of ostrich plumes, white and beautiful as drifted snow. In the midst of nature's awful grandeur why should we feel irresistibly drawn nearer and nearer to the utmost verge of some dilapidated crags?

"O'erwhelmed with awe I forward bent to look,
And grasped a flinty mass, or else had fallen;"

for things above, around, beneath, all seemed falling, falling, falling. Never ran water with such frantic pace, to join the hungry wave below, where bubbles make the surface heave. Spellbound and speechless I gazed upon the silvery sheen, and watched the crystal spray falling on dripping mosses and mineral-hued rocks, in whose clefts living fountains glimmer in the bright sunlight. Here, surrounded by nature's sublimest marvels, awed by the melancholy voice of falling waters, palled with the luxuries of civilization, ruined in body, debased in mind, the conscience-smitten wretch may find the suicide's paradise, and deprive himself of life and light, by leaping over the giddy height. Joining my companions, we secured a small, fire-scorched tree, which, throwing into the river, we watched go over the falls. Swiftly it leaped over the brink and shot beyond the swell, as if to make escape; then helpless back, amid the seething mass, it fell. Loud crashing, terrible, the impetuous flood plucked off the branches and beat them down, while the trunk went speeding onward among the foam below.

With a sigh we clambered up the rugged path, followed the trail through the pines and viewed the falls from Prospect Point. What a marvelous sight! How wonderfully grand! Man is but a mote in the midst of this mighty combination. In the deep tones of falling waters a mile away, in the rushing torrent a thousand feet below; in the sighing of winds among the pine leaves above, voiceful nature speaks of grandeur and of God, while a feeling of sadness broods over us, as we watch the turbulent waves kiss the dying rocks that are falling, ever falling. How grand, how beautiful are the lofty hills from whose surface rich nodding grasses and fragrant flowers spring, while stately forests rise up and grow. Beneath are ribs of adamant; how strong they seem! And

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yet, in the midst, what a rent appears! Time and water have scarred the face of hill and vale, and we gaze in wonder at the transformation.

Perhaps ages ago, the Indian man and maiden stood here and admired the falls, then below, not as now, above this point. Green, rolling hills then stood where now are towering walls, domes and spires, battlements, turrets and peaks all sparkling in mineral hues; warm brown, neutral grey, orange, green, purple and blue. Like friend bound to friend, two trees grow side by side, on the very top of a magnificent dome, whose southern base sweeps gracefully down to the river's brink. A broad mineral belt of reddish brown, tinged on the edges with bluish-black, encircles the whole, while on the verge of the rich chrome, castellated walls, forming the background, grow dark pine groves. As the ages have rolled by, shale from rugged walls has fallen, and, parting to the right and left, formed huge embankments around the dome—a castle in the midst of a fortress. Resisting alike torrents, falling rocks, and beating storms, this grand monument of nature's making has stood, while centuries have traced on its rugged face, deep fissures, to mark the flight of time. Beyond and above are the Crystal Falls and Grotto Pool. To the left, clinging to the steep, is a bank of snow, less white than the spray that rushes by it. Opposite are slides, rock-bound and steep, possible roads for mountain sheep.

Beneath, on a tottering spire, is an eagle's nest, we hear the young eaglets cry. A shot, directed with harmless intent, echoes from wall to wall, comes back again loud as at first, lingering as if loth to leave the scene of its birth; while, affrighted, the mother bird comes forth, sweeps across the mighty gorge, circles the nether depth, then perches on a dead pine tree, a thousand feet below.

Wonderland! How marvelously beautiful is this centre of all thy sublime enchantments! Here, in the midst of grandeur, the sense of self dies out, and the soul, enraptured, looks beyond the *created*, to the *Creator*.

*Moses Thatcher.*

## TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

"What a lovely, lovely night!"

"But what an unhappy city do these Christmas stars shine upon!"

"Oh, Clara, don't think nor talk about the black clouds of life to-night; 'tis Christmas eve, let us be merry for once."

"You are always merry, Bessie; and surely I ought to be so to-day, for to-morrow I shall be the wife of one of the noblest, best men God ever put upon this sorrowful earth."

"Now, Clara Hall, you don't mean to say that John Huntingdon has really popped the question and that you are going to be fastened up in wedlock to-morrow? *Well, I, never!*" slowly emphasizing the last exclamation.

"Bessie, don't be so irreverent. Marriage is one of the most solemn things that ever happens to mortals."

"Well, I should rather say it was solemn — depressingly, overpoweringly so. It has altogether too sombre and melancholy a countenance for me to ever care to look it straight in the face. But, after all, its rather jolly to think you are to be married to-morrow. We'll just have a delicious feast."

"How can you talk so, when there's so much trouble hanging over our people."

"That may be, my dear, mournful friend, but the trouble isn't hanging over our brown pullet, and I mean to sacrifice it on the altar of Hymen to-morrow, if it *is* our last and only chicken; Don't argue! My dear old mammy is like your humble, rattle-brained servant, ready to make all manner of trifling sacrifices for the good and happiness of her friends. So, a our whilom friend, Adam Webb, would say, "the hen dieth."

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And on rattled the merry girl, planning a feast that was pitiful in its meager details, and needed all the brightness bonny Bessie Gibson could shed on it, to render it even an attempt at a wedding feast. For, as Clara truly said, trouble hung like a sodden cloud over fair Nauvoo and its dwellers. Clara knew, her betrothed had told her, of the exodus, which was to take place as soon as the people could travel. She had not told her friend Bessie of this intended desertion of their beautiful city, but Bessie knew there was danger brooding over them, for she saw it, and heard hints of it on every hand. However, the girl laughingly said she should "take no trouble on her heart that she could not dance off with her heels."

And dance she did. Always merry, bright, and winsome. Every one was better for her cheery smiles. But every one cannot be a sunbeam, there must be shadows. Poor shadows! That night the two girls slept together, nestling in each other's arms; and who can say that quiet gentle Clara Hall's happiness was any the less deep for the inner veil of sadness that seemed to enfold her heart and life with a silvery mistiness.

Next day dawned clear and cold in Nauvoo, and Bessie and her friend were busy with the simple preparations for the hasty wedding. The marriage had been urged by John Huntingdon upon Clara, for he knew how unsettled the state of affairs was; and so many scenes of rapine, robbery and murder, had occurred in Jackson County and Far West, that he feared to have his gentle Clara live another day without his protecting care. They had known each other many months; and in the old fashioned homely dances, which the Saints loved so well, he had often been her partner and companion.

Those good old parties! Who can paint the happy, happy scene? When the leaders and the people, the old and the young, came joyfully together, to "praise the Lord in the song and the dance." How cordially every one was greeted as he or she came into the log or mayhap adobe hall, lit up with the candle's dancing light. How briskly the fiddles sounded A to each other, while the base viol rumbled carelessly up the gamut; and then how bravely did they all start out together with the rattling sounds of "The Arkansaw Traveller." The caller, shouting out his noisy commands, coming in time with the regular stamp of the leading "fiddler's" foot. Then the dignified prancing of the oldish brother, who gravely took his part when the caller sang out, "Gentleman dance," at last recovering his lost partner, who had gone to the "opposite gentleman," to watch his *pas de seul;* and the swinging, bounding grace of the young girls who lightly touched their partner's hands in "all promenade," and skimmed around the circle.

Did any one ever see such noble, majestic grace, and such a light step as that of the beloved President, as he gaily led his partner round in the many changes of the quadrille? And there the middle-aged lady, who stiffly, and with unbending back, hops up and down, keeping strict time to the music, while she keeps her face firmly set towards her partner. And, oh, the babies! Yes, even the babies were welcome; and slumbered in placid serenity in every window, and on piled up shawls on all the benches; and didn't every mother watch lest some unwary Falstaff should be betrayed into selecting the soft-looking seat, and crush the baby forever out of existence? Wallflowers were unknown, for the pure pleasure and happy exercise of the dance, were participated in by all. At the dismissal, how fervently one and all thanked God for the peace and joy of the evening, and as the speaker closed his prayer, such a hearty amen responded on all sides! Oh, those merry, merry parties! Only people who had been acquainted with woe in every form could so appreciate and enjoy those simple pastimes. Aye, shadows, come! You but serve to make the sunlight richer, fuller, sweeter.

John and Clara had passed a happy evening thus, and as they were returning to their homes, he had told her his

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simple, manly story of love, and she had quietly promised to be his wife. And so, they were to be married at Christmas.

The hours of the Christmas day of 1845, flew by, and in the early afternoon, John Huntingdon and Clara Hall were married by President Young. They had a delightful time that night, for Bessie turned their one log room into a dancing hall, by simply taking out the bed and other furniture into the shed at the back. There was a merry party there, too; the Whitneys and the Bigelows, the Buells, and the Knights, besides many others whose names I just now forget.

If you had been there, you would certainly have thought Bessie was the bride; for her cheeks were far redder, and her eyes brighter than Clara's were. And how she did dance! When old Brother Watts, who weighed over two hundred pounds led her out, the whole room prepared to see some fun; for Brother Watts was one of the quickest and spryest of dancers, and was as light on foot (fat people usually are) as any man in Nauvoo. How they did dance! When "balance all" sounded, he would swing gracefully out of the way of the rest of the "set," and she also would slide out to one side, and such pirouetting, such airy half-circles as their feet would make, such delicate touching of the toe to the floor as though testing its soundness; and with what a sidelong, tripping gait did they at last reach their places, and swing lightly around! Bessie's form almost seemed to float around, and her feet twinkled in and out from under her dainty skirts like fireflies.

Adam Webb watched the dazzling, radiant face, and heartily wished he could claim its bright owner for his own. He had been reared a Quaker, and often used the quaint "thee" and "thou" of his people. He asked her presently to dance, and then, shy and reserved as he always was, he incurred her displeasure by so silently going through the changes. Bessie loved to be cheerful and wished to hear everyone around her chatter and laugh as she did. At last the youth, who was a sensible, manly fellow, with a well stored mind and good abilities, but tongue-tied and quiet, when this bright creature was by his side, got mixed up in the changes, and the "caller," seeing his predicament, hastily called out change after change, so muddling the young man that at last he simply stood still, and awaited Bessie's return to her place. Secretly annoyed at his leaving her to dance alone, but outwardly smiling, she walked back to her seat on the "ladies' side."

"I have offended thee," Adam gravely said. "Yes, Adam," the girl saucily answered, "thou art awkward."

At midnight the party was dismissed, with a prayer for the eternal happiness of the young couple who had just "embarked on the sea of wedded life," and with thanks to God for the pleasures of the evening, beseeching Him to remember His people in their trials and avert the threatening storm.

That winter was spent by all the Saints in laboring as much as possible in the Temple, and also in preparing, silently but surely, for the expected move in the spring. Can any one ever forget that wretched yet not dismal spring of 1846? How faithfully had this people labored to obtain a dwelling-place and build up comfortable homes in Nauvoo, and now they must once more depart. Again, through all the land of Zion, sounded the trumpet-like call, "To your tents, O Israel!"

John and Clara arranged their affairs as well as they could, selling a little, but leaving most of their property, and loading up one wagon, they started in February on the long, tedious, toilsome journey.

That journey! Who that has traveled it can ever erase it from their minds! Rain, rain, rain! Mud, slush, mire! The oxen crept slowly, oh, so slowly along, sometimes making two miles, sometimes five, a day, according to the depth and stickiness of the mud and mire. A new country, unbroken land, the river bottoms, and the spring rains, made a picture of dreary length, that none but "Mormons," would have ventured to

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face. Clara rode in the wagon, sometimes lying down, and again bolstering herself against the bedding, for she was feeble and delicate, listening to the monotonous drip, drip, of the rain drops on the wagon cover; and anon hearing John crack the whip and call, "Whoa, haw, whoa, whoa," to urge the weary oxen. Sometimes the wheels would sink down into the miry bed, and the mud would absolutely refuse to loose hold of them. Then such shoutings and whippings, such a straining of the yoke and tongue; such squaking and squeaking of the wagon as it was twisted and pulled! Another yoke had often to be put on, from some neighbor's team, ere the load could be hauled out, and the journey be resumed.

John often came to the wagon, and looking in, he would say, "Never mind, Clara, we'll be there soon." At night he would build a rousing camp fire, and make it as comfortable as he could, then lift his wife carefully out and place her on the seat near its cheery blaze; they were very happy then. He would paint the scenes that would surely come when they reached the quiet shelter of the Rocky Mountains, and their happiness in a comfortable home to be built under the shadow of pine trees. She would listen with a faint smile on her lips, and silently wonder if the sweet picture would ever be a reality.

When Bessie came to see her (for they were traveling in the same company) she could not resist the contagious merriment of the girl. Clara was always better, and more hopeful of the future, after one of her friend's visits. One day Bessie came up to the wagon, and peering in, asked Clara to look at her, if she wanted all the "blues" driven out of her.

Bessie did look funny. It was raining hopelessly, and she had put on her brother's boots, and a huge army overcoat, that flapped around her heels; she wore an old battered hat of her father's that leaked in the brim, and let the water run a stream off her nose. Her hair, which was not very curly, nor very straight, hung down her shoulders in heavy, soggy rings and tangles, and altogether, she might have stood for an American burlesque on Niobe. She was full of glee, however, and poured out a sunny stream of talk on her friend's devoted head.

"Do you know, that little Lule of ours is just the oddest piece of goods ever done up for transportation? You know she ain't three years old, but such odd conceits. I was bothering her to-day, and she tried to scare me by telling me she would 'send you right up to heaven, and have the angels pull your ears.' When we reached the creek yesterday, you know everybody was thirsty, for we had had no water for half-a-day, and she called out (she had been so cross for quite a while) 'Dive me a drink first, tause I'm all fretty'." And a peal of laughter followed Bessie's words, as she called to mind the frousy, tired child's whining request. "You know how funny Adam Webb looks on horseback; well, he has got a pony from some one, and it has such a vicious eye, and such short legs, but the length of Adam's legs supplies that deficiency. This morning he was riding by our wagon, and, oh, how muddy it was, talking to mother, who sat on the seat, and not noticing his pony, when the beast saw a white paper under a bush, and just crouched and jumped. Quick as "scat," Adam sat down in the mud and the pony was galloping off over the prairie. The mud was so soft and deep that Adam stuck, and I just couldn't help but laugh, he looked so lonely and surprised; I just laughed and laughed."

"Isn't Adam rather foolish, hanging round you, when he only gets laughed at for his pains?" asked Clara.

"Oh, Adam isn't such a fool as you might think; he has some golden thoughts beneath his awkward manner."

"If you defend him, I have no hope of you. There will surely be a wedding."

"How can you talk so? Can I not have a friend without being obliged to marry him right off?" And the girl colored up to her hair through all the mud splashes and rain streaks on her

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face. Was the blush one of anger or maidenly shame?

The long, toilsome journey was completed for a time, when they reached the Missouri river. Under Newel Knight and Joseph Holbrook, a company was however, organized to travel ahead of the general camp. Another company had also started out under James Emmet and George Miller. These companies joined and traveled on until they reached the reservation of the Ponca Indians. There was some trouble between Miller and Emmet, and those who were appointed over the other company. But with that our story has nothing to do. Brothers Emmet and Miller were not filled with the right spirit, and created division whenever possible. However, the majority of the Saints with them were all right, and John Huntingdon and Bessie Gibson's parents were in this company.

The little camp settled down at last in its winter quarters, and preparations were made to be as comfortable as circumstances would allow. John built a tight, cosy cabin, chinking up the cracks and crevices with mud. But Clara grew weaker and more feeble. Sometimes the Saints would gather in to John's cabin and try to cheer her up, for they were but few and full of sympathy for the poor girl. One evening Bessie and Adam had been there, with several others, and softened by the white face and far-away look in Clara's eyes, Bessie had been very kind and nice to Adam. As they neared Bessie's home, Adam tried to put his arm around the girl's shoulders and steal a kiss. His arm, as it touched her form, seemed to rouse her from her quiet mood, and she quickly flung it away, and jerked herself from the drooping head of her lover.

"No, Adam Webb, you cannot touch me; my lips shall be kissed by no one but my husband!"

Offended, pained and surprised, the young man drew away, and silently took the girl to her father's door, leaving her with a quiet "good night, Miss Bessie."

Adam resolved to offer no more advances to the wayward girl, for he was unconscious of doing anything unmanly or even unwarranted by their long friendship, and her kind treatment that evening. The coldness between these two was in no wise lessened as Christmas drew near.

About this time a few men were called out to visit the Ponca chiefs and ascertain where the missing horses and cattle were, that had silently disappeared during the fall and early winter. Adam Webb was among that number. Much anxiety was felt by their friends and the camp generally, for the trip was a dangerous one, as the Indians were very numerous and uncertain in their temper; this added to the intense cold which had settled down, made the trip hazardous in the extreme. Bessie watched Adam's departure with a sinking heart, but he did not seek her, and she was too proud-spirited to approach him.

The days passed away and no tidings came of the little band. Still, they were Saints, and trusted in God. But Bessie's heart was a very sore one when she thought perhaps she and Adam might never meet again.

Two weeks before Christmas, Clara's babe was born, and lay weak and delicate in its mother's arms. Mother and child seemed to fade slowly away, John knew they could not live long, unless God worked some wondrous change. How heavily the man's heart beat he as went slowly about doing all in his power for their comfort. Help was not to be had, and, with the exception of Bessie's running over every opportunity she could get to assist, he did all the work alone.

Christmas eve drew near, and John sat silently by the bed watching the life slowly fading from his beloved wife's eyes. Alone with God at last, he slowly clasped the cold hands over the silent heart. The little babe moaned and suffered for an hour or two, and then quietly went to its last earthly sleep by its mother's side. John stepped out under the twinkling Christmas stars and gazed with aching eyes into the violet sky where the spirits of his wife and child were taking their flight.

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That Christmas eve, Bessie had sat down in the gathering twilight, alone, to think of Adam and his danger, for her parents had gone to a neighbor's to spend the evening; just as the stars were commencing to peep at her, she heard a step on the snow outside. She turned breathlessly to the door as it opened, and outlined against the gloom she saw the tall form of Adam Webb.

She gave one soft, glad little cry, and sprang into his arms and trembled and sobbed as he held her against his shaggy overcoat.

Leaning over her, he kissed her again and again, until she recovered herself a little, and sought to free herself from his arms,

"No, Bessie, my little wife, thou canst rule me no more. Thou mayest lie quiet now, for I am master. Thee hast said that no man but thy husband shall kiss thy lips, so now thou art mine forever."

And quietly nestling down, Bessie felt it was not unpleasant to be controlled, but that such control from Adam filled her with joy unspeakable.

After he had left her, she too stepped from the door to look into the sparkling vault above her, and the stars twinkled so brightly, and danced so in the frosty air that they seemed tiny silver bells, silently ringing, like happy marriage bells.

To John Huntingdon those stars seemed mournfully swaying, like the tolling of a funeral knell.

Oh sunshine, oh shadow, how ye mingle and cling! Who can separate ye in this world, or in eternity, and cry, "This is my sunshine, this is my shadow!" For joy bringeth sorrow, and sorrow is joy eternal! *Homespun.*

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE political situation in the Territories is anomalous, to say the least, and, especially in Utah—where on account of the peculiar religious tenets of the majority of its people, so much unconstitutional and inimical legislation has been passed, and, from the recommendation of the President, and the recent Edmunds bill, appears imminent—is it the cause for grave apprehension on the part of every thinking person. Congress, having the power to enforce its will in this respect, claims the right of exclusive, legislative jurisdiction, and, from recent developments, seems disposed to exercise that right to its full extent.

The mere assertion of this claim or the exercise of that pretended right, to the extent contemplated in the early history of Territorial government, would not be alarming, or even very objectionable, if there were a time certain, or the happening of an event reasonably certain to transpire in the near future, when this condition of things should cease; but to carry the doctrine to the extent of the present Congressional claim, with no time certain, nor the happening of any event reasonably certain to transpire when it shall cease, is the most dangerous menace to the people's liberty imaginable. Exclusive jurisdiction in Congress means no jurisdiction in the Territories; it means that the citizens of the Territories have no political rights which Congress is bound to respect; that Congress, and not the people, is the source of all political power, so far as the Territories are concerned—a doctrine in direct contravention of the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and of every State within the Union.

The maintenance of this doctrine is equivalent to saying that all men are not created equal; but that some are citizens enjoying a full measure of political rights, while others are subjects having none. It is equivalent to saying that the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is not inherent nor inalienable; but that the lives, liberties, and happiness of the people of the Territories

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are all held in trust for them by the citizens of the States; that governments do not always derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, but that great and powerful peoples may reduce the weaker to a condition of abject subjection—the condition in which it was sought to hold the colonies in 1776. It follows therefore that the doctrine is erroneous, that it cannot be correct, unless the ideas entertained by our Revolutionary fathers were incorrect, and the Declaration of Independence, and equality, which has been the nation's boast for more than a century, simply a farce.

The relative rights and duties of Congress and the Territories has been the subject of much consideration; the greatest men the nation has ever produced have differed upon this question, and some of the most heated debates which have occurred within the halls of Congress and before the nation's judicial tribunal of last resort, have been concerning matters in which this question was involved. Nearly a century has passed since the Territorial system was inaugurated, during most of which time it has been the subject of discussion,and still there is a diversity of opinion; and from the growing tendency towards centralization in the general government, and its menacing attitude towards the Territories, there must, evidently, yet be a vigorous contest over the matter, or the people of the Territories must mould their religious and political ideas to suit the national party in power, or relapse into a condition of abject vassalage, and the Territories remain as they have been, the asylum for superannuated politicians, and men whose only qualifications are that they have rendered or can be made to render some party service.

The writer is disposed to credit the eminent statesmen and jurists, who have debated both sides of this question and argued and decided the great issues in which the question was involved, with sincerity; but in doing so he is of the opinion that those who have advocated the doctrine of Congressional supremacy have been impelled more strongly by a desire to promote the interests of a great and powerful political party, having and struggling to maintain the ascendancy in governmental affairs, than with a view to the establishment of a doctrine so pernicious in its results. He is of the opinion that in the ardor of their desire to promote present party interests, they have been oblivious of the consequences to those who should come after them, and that to the mind of a non-partisan student of the laws of the country, and the spirit and genius of the National and State governments, there is no question upon this point.

Whether we look to the condition of the people at the time of the Revolution, at what they then declared to be the fundamental laws of human rights, or to the frame of the governments which they instituted, State and National, the conclusion is irresistible that it was never intended to invest Congress with any such extraordinary powers; nor does the history of Territorial government itself, when the circumstances attending its inception and growth are fairly considered, materially weaken this conclusion. If we consider the circumstances attending it, we find that the institution of the Territorial system was simply a means to an end, which might have been accomplished by other and more consistent methods, it is true, but which by reason of the peculiar circumstances, was excusable; and, being in the nature of a solemn compact between the United States and the people inhabiting the Territory was not violative of the latter's rights. Congress did not, in the first instance, claim the right to govern the Territory; the relation which the colonists had recently sustained to the Crown was too fresh in the memory of all to allow them to think of establishing a similar relationship between the United States and any of its citizens—and the reasons are as cogent why it should not exist to-day.

At the time of the organization of the Northwestern Territory, the United States had just emerged from a long and terrible war, wherein vast millions

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of treasure had been expended, and the blood of her bravest sons and noblest sires had flowed in streams, only to free themselves from a system similar in its essential features to the Territorial system of to-day. Heavily involved in debt, without money or the adequate means of raising revenue, the Congress of the Confederation was found to be inadequate to the situation, and it was discovered that a better and more efficient general government was imperative. It was at this time when, with the work of resuscitating the languishing industries of the country, preserving harmony among the States, paying the public debt, and providing a more stable and effective general government, and the wisdom of the wisest statesmen was put to its severest test, that the Northwestern Territory was ceded to the United States, to be disposed of towards paying the public debt.

Under the circumstances, considering the distracted condition of everything, incident to the terrible struggle which had just closed, almost any form of government, temporary in its nature, would have been excusable; but, even under these circumstances, when it would seem that necessity would have justified almost any public measure, temporary in its nature, Congress did not assume the right to govern the Territory; nor would the States make the cession until they had exacted and obtained, on behalf of the inhabitants of the Territory, solemn articles of compact, which were to be unalterable without the common consent. So that all the jurisdiction—legislative or otherwise—which Congress ever exercised over the Northwestern Territory, was by virtue of treaty stipulations deliberately entered into with, and on behalf of, the people to be governed. *N. Tanner, Jr.*

## THE MISTLETOE.

In old-fashioned English families a branch of the mistletoe is suspended, on a Christmas eve, from the ceiling of the hall. Any woman who passes beneath the mystic spray incurs the penalty of being then and there kissed by any man who chooses to avail himself of the privilege. One of the superstitions associated with this custom, is that the maid who is not thus kissed at Christmas will not be married during that year.

This hanging of the mistletoe is a relic of the days of Druidism, handed down through the centuries. The Druids reverenced the plant when found on the oak, the favorite tree of their divinity Tutanes. At the winter-solstice a great festival was celebrated in his honor. The people, led by their priests, the Druids, went in procession to gather the mistletoe. When the oak was reached on which it grew, two white bulls were bound to the tree. The chief Druid, clothed in white, ascended it, and, with a golden knife, cut the sacred plant, which was caught by another priest in the folds of his robe. The bulls, and often human victims, were sacrificed, and the mistletoe, divided into small pieces, was distributed among the people.

In the Scandinavian mythology the mistletoe is a plant of no mean importance, it, so the legend relates, having been the instrument of slaying Balder, the god of eloquence and poetry. Balder, one day, told Friga, his mother, that he had dreamt a dream which foreboded his death. She, to protect her son, secured an oath from fire, air, earth, water, the animals and plants, that they would do Balder no harm. He, being thus assured, took his place amid the combats of the gods, and fought without fear. Loake, his enemy, seeing that not one of his arrows, which fell in showers upon Balder, did him the least harm, determined to discover the secret of his invulnerability. Disguising himself as an old woman, he paid his court to Friga and complimented her upon the valor and good fortune of her son; and, by flattery, learned the secret, also that there was one plant which she had not invoked—the mistletoe—thinking it too insignificant to inflict injury on any one. Immediately Loake procured the mistletoe and made from it an arrow, which he gave to the blind Heda, who shot, and Balder fell dead, pierced by the insignificant plant.

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## A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

I.

In solemn council sat the Gods.
From Kolob's height supreme,
Celestial light blazed forth afar
O'er countless Kokaubeam.
Reflected whence fell radiant gleams
Of that resplendent day,
Far down the dark abysmal realm
Where Earth in chaos lay.

Rapt silence reigned. The hour was one
When Thought doth most avail.
The destiny of worlds unborn
Hung trembling in the scale.
A hush profound—and there uprose,
Those Kings and Priests among,
A Pow'r sublime, than whom appeared
None mightier 'mid the throng.

A stature mingling strength and grace,
Of meek though godlike mien,
The lustre of whose countenance
Outshone the noonday sheen.
The hair was white as purest foam,
Or frost of Alpine hill.
He spake—attention grew more grave—
The stillness e'en more still.

"Father!"—the voice like music fell,
Clear as the murmuring flow
Of mountain streamlet, trickling down
From heights of virgin snow—
"Father," it said, "since One must die
Thy children to redeem,
Whilst Earth—as yet unformed and void—
With pulsing life shall teem;

"And thou, great Michael, foremost fall
That mortal man may be,
And chosen Savior yet must send,
Lo, here am I, send me!
I ask—I seek no recompense,
Save that which then were mine;
Mine be the willing sacrifice,
The endless glory—Thine!"

He ceased and sat; when sudden rose
Aloft a towering Form,
Proudly erect as lowering peak
That looms above the storm.
A Presence bright and beautiful,
With eye of flashing fire,
A lip whose haughty curl bespoke
A sense of inward ire.

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"Give me to go," he boldly cried,
With scarce concealed disdain,
"And none shall hence, from Heav'n to Earth,
That shall not rise again.
My saving plan exception scorns—
Man's agency unknown.
As recompense—I claim the right
To sit on yonder Throne!"

Ceased Lucifer. The breathless hush
Resumed and denser grew.
All eyes were turned—the general gaze
One common magnet drew.
A moment there was solemn pause—
Then, like the thunder-burst,
Rolled forth from lips Omnipotent,
The words: "I'LL SEND THE FIRST!"

'Twas done. From congregation vast,
Tumultuous murmurs rose—
Waves of conflicting sound, as when
Two meeting seas oppose.
'Twas finished—but the heavens wept—
And still their annals tell
How God's elect was chosen Christ,
O'er One who fighting fell.

II.

A stranger star o'er Bethlehem
Shot down its silver ray
Where, cradled in a manger's fold,
A sleeping infant lay.
Whilst, guided by that finger bright,
The Orient sages bring
Rare gifts of myrrh and frankincense
To hail the new-born King.

Oh wondrous grace! Will Gods go down
Thus low that men may rise?
Imprisoned here that Mighty One
Who reigned in yonder skies?
E'en so. Time's trusty horologe
Now chimes the hour of Noon—
A dying world is welcoming
The Godhead's gracious boon.

He wandered through the faithless world,
A Prince in shepherd's guise;
He called his scattered flock, but few
The Voice would recognize;
For minds upborne by hollow pride,
Or dimmed by sordid lust,
Ne'er look for kings in beggar's garb—
For diamonds in the dust.

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He wept o'er doomed Jerusalem,
  Her temples, walls and towers;
O'er palaces where recreant priests
  U'surped unhallowed powers.
"I am the Way of Life and Light!"
  Alas! 'twas heeded not—
Ignored Salvation's message, spurned
  The wondrous truths He taught.

O bane of damning unbelief!
  Thou source of lasting strife!
Thou stumbling-stone, thou barrier 'thwart
  The gates of Endless Life!
O love of self and Mammon's lust!
  Twin portals to Despair—
Where Bigotry, the blinded bat,
  Flaps through the midnight air!

Through these, gloom-wrapt Gethsemane!
  Thy glens of guilty shade
Wept o'er the sinless Son of God,
  By gold-bought kiss betrayed;
Beheld him unresisting dragged—
  Forsaken, friendless, lone,
To halls where dark-browed Hatred sat
  On Judgment's lofty throne.

As sheep before His shearers, dumb,
  Those patient lips were mute;
The clamorous charge of taunting tongues
  He deigned not to dispute.
They smote with cruel palm His face—
  Which felt, but scorned the sting—
They crowned with thorns His quivering brow,
  Then, mocking, hailed Him "King!"

On Calvary's hill they crucified
  The God whom worlds adore!
"Father, forgive!"—the pang was past—
  Immanuel was no more.
No more where thunders shook the earth,
  Where lightnings, 'thwart the gloom,
Beheld that deathless Spirit spurn
  The shackles of the tomb!

Far flashing on its wings of light—
  A falchion from its sheath—
It cleft the realms of Darkness, and
  Dissolved the bands of Death.
Hell's dungeons burst! Wide open swung
  The everlasting bars,
Whereby the ransomed soul shall win
  Those heights beyond the stars.

*O. F. Whitney.*



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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY, 1884.


## OUR PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

THERE were five excellent stories received from that many of the best writers, whose productions have appeared in the magazine. They were submitted to a committee of three, who, after spending several evenings reading them, made the following report:

SALT LAKE CITY,
December 10, 1883.

*Editor of the Contributor:*

DEAR SIR.—The undersigned, acting as a committee to read and select from the Christmas stories placed in our hands, the one which, in our judgment, possesses most merit and is best suited for publication in the holiday number of your magazine, hereby report that we have carefully read the several manuscripts, and after due deliberation have chosen the beautiful story, entitled "Angela," and signed "X. Y. Z."

In arriving at this conclusion, we do but justice to our feelings in referring to the other productions, all of which possess striking features of interest and are ably written. We would especially recommend, if your space will permit, that you publish in your holiday number the little story entitled "Two Christmas Eves," and at some future time the manuscript signed "Banern," which contains matter of great historic interest. The remaining compositions are of almost equal merit and all are deserving of publication.

On opening the sealed envelopes containing the names of the writers, your committee ascertained that the author of the story to whom we have awarded the prize, is Mrs. Augusta Joyce Crocheron.

Very respectfully,
*O. F. Whitney,*
*H. L. A. Culmer,*
*Abbie C. Wells.*

It thus appearing that Mrs. Crocheron's story was accepted, a decision which we entirely endorse and believe the readers of "Angela" would if they could also read the other stories, the prize of twenty-five dollars was awarded to that gifted lady. In addition to this, being so much gratified with the result of our first enterprize of this kind, we had prepared a little memento of the occasion, in the form of a gold scarf pin, made to represent a scroll and pen laid down upon its face, inscribed: "Contributor Prize Christmas Story, 1883. A. J. C.," which was also presented to the successful writer.

This experimental project has proven very satisfactory. It has caused many to revive thoughts and experiences which would otherwise have remained unexpressed, and which, portrayed as they are in the stories which we have received, cannot fail to do good. The lesson of fidelity they teach, the remembrance of interesting events in our history which they awaken, and the information they impart, together with the genial delight, the happy way in which they are told, brings to thousands who will read them, all tend to benefit, cheer and bless. There is no comparison between such pictures of real life and the fictions so many magazines and periodicals of the world resort to in their endeavors to entertain their readers. We are opposed to publishing or in any way encouraging the reading of that light literature, which floats about in every city and town in the country, and is frequently so disastrous in its baneful effects upon those who make a business of reading it; but we shall take pleasure in presenting to the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR, from time to time, the experiences of those whose lives are ever-living testimonies of faith and devotion, virtue, integrity, courage, and desire to abide in the law of God and to bring to

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pass His purposes upon the earth. This, though it reads like romance, is not fiction; and there is so much of it in the midst of our people that it will never become necessary to go outside for *litterateurs* to find material from which the very best stories can be created that will add much to the merit of home literature, and delight those who wish good reading matter without going abroad to obtain it.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

## GOVERNORS OF UTAH.

THE only government extending over the people of the newly inhabited country from the advent of the Pioneers, July 24, 1847, until the early spring of 1849, was that of the Church, represented by a Stake Presidency, High Council and and Ward Bishoprics. As there were scarcely any inhabitants but those who came with the pioneering companies, and as they were, almost without exception, members of the Church the need of any other government was hardly felt. It may, however, be said that the country had been taken possession of by American citizens in the name of the United States, for it was then territory belonging to the Republic of Mexico, a hostile foe, with which the nation was at war. The Stars and Stripes were unfurled upon Ensign Peak and in the winter of 1848-9 steps were taken to establish a State government upon the plan of the eastern States, under the Constitution of the United States. This, pending ratification by Congress, was called the Provisional State of Deseret, of which the following constituted the general official corps after the first general election, March 9 and 10, 1849. The commission of the Governor and most of the other general officers being dated March 12, 1849.

Brigham Young, Governor; Willard Richards, Secretary; Heber C. Kimball, Chief Justice; John Taylor and N. K. Whitney, Associate Justices; Horace S. Eldredge, Marshal; Daniel H. Wells, Attorney General; Albert Carrington, Assessor and Collector; Newel K. Whitney, Treasurer, and Joseph L. Heywood, Surveyor. Almon W. Babbitt was elected Representative and sent to Congress to make application for the admission of the State into the Union.

A Legislature was also elected, and passed important acts which were confirmed afterwards by the Territorial Legislature, organized by act of Congress.

Under the provisional government of the State of Deseret the counties of Salt Lake, Davis, Weber, Utah, San Pete and Iron were organized, and the cities of Salt Lake, Ogden, Provo, Manti and Parowan were incorporated.

On the 9th of September, 1850, Congress passed an Act organizing the Territory of Utah, and on the 20th of the same month President Fillmore, with the advice and consent of the Senate appointed the following officers:

Brigham Young, of Deseret, Governor; Boughton D. Harris, of Vermont, Secretary; Joseph Buffington, of Pennsylvania; Chief Justice; Perry E. Brocchus, of Alabama, and Zerubbabel Snow, of Ohio, Associate Justices; Seth M. Blair, of Deseret, District Attorney; Joseph L. Heywood, of Deseret, Marshal. Buffington declining the office of Chief Justice, Lemuel G. Brandebury, of Pennsylvania, was appointed in his stead. Governor Young's commission was dated September 28, 1850, and he took the oath of office February 3, 1851. The other officers' commissions were probably issued about the same date, but those appointed from the States did not arrive in the Territory until July, 1851.

Brigham Young was reappointed Governor by President Pierce, on the expiration of his first term of four years, September 28, 1854.

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The names of the Governors who have since exercised the function of chief executive of the Territory, and the dates of their appointment or commissions, are as follows:

Alfred Cumming, of Georgia, commissioned January 18, 1858. Took the oath of office, while in the mountains about Green River, before Judge Eckles, February 2, 1858, but did not enter practically upon the duties of the office until April 11, 1858.

John W. Dawson, of Indiana, commissioned Oct. 3, 1861. Entered upon the office Dec. 10th, and retired December 31, 1861.

Stephen S. Harding, of Indiana, commissioned March 31, 1862. Arrived in the Territory August 14th, and remained in office until June 18, 1863.

James Duane Doty, of Wisconsin, commissioned *ad interim* June 2, 1863, and after confirmation by the Senate February 2, 1864. He died in office June 13, 1865.

Charles Durkee, of Wisconsin, appointed July 15, 1865, and entered upon the duties of his office October 3d of that year.

J. Wilson Shaffer, of Illinois, was commissioned sometime previous to March 29, 1870, when he arrived in Utah. He spent considerable time after his appointment, and before coming to the Territory, in Washington, endeavoring to secure the passage of the famous Cullom Bill, which proposed to confer upon the Governor extraordinary powers, but failed to become law. Governor Shaffer died in office October 30, 1870.

Vernon H. Vaughan, of Alabama, was commissioned *ad interim* November, 1870, and made a very touching appeal for re-appointment in his message to the Legislature, but failed to get it.

George L. Woods, of Oregon, commissioned February 2, 1871.

Samuel B. Axtell, of California; commissioned December, 28, 1874.

George W. Emery, of Tennessee, appointed *ad interim* June 8, 1875, and took the oath of office June 15th. He was commissioned after confirmation by the Senate, Dec. 16, 1875, and took the oath of office January 3, 1876. His moderate course throughout his administration won general respect, and a new county, organized in 1880, was named Emery County in his honor.

Eli H. Murray, of Kentucky, the present incumbent, was commissioned January 28, 1880, and took the oath of office March 1, 1880. It is anticipated by his friends that he will be re-appointed. His present term expires January 28, 1884.

SECRETARIES OF UTAH.

Boughton D. Harris, of Vermont, arrived in Utah July 19, 1851, and left in October of the same year.

Willard Richards was appointed Secretary *pro tem.* by Governor Young, October 15, 1851, and took the oath of office November 20th; he continued in that office until relieved by the arrival of his successor, who was regularly appointed by the President. It has been charged that it was an assumption of authority by Governor Young to appoint a Secretary in the absence of one commissioned by the President; but the same thing was done by Governor Cumming, and the acts of the incumbents so appointed were uniformly recognized and honored by the general government. This was no doubt partly due to the fact that Utah was so remote from Washington, and transportation so difficult, that had the Governors not appointed, the Territory would have been practically without a Secretary a great part of the time.

Benjamin G. Ferris, of New York, commissioned by President Fillmore, June 4, 1852.

Almon W. Babbitt was commissioned April 25, 1854, but had acted as Secretary *pro tem.* for some time previously. He died in office, and was succeeded by

William H. Hooper appointed Secretary *pro tem.* by Governor Young, November 4, 1856.

John Hartnett, of Wisconsin, commissioned Secretary *ad interim*, August 6, 1857, and after confirmation by the Senate, January 18, 1858.

Washington J. McCormick was appointed Secretary *pro tem.* by Governor Cumming, April 5, 1858.

Francis H. Wooton, of Maryland, was

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appointed Secretary in 1860, and was Acting-Governor from May 18, 1861, until September 10th, the same year.

Frank Fuller, of New Hampshire, was commissioned July 15, 1861, by President Lincoln, and was Acting-Governor from September 9, 1861, until the arrival of Governor Dawson, in the following December, who relieved him for twenty days, when he again became Acting-Governor from December 31, 1861, until August 3, 1862.

Amos Reid, of Wisconsin, appointed September 4, 1863, and commissioned February 2, 1864. He was Acting-Governor during the session of the Legislature 1863-4, while Governor Doty was absent, and from July 22, 1865, until October 2, 1865.

Edwin Higgins, of Michigan, appointed December 20, 1867. Took oath of office January 23, 1868. He was Acting-Governor from January 9. 1869, until May of the same year.

S. A. Mann, of Nevada, appointed April 7, 1869. Took oath of office May 20, 1869. He was Acting-Governor from May 27, 1869, until June, 1870. During this time the Woman Suffrage Act was passed by the Legislature and approved by him.

Vernon H. Vaughan, of Alabama, appointed September, 1870. He was Acting-Governor from October 31, 1870, until November, when he was appointed Governor.

George A. Black, of Illinois, appointed Nov. 1, 1870, took the oath of office November 8. He was re-appointed on expiration of his first term, December 23, 1874.

Moses M. Bane, of Illinois, commissioned June 10, 1876. Took the oath of office August 4, 1876.

Levi P. Luckey, of Illinois, commissioned February 26, 1877. Took the oath of office March 12, 1877.

Arthur L. Thomas, the present incumbent, was commissioned April 19, 1879. Took the oath of office May 13, 1879; and was re-appointed on expiration of his first term, June 1, 1883. He has been Acting-Governor nearly half of the time since his first appointment, and has discharged the duties of both offices with ability. We are indebted to his courtesy for many of the above names and dates, and for a complete list of the Judges who have been appointed to the courts of Utah, which will appear in a future number.

When the spirit, worn and weary,
'Neath its daily load of care,
Finds the pathway long and dreary,
And the burden hard to bear,
Tired with hoping, faint with fearing,
Sighs to reach the golden gate,
Then in accents soft and cheering,
Patience whispers, "Only wait;"
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
"Only wait."

## REMINDERS.

"Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear."

ONE of the best reminders of the good old days, is holiday week. It is also a rejuvenator to young and old. Everybody expects to be on their good behavior and to have some little leisure; to lay aside for the time as it were the every day homely cares of life and take up the wand of enchantment that turns everything it touches into joy and gladness. He who is not happy, who carries with him some great sorrow anticipates ministering to the happiness of others, and in so doing forgets his own grief. How sublime the self-forgetfulness that many people exercise on holiday occasions. I never could understand

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why some people dislike holidays, for even though we do double duty, it is of such a pleasant nature, that it buoys one up instead of depressing the spirit.

Happy mothers in pleasant homes all over the broad land, are preparing and arranging for the Christmas Holidays; every pulse thrills with joy at the anticipation of the advent of "Santa Claus," and even in the poorest, humblest homes, there are gladder thoughts at Christmas time, for there are many benefactors who remember the needy, and give liberally of the abundance which it has been their lot to possess.

To the children Christmas is a time of feasting and festivity—merry laughter and gladsome mirth, but to those who have arrived at the soberer period of life and who have battled much with the cold, hard world it is a sort of rest by the wayside, where for a little time they gather fresh hope from bright flowers, woven into memory's garland, that were culled in the days gone by and linked with the silver cords of love that thrill through every fibre of the human heart at the gentlest touch. Each one of these giving both pleasure and pain, and each one having its own peculiar history. Some are more choice than others and therefore bound the tighter, in the precious garland, than many who are unknown and unobserved amid the busy, jostling throng at festive times.

"When time has past and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And aye, the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' lang syne."

Even the children will stop in the midst of their wild delight or noisiest games to listen to the song, or story of olden times, for there is a charm about the old, that fascinates the ear, and in imagination we draw a picture, we cannot help it, we think of the stories we have heard from the beautiful lips now closed in dreamless sleep, and the very remembrance stimulates us to so perform our part on like occasions, that our children and our friend's children may remember us, as lovingly as we do those, who gladdened our hearts by their presence and contributed to our entertainment in the long ago. We even recall the very look, the manner, the dress and aye the tone of voice of those who were our good angels in former Christmas days. We know how the church was decorated and festooned and how the great bell pealed forth as it were anthems of gladness. The evergreens were to us symbols of that affection, which neither cold nor heat could ever change, but would always be fresh and green at whatever season.

The great wide open fire-places were always inviting, and the turkey that swung to and fro on the spirket growing browner and browner, is one of the incidents memory has no power to efface. "There were giants in those days," as well as "fairies and elves," and there were those who fancied ghosts still hovered round, casting their gloomy shadows over the happiest firesides, and the hobgoblin tales that make the children's eyes sparkle with delight, have been handed down from generation to generation, and are still repeated with the same gusto. And in these holiday evenings, after the savory dinner, and dessert of plum puddings, pies, cakes, and fruits, then followed the gathering in groups around to hold sweet converse. Almost every country house is profusely, if not artistically, decorated with evergreen in boughs and vines, and the aroma of the woods is in the atmosphere of the rooms; one could almost imagine himself in an open forest, so odorous is the air with these delightful perfumes. Red and white winter berries peeping out from among the evergreens, make a most tasteful picture. These are little things, but children never forget them; they make an impression upon the mind lasting as life itself, and one who in childhood has been accustomed to such scenes and gatherings can shut his eyes anywhere, even in a foreign land, and see the place, the friends, the details of the room, and almost hear the merry laughter and the music. As the poet has said,

"It haunts me still, though many a year has
fled,
Like some wild melody."

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I know there are matter-of-fact people who think the money spent for evergreens or flowers, is simply thrown away, when one cannot go into the woods and gather them free, which is of course ever so much jollier, and will frequently remark, it would buy so much meat, sugar, or some substantial things; but on festive occasions, birthdays or holidays, I would very much prefer a few flowers, and some wildwood branches, or tangled vines, to such an elaborate dinner or repast as is usually served up to tempt the appetite. Eating is not one's whole object in life; simple fare, with peace and contentment, is more conducive to health and happiness, and, I might add, to long life as well.

Many a time and oft have I strolled through woods and groves in holiday time, to gather the woodland trophies of pine, spruce and hemlock boughs, and the trailing vines that lie buried under a mass of dead leaves, and old moss, when perhaps the snow, too, had covered them deep, but we heeded it not—we were youthful and exuberant, the pulse of life was quick, and we only looked upon it as a part of the holiday fun—then, turning our faces homeward, fancied ourselves wood nymphs, so fantastic would be our appearance among the boughs and vines, and we would repeat to each other the most wierd and frightful legends we could recall,—especially the boys who delighted in teasing and frightening, if possible, the timid girls, hiding in hollow logs and springing out suddenly in lone places, to make us run and scream, but all was fair at the holiday season, and an offense was usually forgiven with a kiss, for these, you know, are always plenty, when good humor and merriment abound.

Music and dancing are generally a part of the holiday entertainment, and the old dances, such as the Scotch Reel and Sir Roger de Coverley, are most in favor, but the good old songs and stories please the children, and we ransack memory's cabinet where many precious gems lie hidden 'mid cobwebs and dust, to recall the words, once so familiar to our ears. Tears sparkle in the eye, and great sobs swell up in our throats, forbidding utterance for a moment, as we are reminded of the sweet voices that once mingled in glad chorus with the happy throng around the hearthstone in the old, old home. But life is made up of sunshine and shade, and "'tis sweet to remember" e'en though there were some paths thickly strewn with thorns, yet there were blossoms too, and the joy was more exquisite by contrast.

"There's a feeling within us that loves to revert
To the merry old times that are gone."

"O, how glorious 'twill be," when we will be able to sit down and converse with those now "beyond the gates," and recount the many scenes, over which "memory loves to linger." But while here let us enjoy the blessings vouchsafed by our Father in heaven, not forgetful of the little courtesies and attentions that are so charming coming from those we love, and that give zest to the amusements and festivities whether in the halls of the rich or the cottages of the poor. *Amethyst.*

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.—The Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers of the *Youth's Companion* were the most superior ever issued by the publishers of that unparalleled juvenile weekly. The announcements for the new year are full of promise, and the indications are that it will reach a circulation of three hundred and fifty thousand copies per week for 1884.

HISTORY OF SALT LAKE CITY, by Edward W. Tullidge.—The first part of this work has appeared, and is in all respects most satisfactory. Continued to completion in the same style, it will be one of great value, and should be in every Utah library. Considering the amount of matter and the splendid steel engravings, the price is very moderate, being only seventy-five cents.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—*Lavater.*

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NOTICE OF CONFERENCES.

Summit Stake, at Coalville, Sunday, Jan. 6, 10 a.m.

Sanpete Stake, at Ephraim, Saturday, Jan. 19, 10 a.m.

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QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1 Is it claimed that the Chinese are descended from some other race than Adam's? If not, through which of the sons of Noah are they supposed to come?

2 Have the Chinese any records which claim to date beyond the Mosaic account of Adam?

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1884. No. 5.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE CONTENTS OF THE RECORDS.—IV.

HAVING completed our review of the history of the Lamanites, we must now turn to the other branch of the family of Lehi, and trace briefly the rise, progress, downfall and destruction of the Nephite nation. In so doing we shall purposely avoid enlarging on the episodes in their history which have already been noticed in our consideration of the house of Laman, but as the greater portion of the annals of the two peoples were, from their relative positions and circumstances, necessarily intermixed or confluent it will be impracticable to altogether avoid, once in a while, partially going over the same ground.

THE NEPHITES.

The Book of Mormon does not give us a definite idea of the number of souls embraced in Lehi's company at any time during its wanderings. Various estimates have been made from the incidental references in the narrative to the persons composing the party, but we have never heard the number placed at more than eighty, while the general estimate does not exceed sixty. Nor can we tell how many joined Nephi and Laman respectively, when the hour of separation came; but we are inclined to the belief that there was no very great difference in the number of the followers of the two leaders; certain it is that in a very few years the Lamanites were strong enough to commence marauding excursions into the Nephite country, and also that the Nephites were sufficently numerous to withstand the onslaught.

One of the labors of Nephi's little colony was to commence the erection of a temple. This was a work of paramount necessity as they strictly observed the law of Moses, though they also understood, accepted and obeyed the first principles of the Gospel. This work, however small the temple might be, must have taxed the whole energies of the colony for a somewhat lengthy period. It was built, we are informed, after the pattern of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, but, of course, it was neither so large, nor so lavishly adorned with rich ornamentation. Nephi's younger brother Jacob, assisted by the still more youthful Joseph, succeeded him in the priestly office, while Jacob's son Enos succeeded him. The Nephite priesthood appears to have remained in this line for several generations, while the kingly authority was held by the descendants of Nephi.

The history given in the Book of Mormon of the Nephites from the foundation of their kingdom to about two hundred years before Christ is a very meagre one. We can gather therefrom but few ideas of their progress and civilization. What little is told us may be summarized as follows: Their form of government was a limited monarchy; their kings being, as a rule, righteous men and wise rulers. Their laws were just and equitable and were administered without favoritism but with great strictness. The Nephites multiplied rapidly; they were a long lived, healthy and beautiful race; they also speedily grew rich in the things of this world, and their artizans and mechanics were exceedingly expert



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in the arts and manufactures. They spread abroad widely over the land of Nephi, apparently up and down the valleys of the Andes, and were much scattered.

Spiritually the Nephites had many seasons of faithfulness to God when they listened to and obeyed the words of His Prophets; and, unfortunately, they had also many periods of apostasy, at which times the judgments of God fell upon them, His instruments to bring them to repentance and reformation, being generally their savage Lamanitish kinsmen.

This is, in brief, the general history of the people of Nephi for the first three or four hundred years of their existence as a nation.

Sometime during the latter half of the third century before Christ, the righteous Nephites deserted their homes and country and moved a distance of some hundreds of miles to the north. This they did by the command of God, their leader being a Prophet named Mosiah. Why the Lord gave them this command we are not informed. We can but conjecture that possibly the ferocious Lamanites were pressing too hardly upon them from the south. We are also left in the dark with regard to all the details of this vast and important migration. We are simply informed of the fact of their departure from the land of Nephi and their arrival in the land of Zarahemla; nor are we given the least idea as to how many refused to listen to the Divine command, remained in Nephi and coalesced with the Lamanites.

The general course of the moving hosts of Israel who followed Mosiah must have been nearly due north, whatever its meanderings may have been. It is most probable that having crossed the wilderness that separated the two regions, they struck the valley of the Sidon and continued down, along the banks of that stream, until they reached the habitations of the, to them, previously unknown people of Zarahemla.

These Zarahemlaites were another branch of the house of Israel, who by God's providence were led out of Jerusalem at the time the people of Judah were carried captive into Babylon. They were brought to this hemisphere, landing on the southern portion of the northern continent, whence they afterwards moved south to Zarahemla. Unfortunately they carried no records with them, and, as a consequence, by the time the Nephites found them their religion and their language had both become greatly corrupted, so much so in the latter case that the Nephites could not understand their manner of speech. The place they had chosen for their new home was a highly desirable one for situation, climate and other causes, and the two peoples, a short time after their coming together, united as one nation, with Mosiah as their king and High Priest.

The Nephites, though numerically the smaller, were in other respects the superior race, and from that time took the lead in the affairs of the kingdom. They taught the people of Zarahemla their language, and also restored to them a knowledge of the law of Moses and instructed them in the principles of the Gospel of Christ.

Mosiah was succeeded by his son Benjamin, and blessed were the people over whom he reigned; for he devoted all the energies of his soul to their welfare and labored with all his might for their advancement. Holy and pure in his own life, he was ministered to by angels and became the frequent recipient of revelations from on high. The principal events of Benjamin's long and glorious reign were:

A Lamanite invasion of the land of Zarahemla, from which they were ultimately driven after much bloodshed.

The appearance among the Nephites of various false prophets and pseudo-Christs, whose false teachings were for a time a great hindrance to the spiritual progress of the people.

The return of a number of the Nephites to the land of Nephi. We have already referred to their varied experience and tribulations in our review of the history of the Lamanites.

A grand convocation of all king Benjamin's subjects, around the temple at

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Zarahemla, three years before his death, at which he more perfectly taught them the law of the Gospel, and where he nominated his son Mosiah to be his successor. Which appointment was joyfully ratified by the people (B. C. 25).

Mosiah was a most worthy son of his noble ancestors. He inherited their many virtues; his boldness for the truth, his love of righteousness, his exact justice, his abounding mercy, his unfaltering faith, his peerless magnanimity, his absorbing regard for the rights and liberties of his fellows, all mark him as one of the most noble of a glorious age, an age graced by the lives of his righteous father and his own self-denying sons, by the martyrs Abinadi and Gideon, and by the two Almas, who stand towering above the common average of humanity in the greatness of their intellects, the strength of their faith and the vigor of their lives in righteous actions spent; a galaxy of High Priests that only on rare occasions bless our fallen earth by their simultaneous presence.

No king could come to the throne under more auspicious circumstances than did Mosiah. By the direction of the Almighty he was consecrated by his father, which ceremony was performed at the time the whole nation had gathered in the shadow of the holy temple, and there covenanted with God to be His servants ever after. There, in the presence of the hosts of his future subjects, he was set apart to rule a people who were all godly, whose sins were all forgiven through their abiding faith in their unborn Redeemer. Profound peace reigned with all outside his dominions, and within its borders dwelt union, content, prosperity, satisfaction, happiness, and withal righteousness. How propitious was his inauguration, all the nation was the witness, all accepted him with joy as heaven's choice and the people's hope.

During the reign of king Mosiah the Nephites who had re-occupied the land of Nephi, and fallen into bondage to the Lamanites, returned to Zarahemla. One company was led by Ammon, a descendant of Zarahemla, who commanded a small expedition purposely sent to discover the whereabouts and condition of those who had left in the previous reign. They were fortunate in discovering the people of king Limhi, and by God's providence delivered them from their brutal taskmasters and led them to the Nephite capital. The second company consisted of a colony of Christian Nephites, under Alma (the elder) who also had been oppressed and maltreated by the Lamanites, but who had been preserved through all their affliction by the Almighty, and were finally delivered by His divine power. The two companies appear to have reached Zarahemla within a short time of each other.

On the arrival of Alma in the land of Zarahemla, king Mosiah gave him the charge of the spiritual concerns of the Nephites. He became the High Priest to the whole nation. In this capacity he gathered the people together, and in words of power and plainness he reminded them of their duties to Heaven. Nor had he unwilling hearers; numbers hearkened to his words, renewed their covenants with God, went down into the waters of baptism, and re-commenced a life of godliness and faith. From city to city Alma bent his way, preaching, counseling, reproving, comforting, instructing as the Holy Spirit led. Through these labors seven churches, or rather seven branches of the Church, were established in the land of Zarahemla, while great prosperity attended the faithful.

In the course of years many of the rising generation gave no heed to the word of God. These were mostly such as were too young to enter into covenant with the Lord at the time that Benjamin called the whole people together at the temple. Not only did they themselves reject the doctrines of the atonement, the resurrection and other Gospel principles but they led others into sin, and grievously persecuted the members of the Church of Christ. Foremost among those who afflicted the true believers were several sons of the king and the son of the presiding High Priest. But they were turned from the error of

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their ways by the direct ministry of an angel, and ever after were the most zealous, most dauntless defenders of the truth; and the influence of their works and lives did much to shape the later history of both peoples.

Under the reign of king Mosiah the Nephite nation appears to have prospered as it never did before. He was the *beau ideal* of a king, we might almost say, without flattery, that he was next thing to perfect, both as a man and as a monarch. His people idolized him, while the Almighty frequently communicated to him the things necessary for the nation's welfare. Shortly before his death he proceeded to arrange for his successor; but neither of his sons would accept the kingly authority, and finally, with Divine approval, it was decided that henceforth the people should be ruled by judges elected by themselves; in other words, a republic should succeed the monarchy. This change took place at the death of Mosiah, which occurred in the year 91 B. C.

These judges ruled the Nephites for about one hundred and twenty years. There names were (so far as they are given in the Book of Mormon), in the order of their succession: Alma, Nephihah, Pahoran I, Pahoran II, Pacumeni, Helaman, Nephi, Cezoram, Cezoram's son, Seezoram, Lachoneus I, and Lachoneus II; but it is far from certain that, in the latter portion of this epoch, we have the names of all the chief judges. Sometimes the offices of High Priest and chief judge were filled by the same man, but more frequently the supreme heads of the church and state were separate individuals. This was particularly the case when the wicked predominated and by the force of numbers chose unrighteous men to be their rulers.

As in volume two of the CONTRIBUTOR we published a series of articles entitled "The Nephites under the Judges," it would savor of an imposition on its readers to go over the same ground as that then considered; we shall therefore now confine ourself to the consideration of a few of the notable events that marked this era which by reason of their importance, tended to influence the entire later history of the race.

The religious history of the Nephites during the period ruled by the judges is one of frequently recurring changes; no people were ever more fickle in the service of their God, but this peculiarity had a constant tendency to lower the standard of Nephite character, and year by year they appear to have lost in strength of purpose, integrity and manly virtue, until at last they were fit only for the terrible destruction that, at the time of the Savior's crucifixion, swept them by thousands from time into eternity.

Alma, the first chief judge, was also the presiding High Priest, but after a time, owing to the increase of wickedness in the nation, he found it impossible to bear the cares and responsibilities of both positions with honor to himself and profit to the people. He therefore resigned the judgeship and devoted his entire time to the preaching of the word. To do this he traveled from land to land, from city to city. Everywhere repentance followed his preaching, except at a western city called Ammonihah, where his testimony was scorned and rejected, and the few who believed were cast out of the city by their more hardened and iniquitous fellow townsmen.

Having next consigned Alma and Amulek, his fellow preacher and companion, to prison, the infuriated people hunted up the wives and little ones of the believers whom they had cast out, with such as had accepted the truth who still remained in the city, and, gathering them in a body, they burned them in one great martyrs' fire. Into the torturing flames they also cast the records that contained the holy Scriptures, as though, in their blind fury, they imagined that they could thereby destroy the truths that were so odious to them. In the refinement of their devilish cruelty, they brought Alma and Amulek to the place of martyrdom, that they might be witnesses of the agonies of the suffering innocents, and listen to the crackling and the roaring of the flames. With

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jeers, with mouthings and derisive gestures, they called upon the Prophets to rescue their dying converts. Amulek's noble heart was pained beyond endurance; he besought Alma to exercise the power of God that was in them, and to save the victims from the consuming flames. But Alma replied, "The Spirit constraineth me that I must not stretch forth mine hand, for behold the Lord receiveth them up unto himself in glory; and He doth suffer that the people may do this thing, according to the hardness of their hearts, that the judgments which He shall exercise upon them in His wrath may be just; and the blood of the innocent shall stand as a witness against them, yea, and cry mightily against them at the last day." Then Amulek said, "Perhaps they will burn us also." To which Alma responded, "Be it according to the will of the Lord. But, behold, our work is not finished; therefore they burn us not."

The two Prophets were then conducted back to prison, where, day by day, they were badgered, insulted and annoyed by the populace, from the corrupt judge who sat on the bench, to the beggar who asked alms by the wayside. By and by they stripped Alma and Amulek of their clothes, and when naked, bound them with strong ropes. They withheld food and drink from them, and in various ways they tortured their bodies, and sought to aggravate, tantalize and harrow up their minds. On the twelfth day of the tenth month of the tenth year of the judges (B. C. 82), the chief judge and his followers again went to the prison. According to his usual custom he smote the brethren, saying as he did so, "If ye have the power of God, deliver yourselves from these bonds, and then we will believe that the Lord will destroy this people according to your words." This impious challenge the crowd one by one repeated as they passed by the Prophets, and smote them in imitation of their leader. Thus each individual assumed the responsibility of the defiance cast at the Almighty, and virtually said, "Our blood be upon our own heads." The hour of God's power had now come—the challenge had been accepted. The Prophets, in the majesty of their calling, rose to their feet; they were endowed with the strength of Jehovah; like burnt threads the cords that bound them were snapped asunder, and they stood free and unshackled before the terror-stricken crowd. To rush from the prison was the first impulse of these God-defying followers of Nehor; but in their fear all else was forgotten; some fell to the earth, others, impelled by the crowd behind, stumbled and fell over the prostrate bodies of those who went before them, until they became one confused, inextricable mass, blocking each other's way, struggling, yelling, cursing, pleading, fighting frantically, but vainly endeavoring to reach the outer gate. At this moment of supreme horror, an earthquake rent the prison walls; they trembled, then tottered, then fell on the struggling mass of humanity below, burying in one vast unconsecrated grave rulers and judges, lawyers and officers, priests and teachers. Not one was left of all the impious mob, who a few moments before defied Heaven and challenged Jehovah's might. Alma and Amulek stood in the midst of the ruins unhurt. Straightway they left the scene of desolation and went into the city. Here the terror-stricken people fled from them as a herd of goats flies from before two young lions, and the two servants of the Lord retired to another city.

Next year Ammonihah was destroyed. Less than four months had elapsed since the two inspired followers of the Lamb had left it to its fate, when the Lamanites fell upon it like a whirlwind in its suddenness, and as an avalanche in its utter desolation. The sword, the spear, the dart and the arrow, consigned its sons and daughters, young and old, to the torments of the damned. For one day the fierce flames consumed the walls and towers of Ammonihah, illumined the lurid sky, shone on the distant mountain tops, and lit the neighboring valleys. The great city was no more; the word of the Lord had been fully accomplished; not one of its children

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was left. A desolation and a desert remained, where dogs, vultures and wild beasts struggled for the carcasses of the slain. For many years it was uninhabited, and, under the name of the Desolation of Nehor, it became a perpetual testimony, a sign and a token to the whole Nephite nation that the words of the Lord never fail, and that vengeance is His, and He will repay (B. C. 81).

Having resigned the office of chief judge, Alma no longer led the armies of Nephi. A righteous man named Zoram was their commander. Without delay he gathered his forces, and prepared to meet these invading Lamanites. Knowing that Alma was the mouthpiece of God, he and his two sons went to the High Priest, and inquired how the campaign should be conducted. The word was given, its instructions were carried out, victory perched upon the Nephite banners, and the Lamanites, utterly routed, retreated to their own lands, and there was continued peace throughout the continent for three years.

During this period of peace, Alma and his fellow Priesthood preached God's holy word in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, and with much success. Great prosperity came to the Church throughout all the lands of the Nephites. At this happy time "there was no inequality among them, and the Lord did pour out His Spirit on all the face of the land," as Alma supposed, to prepare the hearts of His people for the coming of Christ. But before long heresies and apostasies disturbed the Church; an anti-Christ named Korihor arose and did much harm until smitten by the power of God; a sect of schismatics almost immediately followed, called Zoramites, who for brevity might be consistently styled Nephite Presbyterians. These, unable to accomplish their designs, went over to the Lamanites and brought on a bloody war. Eventually the Lord took Alma to himself.

Our readers will recollect the mission of the sons of King Mosiah to the Lamanites and its glorious results, and how the converted of that people (called by the Nephites the people of Ammon), covenanted never again to take up the sword against their fellow men; they will also recollect the tedious and most sanguinary war brought on by Amalickiah's desperate ambition. One phase of this war must not be passed in silence, as it contains one of the most memorable episodes of Nephite history. The war had been raging several years, and was working disastrously to the Nephites, when the people of Ammon, feeling that they were a burden rather than a help to their benefactors (though indeed they were not), desired to be released from their oath and covenant never again to take up weapons of war against their fellows, that they might in this hour of extreme peril arm themselves in defence of the liberties of their adopted country. From this rash step, Helaman, the High Priest, and his brethren dissuaded them, lest by so doing they might imperil their eternal salvation. But they had sons who had grown far towards manhood who had not entered into this covenant, and consequently were not shut out from participating in the dangers and the glories of the war. So, with their fathers' and mothers' consent, faith, prayers, and words of encouragement and commendation, two thousand of these youths were mustered into the Nephite army (B. C. 66). These striplings were all men of truth, faith, soberness and integrity, as well as being conspicuous for their courage, strength and activity. Being organized, they desired that Helaman, for whom they had great love and respect, should be their leader. He consented, and at their head marched to the relief of the forces of the republic that were struggling against considerable odds on the southern borders of the Nephite dominions, from the shore of the Pacific Ocean eastward. On their arrival at the city of Judea, Helaman found the Nephite forces, under Antipus, the commander in that department, in a perilous condition. The Lamanites, at great cost to both sides, had captured the cities of Manti, Zeezrom, Cumeni and Antiparah, and were occupying the surrounding

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country. They were now threatening Judea, which Antipus and his troops, depressed in body and spirit, were toiling with all their remaining strength to fortify—fighting by day and working by night. Helaman placed himself and his two thousand under orders of Antipus, to whom the reinforcement was most timely and encouraging. When the Lamanites learned of the increased strength of the Nephite forces in Judea, Ammoron, their leader, gave orders that it should not be attacked. This fortunate hesitation allowed the defenders time to complete the works of defence.

This state of affairs continued for some months, the Lamanites fearing to make any aggressive movement, and the Nephites not being strong enough to retake any of their captured cities. Finally the Nephite commanders determined to try a stratagem to entice the Lamamites into the open field. Heleman and his youthful Ammonites marched out of the city of Judea towards the coast, apparently for the purpose of revictualing a neighboring city. Their course took them past the city of Antiparah, in which was stationed a large Lamanitish army. The commanding officer thereof noticing the fewness of Helaman's corps, ordered the pursuit. Helaman immediately retired for strategic purposes northward, followed by the enemy. Antipus, who had been watching the course of events, closed in behind the Lamanites with the bulk of his troops, simply leaving what he considered a sufficient force in Judea to temporally defend it, should it be attacked in his absence. The pursuit grew into a race between the three armies. Helaman crowded with all speed into the wilderness, on purpose to draw the Lamanites away from their base, while Antipus was vainly endeavoring to overtake them. On the morning of the third day the Lamanites turned around and faced the army of Antipus, when, owing to the fatigued condition of the latter's warriors, they were not able to withstand the Lamanite onslaught, but were put into confusion, and their commander and several superior officers were slain. At this juncture Helaman and his sons (as he delighted to call them), arrived, and by their abiding faith, impetuous valor and bodily prowess, turned a disastrous defeat into an overwhelming victory, in which the Lamanite forces were partly destroyed, partly captured.

When, on the morning of the third day, Helaman found he was no longer pursued, he feared this movement was a ruse of the enemy to entrap his corps, and was undecided if he should return to possibly aid Antipus, or remain and await the progress of events. He called a halt, and explained the situation and his apprehensions to his young soldiers. He then inquired: "What say ye, my sons, will ye go against them in battle?" Without hesitancy they unanimously answered in the affirmative, saying: "Father, behold our God is with us, and He will not suffer that we shall fall; then let us go forth; we would not slay our brethren if they would let us alone; therefore let us go lest they should overpower the army of Antipus." Here Helaman remarks: "Now they never had fought, yet they did not fear death, and they did think more of the liberty of their fathers than they did upon their lives; yea, they had been taught by their mothers that if they did not doubt that God would deliver them. And they rehearsed unto me the words of their mothers, saying, We do not doubt our mothers knew it." They returned—the results were as stated above; and yet more, so great was their faith, so potent its workings, that when, after the battle, Helaman called the roll of his youthful heroes, not one was missing. The faith engendered by their mothers' words had borne fruit—they were all preserved. To their undaunted prowess, for they "fought as if with the strength of God," the Nephites unhesitatingly accorded the glory of the day. The battle ended, the victorious troops marched back to Judea.

Still the hardly-contested war continued. Six thousand men, with provisions, reached Helaman from Zarahemla

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and the regions round about (B. C. 63), besides forty more young Ammonites who had grown sufficiently vigorous to assume the hardships of military life. The city of Cumeni shortly afterwards surrendered through the want of provisions, their supplies having been continuously cut off by Helaman's troops. This surrender threw so many prisoners on the hands of the Nephites, that they were unable to guard or feed them. An officer named Gid,with a sufficient force, was detailed to convey them to Zarahemla, but on their way, passing near enough to an invading body of Lamanites to hear their battle cries, the prisoners "made a break" and rushed to join their countrymen. In this attempt many were killed by the Nephite guards, and the remainder escaped. Gid and the escort having no further occasion for going on to Zarahemla, returned to Helaman.

His arrival was most opportune, for Ammoron, having received large reinforcements, suddenly attacked the Nephites, and was driving all their corps from their positions, except the youthful Ammonites, who stood firm as a rock, when the arrival of Gid and his company turned the tide of battle. The young warriors again received the warm praise of their father and general. They had remained firm and undaunted through all the perils of the fight, obeying and performing every command with the exactness and coolness of veterans. In the hottest of the encounter they never forgot their mothers' words nor their Heavenly Father's protecting blessing. Though in this fierce conflict, wherein they undauntedly bore the brunt of the enemy's savage onslaughts, every one was wounded, even that two hundred fainted for loss of blood, yet not one was slain, and their preservation was marvelous in the eyes of their fellow soldiers. *George Reynolds.*

## MORALITY IN LEGISLATION.

THE CONTRIBUTOR is really the young people's magazine, and they will look to its pages for many of the practical rules of life, and principles of government. The rulers of our nation have decided that the men of age and experience in Utah shall let the reins of government pass into the hands of the young and inexperienced, and they cannot learn too fast that which will qualify them to guide the interests of State as well as Church.

Questions naturally arise, what are the relations of one to the other, and what can the State rightfully do *for* or *against* the other? These questions are important and must be determined in order to protect the rights of either as against the other; that both may in their relation so harmonize as to produce the greatest possible amount of good in the progress of society to ultimate perfection. A correct view of these questions will not only solve the problem of the Mormon question with the general government so far as Utah is concerned, but is alike applicable to all governments and states in which ecclesiastical organizations exist by divine authority.

If there is any superiority of the one over the other it is only necessary to determine to which it belongs. To do this it is only necessary to determine correctly by what authority, both or either have an existence, and the purpose of that existence.

Ecclesiastical or church organizations exist in consequence of a belief in a supreme, intelligent, divine being, who is recognized as Father, God, and a divine commission emanating from Him by direct revelation is alone the authority upon which a church can exist with power to teach the doctrines and administer the ordinances which are necessary for the protection of humanity. Such authority is divine authority and must be SUPREME. Of the law it is

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written, "The law of God is *perfect*," like the law giver.

The state, as we view it in its organized condition, consists of all classes without regard to beliefs or even morality of conduct, and its authority in a federal or a republican form of government, that which is derived from the people over which the government extends. Such a government can be no more perfect than the source of its authority. The combined wisdom of man in the highest development of humanity has not been able to offer perfection either in law or administration to its subjects.

The church, established upon the revelations of God, and by His authority, must have precedence over all other organizations effecting the welfare of humanity. All other governments can have no legitimate object or purpose but to aid and assist man in keeping the divine law; and to encourage and even coerce obedience to laws in unison with the divine law, but in no case to hinder, much less to prohibit the keeping of any divine law, ordinance, or precept. These facts accepted it is not difficult to determine the duties devolving upon state governments and their rights in relation to their subjects.

It is said their must be no union between church and state, but this is in one sense a false statement not consistent with the facts. False theories entertained lead to false conclusions. The state is a community invested with authority to compel right and justice to be done. The fact that there are men in all communities who will not voluntarily perform either their personal or social duties, who will both disregard and violate the rights of others, makes the state a necessity. It has within its jurisdiction all these individual members who constitute the church, and each of whom belongs to the community. There must of necessity be a union of interests, which should in all consistency demand a concert of action, all tending to the development, culture and perfection of the human soul, which never can be attained without a knowledge of that higher law, so productive of intelligence, civilization and religion. It then becomes the duty of the state to encourage the highest possible development of its subjects, in their appreciation and discernment of right and wrong, rewarding the right and punishing the wrong doer as determined by the highest law revealed to man.

No state has a right to enforce a law contrary to God's law so long as its subjects recognize Him in their faith and acts as the Creator and moral governor of this universe. He has created man subject to law, clothed him with rights, and laid upon him duties. He must obey God's laws and discharge his duties, or suffer penalties if he does not. If all men obeyed the laws of the divine government, no other government would be necessary. The object of all earthly governments would be attained under the divine government. There would be no wrongs to right, no duty to enforce, no rights to forcibly defend; the recognition of every right, the performance of every duty would be universal, no rights violated, no wrongs committed.

Rights and duties do exist independent of the state; they are rights and duties coming from God. The state must recognize these rights and duties, must maintain the one and enforce the other. Right and justice as determined by divine law, are derived from God. The admission of a God in morality implies all this and nothing less than this. St. Paul recognizes all civil authority as being ordained of God; all authority having a legal standpoint as coming from Him must therefore exist by divine appointment and for a specific purpose. The state is not absolute or arbitrary. Its duty is to protect men in the enjoyment of those inalienable rights with which God has clothed them to enable each to perform his whole duty. The state is under law as well as the individuals of which it is composed. There is a law higher than the state, the law of God, by which it must be governed if it will continue legitimate. This illustrates the correct

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view of what is called the higher law, and this law the state can no more violate than individuals. If God has laid certain duties on individuals, on the family, on the community, these duties must be performed, nor can the state interfere to prevent their being discharged; if it could, then through its action all of God's laws might be got rid of and humanity be freed from duty to God. If the law of God says "thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not commit murder;" the state must declare the same things; it cannot enact that man shall steal and murder; it must not legislate in opposition to divine law. So in relation to all of man's duties, and this morality involved by keeping or not keeping the law given for man's moral regeneration and perfection.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were declared by the Constitution our fathers framed to be among the inalienable rights of men. This pursuit of happiness demands liberty of conscience, without which no man's moral or spiritual nature can be developed. Any infringement upon the right of conscience is followed with the penalty of unhappiness and misery. The state can pass no law, nor require any act of its citizens, that shall deprive them of any liberty of conscience. It was in view of this important fact that the amendment to the Constitution was so framed as to prohibit any action on the part of Congress that should prevent the free exercise of conscience in all matters of religious faith. This right and liberty of conscience is a God given right to enable man to perform his duty to God. The state cannot perform that duty for him, nor legally restrain him from doing all that His God requires. This he must do or forfeit God's favor. God's law to man is "Multiply and replenish the earth;" and He reveals the laws and ordinances by which it shall be done. The state has no right to enact that it shall not be done, or that it may be done in any other way than that which He has ordained. The duties and rights between husband and wife cannot be lawfully changed or impaired; no civil power can create in either the right to violate marital duties which are established by the divine law.

God has given parents the right to control their children, and revealed how it should be done to preserve both the earthly and heavenly relation. Parents cannot be relieved from the obligations they are under to their children, nor children from the duties they owe to parents. The state can make no law to deprive parents of that right while they conform to God's order in relation to them. Any attempts so to do would only disorganize society and place responsibilities where they did not legitimately belong. Both human consciousness and God's law would unite in solemn protest against any attempt by law, or otherwise, to change the order of His divine arrangement in these important matters.

The same principle applies in relation to all of God's laws, order and arrangements, and the whole catalogue of duties enjoined upon man by His maker. There is no power that can relieve him from a performance of those duties. There need be no mistake as to where the supremacy is, and the duty of all subordinate powers to that supremacy. When men disregard legitimate authority, they incur penalty and punishment. States and nations are not exempt from the consequences of disregarding divine law; they must eventually be cast down. Divine justice shall be fully vindicated. God is above all, in and through all, and with His law all human enactments must harmonize in the great work of moral and material improvement which humanity demands.

Christianity is an element that pervades society, independent of all human enactments. Its morality exists outside the statute books or codes of any nation. No legislation ever embodied its divine precepts; and wisely have constitutions been framed prohibiting legislation that should attempt the control of conscience in any of its religious exercise of faith in God. Christianity reveals the existence of God as the moral governor of the universe, and that He

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will punish His creatures for wrong doing. Morality, including the idea of obligation, admits these facts, and human consciousness confirms them. Christianity reveals the true laws of God and their adaptation to all sinners. It deals with a government of law, and teaches the consequence of disobedience to it; that unhappiness and suffering are the necessary consequences of sin; and human consciousness declares these teachings are true. Atheism or Christianity must be the true theory of the world, and man, aided by a sound mind, should know which to choose, on which side the truth lies.

All legislation, to be adapted to the wants of humanity, must possess elements of the divine law. The attributes of Deity are found in man, and the great end of his life is their full development, and all human enactments should be but means to accomplish this end. Such legislation cannot come from those who have no faith in God; they must have faith in Him and sufficient knowledge of His laws and their purpose, to never approve of any enactment that will in any way contravene or impede the operation of those laws. Great errors in legislation arise from the fact that those who legislate are atheistic in their theories of government. God is left out of the question, and only the supposed rights and duties of man as relates to his fellowman have consideration. Thus man, in this theory, becomes the greatest of all—the ultimate fact, and the pantheistic doctrine of man and matter, constituting the universe, is virtually adopted by the many forms of government now extant.

It has been said that "the king can do no wrong;" that republics may legislate as they please and demand submission, which is only another phase of the same maxim. There is no morality in this pantheistic theory which claims that all is God, consequently whatever is, is right; that man does what God, acting in him, compels him to do. There is no free will, no exercise of reason, no choice between right and wrong. All this is contrary to the teachings of human consciousness. Man is conscious of his own personality, of his own free action, and feels himself responsible for his actions. But it is the prevalence of such theories that prompt law makers when they attempt to make the law of God of no effect, to make his ordinances subject to the passions of men. This is illustrated, for instance, in the law making marriage only a civil contract. This ordinance of divine appointment, from and by virtue of which family, society and all human rights exist, is placed on a level with the ordinary traffic of mankind involving dollars and cents; made the very door and opened it wide to the immorality and vice which it was, by God, designed to prevent. It may be repeated with the utmost assurance that legislators should be men of God, possessing a knowledge of His laws and an unwavering determination to honor them in their acts, that the people may dwell in peace under a wise administration. The minister of the church and the minister of State are so nearly alike in their ministerial duties—all pertaining to man's elevation—that they are morally bound to work together for his highest good in time and in eternity.

It is a fact not to be discarded, one that all history confirms—that civil law, even when firmly administered, can never eradicate religious beliefs; neither penal codes nor armies can control religious convictions. Human consciousness is not subject to any such control, never was and never can be. Those who count upon it will fail. To admit it possible for the religious views of the people of Utah to be changed by any such forces as are proposed, would be to accuse them of insincerity, duplicity, hypocrisy, and brand them as only worthy of all that contempt and malice could inflict upon them. They are no such people; and nothing but a higher civilization, a holier religion, bringing to the soul more profound peace, a stronger love, and a more enduring union, can ever change what both experience and consciousness have indelibly stamped upon the living soul. They claim the right to have, and do demand, only such legislation as is

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consistent with the law of God, which they preach in faith and practice in full assurance: Peace on earth, good will to man, and love to God. *S. W. R.*

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.—IN most of the provinces of Norway there is a pretty custom of feeding the wild birds on Christmas Day. All the animals belonging to a family have double their usual dinner, and share in the great festival. The kind hearted peasants also fasten up wisps of oat straw all about their houses for the birds, who are quick at telling each other the news, and flocking down in great numbers to peck at the grain.

In the towns great bunches of unthreshed oats are brought to the marketplace, and no matter how poor the people are, they will be sure to have one bit of money saved to buy the birds a feast. The little sheaves are seen fastened on the housetops and outside the windows, and nobody in Norway would frighten a bird that day, if he could help it.

It certainly is worth while to make the least of God's creatures happy, and many of those fowls of the air who do not gather into barns, are good servants of the farmer, and eat up the insects that would destroy his crops.

Suppose the boys and girls take a lesson from the Norwegians this year, and throw out a dinner of crumbs for some of the birds, and tie a bunch of grain here and there on the trees and fences, for the wanderers who may need food in the cold days of winter.

Education is not learning; it is the exercise and development of the powers of the mind. There are two great methods by which this end may be done; one in the halls of learning, the other in the conflicts of life.

A Japan paper relates that while a boy fourteen years old was fishing recently, a huge cuttle-fish thrust two of its tentacles out of the water and grasped the boy's right arm. The boy shouted for assistance, as the fish was dragging him in, and some men who were near released the lad by cutting the tentacles. When the boy reached home his arm was cold and motionless, and notwithstanding medical aid, he died in five days.

## REST.

"He who doeth the works of righteousness shall receive his reward; even peace in this world, and eternal life in the world to come."

O would you find a perfect rest,
A refuge of serenest calm,
A shelter where the soul distressed
Can bathe in streams of healing balm;
Or cull the fragrant flowers of peace,
Or banquet at the feast of love,
Where strains of pleasure never cease—
The chorus of the songs above;
Angelic strains that swell through heaven,
Reverberating even here—
To you the blissful hope is given,
And you can gain that lofty sphere.

But not on fame's triumphant wing
Can you ascend the sacred height;
Nor by wealth's glitter loftly spring
Away to regions of delight;
And pleasures touched and stained with sin
Will but begird your feet in chains;
He who eternal rest would win
Must wash himself from sin's dark stains;
Must woo and win the smile of heaven,
The essence of supremest joy;
And all his powers to virtue given
Must purge the gold from all alloy.

Must break each idol altar down,
While duty's law his heart enshrines—
Nor heed the scoffer's sneer or frown,
Whose way to sorrow's pit inclines—
Must prove himself, his earthly all,
Obedient to the heavenly test,
And at his Father's footstool fall,
The prodigal come home to rest;
His wanderings absolved, forgiven;
No more shall bow his soul in care;
Then shall he feel the calm of heaven,
The peace, the joy, the brightness there.

*Richard Smyth.*

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# DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

COME stand with us at the outlet of Niagara, where this mighty stream melts into the wide bosom of Ontario! The last and fairest of the great lakes lies before us, sparkling in the summer sunlight. The stars and stripes are floating in the light breeze to the right, and the union jack waves over the little port on the left. We step on board a steamboat —that pioneer of American civilization —and soon emerge from the guarded entrance of the boundary river, into the broad "neutral ground" of Lake Ontario. White sails are scattered over the bright waters, and here and there the light thread of smoke in the clear heaven tells where a steamer is wheeling her rapid way. It is difficult for any one, whose ideas of a lake have been formed here in the mountains, or from the Windermeres, Katrines or Lemans of European lands, to fancy old Ontario, a mere fresh water pond. It seems like a recognized arm of the everlasting ocean. Populous cities encircle its banks, and great rivers empty into its wide basin. Far away to the west the eye can trace the point where the northern and southern shores meet beneath the green crescent of the Burlington Heights, where the beautiful city of Hamilton lies in its amphitheatre of hills. To the east the eye sees nothing but the usual ocean prospect of the mingling blue of wave and sky. And while our vessel is plowing her swift path to the northern shore, let us take a glance at the city of Toronto, which we are now approaching. As we enter the harbor we pass by a beautiful little island which serves as a breakwater as well as a park and summer residence for several families. One of the best lighthouses in the country is here situated. The aged keeper, Mr. Hanlan, has lived on the island many years. Here the youthful Hanlan, who has made such exploits in rowing, first saw the light, and in the quiet waters of Toronto Bay he took his first lessons in his favorite art.

The site on which Toronto now stands was once a rolling, wooded plain, covered with a magnificent forest of maple, oak and elm, with pines upon the higher grounds. Many representatives of the primeval forest are still to be found in the various parks around the city. Toronto is the capital and largest city of Ontario, and considers itself the intellectual capital of the Dominion. The Normal School of the province of Ontario is here situated as well as several colleges. University College is a noble building, one of the finest educational structures in America, and liberally endowed. In Ontario education is not only free but compulsory. The Roman Catholics, who desire to establish separate schools with their rates, may do so where they are strong enough to support them. In such localities, the school rates of those who desire a separate school are collected for that purpose, and those schools share in the legislative grant in proportion to their attendance. Toronto proper contains about one hundred thousand inhabitants, is the centre of trade for a rich and populous surrounding country and the central station for five railways and a vast fleet of lake vessels and steamers.

Bidding farewell to the "City of Schools," let us follow the broad lake stream in its eastern journey. For more than two hundred miles it extends from its western boundary till after having received the waters of the Genessee, the Oswego, the Black, the Don, the Trent and hundreds of smaller streams, the narrowing shores again circumscribe its sweep. We have passed the bold ramparts of Fort Henry, and the spires of Kingston are fading in the distance as the noble St. Lawrence enters that vast labyrinth of mingled wildness and beauty known as "The Thousand Isles." Every variety of rare and picturesque scenery, which the most profuse outpourings of nature's fairest combinations of forest, rock and water can effect, is there displayed inthe versatile beauties and shifting glories of the kaleidoscope. The

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water is smooth and unbroken, the heavens soft and clear, and the light fingers of the early autumn are strewing their bright colors on the forest trees. We glide along through a constantly shifting succession of exquisite landscapes. Innumerable isles, of every variety of shape, size and character, seem thrown at random over the waves, some apparently of miles in length, others almost too small for the solitary trees that grow on their tiny summits—some showing a bold outline of jagged rock, others resting like fairy baskets of foliage on the breast of the sweet waters.

But we are now approaching the rapids—the same rapids that were so long ago immortalized in Moore's Canadian boat song—and an Indian pilot comes on board. He has been familiar with the "rapids" during his whole life. In childhood he swam and played in the waters; in youth he hunted and fished on the various islands, traveling by means of his birch-bark canoe from island to island, sometimes carrying his boat, and sometimes the boat carrying him; in manhood he has piloted rafts and boats through the "rapids," till he has become familiar with every rock and shoal and eddy. No wonder the trusty captain gives the control of the vessel into his hands. And watch how he handles her; one moment she moves forward, a full head of steam and the current both aiding her; then she pauses as if fearful of the future; the next moment the engines are reversed as if she would retrace her steps; and then again she plunges madly forward, and so closely passes the rugged rock that lifts its head amidst the foaming billows, that the passengers on deck think they can almost touch it. Perhaps it may not be out of place to give the words of one of Utah's amateur rhymers in which he describes the rapids:

"The rapids—broad, and long, and boisterous;
The waves like sea monsters plunge and roll,
Mighty and grand and wildly perilous,
Tossed in commotion endless. Some mad soul
Seems shouting from each billow, and the roar
Of the lash'd waters, as they foam and break,
Is as despair's last shriek when from the shore
To yawning gulf her slaves their plunges make.
From isle to isle we wend our devious way;
From crest to crest, from wave to wave we bound,
Baptized anew with showers of snowy spray,
All danger seems in lofty tumult drowned.
From isle to isle the turmoil rolls profound;
A true enchantment this—no legend rare,
No wondrous tale by hoar tradition crowned,
But grand, terrific, true beyond compare.

Then suddenly 'tis past; from dizzy whirl
The ambling current bears us far away,
Where no pursuing wave is seen to curl,
No rapid shatters into blinding spray.
But far behind the breakers—wild array—
Shout from the watery slope their threatenings dire,
Like laugh of demons cheated of their prey,
With awful rage and impotent desire,
Striking the wildest chords of nature's mighty lyre."

There are some striking peculiarities in the St. Lawrence as contrasted with its great rival, the Mississippi. The former is limpid in its waters and unalterable in their level. The latter is turbid, and, with its swelling inundations, overflows its banks for miles around. The grandeur of the Mississippi is gloomy and oppressive; while the scenery of the St. Lawrence is exhilerating and magnificently beautiful. No river can exhibit a greater variety of scenery; here the calm expanse, studded with verdurous islands; there wild and tumultuous rapids, with the immense rafts that hurry down their foaming waters. Sometimes for miles all is the unbroken solitude of primeval nature. The canoe of the Indian is still seen crossing from shore to shore, his bark wigwam still glimmers amid the dusky shades of the forest; and then succeeds the pleasant, quaint white villages, with their antique churches, vanes and spires. What can be more picturesque than the island city of Montreal, with its royal mountain in the background, its thronged wharfs and forests of masts? But let us not anticipate.

At Prescott we can leave the steamer, and taking the cars of the Prescott and Ottawa railroad, in two hours we find ourselves in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. This city is situated on the south bank of the Ottawa river, in close

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proximity to the beautiful falls of the Rideau and Chandiere. The features that at once fix the attention of the stranger are the thickly wooded cliffs that rise abruptly from the Ottawa, surmounted by Rideau Hall—the name given to the palace where reside the Governor-generals of the dominion—and the New Parliament buildings, which constitute the finest though not the largest architectural pile on the western continent. A suspension bridge stretches across the Ottawa at this point from which may be had a fine view of the Chandiere falls, which, in point of beauty, are considered by some as scarcely inferior to Niagara.

Ottawa City was incorporated in 1854, is regularly laid out, and contains about the same number of inhabitants as Salt Lake City. By means of canals, rivers and railways, it is easily accessible to all parts of the country. The immense water-power of the falls is utilized to some extent by numerous saw mills, which issue an almost incalculable quantity of sawn lumber, and give to Ottawa its principal trade.

Socially and commercially considered, Ottawa has only two seasons in the year, namely: the season of politics, and the season of lumbering. The first commences in November, in anticipation of the opening of Parliament. Then the carpenters, the upholsterers, the hotel keepers, the confectioners and fur dealers are all busy preparing to receive the throng of senators, representatives and lobbyists, who will gather to the city from all parts of the Dominion the first week in December. We can understand this all the better, when we consider that these representatives are gathered from the various parts of a country nearly as vast as the United States, and representing interests equally diversified, and that the Governor-general is the personal link between the mother country and Canada. He is the head of not only their political institutions, but also of their social life as well. His indirect influences are frequently more valuable than those that are expressed in written law. Belonging to neither political party, he can bring the leaders and members of both under his roof, in circumstances where personal differences have to be ignored. The bitterness engendered in parliamentary debate, is often softened around the dinner table and it is hard to play the irreconcilable with opponents, when you ask their wives and daughters to dance with you. Besides this, the Governor-general is expected to be the patron of art, education and struggling merit, and in fact all that tends to develop the higher life of the country. Another feature in Ottawa society which the stranger is sure to notice, is the great number of Canadian volunteers, dressed in their scarlet colored coats, and the strange mingling of the French and English languages, so much so, that all public documents, posters and theatre bills are printed both in English and French.

The season of lumbering commences properly with the breaking up of the ice in the river. Indeed, during the winter, large numbers of men are employed in cutting down trees, sawing them into proper lengths and hauling these logs to the banks of the rivers; but it is not till the snow is gone and the rivers free of ice, that the lumber season fairly commences. Then the logs are thrown into the water and floated down to Ottawa. Sometimes in passing over rapids or around the bend of a river, many of these logs lodge together in what is commonly called a "jam." It is frequently perilous work to extricate these saw-logs from this position, and high wages are paid to those who will engage in it. When the fleet of logs or "boom" as it is called, reaches the city, the machinery of the various saw mills is set in motion, and saw mill owners and lumber dealers are so busy that everything seems in a frenzy of excitement. The clangor of the saws, as they tear through the timber, is heard in almost every direction, and a pungent odor of newly sawn oak, pine and hemlock fills the air.

Early in May commences the rafting business. The timber, after having been sawn into the proper dimensions, is

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again placed on the river in the form of large rafts. These rafts are strongly put together, furnished with masts and sails, and are steered by means of long oars which project before as well as behind them. Wooden houses or shanties are built on them for the accommodation of the crew and their families. I have counted upwards of thirty persons working the steering oars of a raft on the St. Lawrence; from this may be formed some idea of the number of their inhabitants. The most hazardous part of the lumberer's business is that of bringing these rafts of wood down the river. If not managed with great skill, they are apt to go to pieces in descending the rapids; and it not unfrequently happens that the whole labor of a year is in this way lost in a moment.

In conversation with the writer an old raftsman said: "Each raft that is brought down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence contains from fifteen thousand to one hundred thousand dollars' worth of lumber. The safest size of a raft is fifty feet in breadth and from eight hundred to one thousand feet in length; and when of this size they require about five men to manage them. Some are made, however, which are no less than one hundred feet in breadth and three thousand feet in length." These unwieldy craft are brought down to Quebec in great numbers; and it often happens that five or six months are occupied in making the passage. They are taken to pieces at Quebec and the lumber piled up to dry. It is found that the lumber seasons better after having been soaked in the water. *J. H. Ward.*

"Hurry, Mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger, "its leaking."

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

II.

LOUISIANA was acquired and territorial government established over that territory; but the case of Louisiana seems also to have been without any claim of constitutional right either to acquire or govern territory. Louisiana had for some time belonged to Spain, but, by a secret treaty had recently been ceded to France. This was not definitely known to the government of the United States, until some time after; but such was the rumor, which proved to have its foundation in fact, and which, taken in connection with other circumstances and conditions existing about the same time, led to negotiations which culminated in the purchase.

There was a dissatisfaction existing on the part of the Western States, and a rumor in circulation which, it seems, was entitled to some credence, or at least it was circulated in a quarter which rendered it worthy of notice, to the effect that it was a part of the design of France to effect an alliance with these States. Such a rumor in itself, or as a single circumstance, might not have given the administration much concern, nor taken in connection with the rumor of the secret cession, would it necessarily have caused alarm, but, just at this juncture, the right to the use of the port of New Orleans, as a place of deposit and exportation for the trade of the United States, was denied.

The mouth of the Mississippi, the great highway for the western and southern trade, within the command of France and Spain, trade actually interrupted, and the rumored design of France with the Western States, circulating in a quarter, which entitled it to some credence, all taken together, were too ominous, to say the least, to produce less than feelings of grave concern, and it was at this time when great commercial interests were at stake, and the Union apparently in danger, that it was decided to purchase territory, if this could be done; but even under these circumstances the design was only to secure a port of entry and to take so much territory as might be found neces-

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sary to accomplish this purpose. Relying upon the necessities of the case, for justification, rather than upon the Constitution, for authority. Being uncertain whether the rumored cession had actually been made, the ministers to both France and Spain were instructed, in effect, that if it has not actually been made, they were to use their best efforts to prevent it, and at the same time to try and obtain if possible a cession of New Orleans and the Floridas to the United States. Negotiations were entered upon with this intent, but fortunately for the United States, just at this time, France appeared liable to have trouble at home, and Bonaparte anticipating that he would need "the sinews of war" offered to sell the whole of Louisiana.

The magnitude of this offer, and its importance to the United States, can better be appreciated when we consider that it embraced in scope of territory, almost as much as the whole thirteen States and also the whole western bank of the Mississippi, thus giving to the United States not only a vast scope of country to be peopled by Americans, and erected into sovereign States giving strength and solidity to the Union, but also the undisputed right to navigate the Mississippi, and settle forever, those questions, which had recently been the subject of so much concern.

Mr. Livingstone, minister to France, in connection with Mr. Monroe who had been sent over as a special agent with instructions, and to co-operate with the resident ministers to France and Spain, were not slow to see the advantages of the offer, and in consideration of its vast importance, assumed the responsibility of acting without instructions, and transcending their authority, they concluded negotiations, and sent the treaty home for ratification, which was the first intimation the administration had of any such design. There is no doubt but that the ministers acted wisely under the circumstances, but it is equally clear that there was no constitutional authority for the acquisition. Jefferson said unhesitatingly, that it was unconstitutional and proposed an *ex post facto* amendment to the constitution to give validity to the transaction. Madison, it is said, drew the proposed amendment. Adams approved it, but for reasons of which the writer is not aware, the subject was finally abandoned. An amendment was certainly unnecessary as France was precluded by her solemn treaty from setting up any claim to the territory, no other government pretended to claim it, and if there had been any such claim the United States were able to defend against it. But whether these were, or were not the reasons, the proposed amendment was not abandoned on account of the supposed constitutionality of the acquisition.

Territorial government followed, and so far as the writer is advised, without objection on the part of the inhabitants. But this does not necessarily evince any claim of constitutional right in Congress nor assent to such claim on the part of the people, because aside from the spirit and genius of the state and national governments, the fundamental law of human rights, as recognized by all, and the precedent in the case of the northwestern territory, it was one of the treaty stipulations between France and the United States, that the inhabitants of the ceded territory should be incorporated into the Union, and admitted as soon as possible according to the principles of the Constitution to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States and in the meantime be maintained and protected in the enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess.

Under the circumstances it mattered little what kind of temporary government was instituted, and its organization by Congress, and acceptance by the people only shows that Congress considered some kind of temporary government necessary, and that the people were willing to submit, well knowing, as they did, that their liberty, religion, and property were guaranteed meanwhile, and that as soon as they became numerically sufficient, they could arise, as did



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Michigan, and claim admission as of right under the conditions of the treaty.

The motives which prompted the acquisition of the Floridas were doubtless mixed. It was thought that it would be easier and more certain to maintain peaceful relations with citizens of the United States inhabiting that bank of the Mississippi than with foreigners, but there was by this time growing up a strong desire on the part of the southern men to extend the territorial domain, and possibly this consideration entered into this transaction; whatever may have been the motives for acquiring the Floridas, there was inserted into this treaty a clause similar in effect to that in the treaty for Louisiana; the people were to be protected in the enjoyment of their liberty, religion, and property, and admitted into the Union so soon, at least, as they were ready for self-government, and the writer's limited research has failed to discover, even up to, and including the cession by Mexico, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, any claim on the part of the promoters of these purchases, to hold and govern territory as a colony, beyond the time when the inhabitants became numerically sufficient to exercise the functions of self government.

On the other hand, about the time of this Mexican cession and the organization of the governments, State and Territorial, which were erected over it, the leading men of both the north and south, placed themselves on record respecting the subject, an examination of which shows that, while some were of opinion that the right existed, constitutional or of necessity, to acquire and institute temporary government, all agreed that it ceased, so soon as the people were capable of governing themselves. Daniel Webster, the great expounder of the Constitution, in his speech on the "sixteen million dollar loan bill" used the following unmistakable language:

"I am against all accessions of territory to form new States. * * * I resist to-day and forever, and to the end, any proposition to add foreign territory, south or west, north or east, to the States of this Union as they are now constituted and held together under the constitution. * * * Arbitrary governments may have territories and distant possessions, because arbitrary governments may rule them by different laws and different systems. Russia may rule in the Ukraine, and the provinces of the Caucasus, and Kamtschatka by different codes, ordinances or ukases. We can do no such thing. They must be of us, *part* of us else strangers."

John C. Calhoun, William H. Seward, and Lewis Cass, were quite as explicit if not so emphatic in defining their views upon the question, claiming in substance that any colonial system was incongruous with the political system of the United States and equally open to oppression, and exposed to fraud. Henry Clay was of the opinion that come from what source the right to govern might, it was but temporary and ceased so soon as the people were able to govern themselves, which was substantially the view also of Zachary Taylor and others who might be named. That the views of these illustrious statesmen were correct there can be no doubt, at least so far as they held that the right of Congress ceased so soon as the people were able to govern themselves, because, even if we admit the right to acquire territory, and for Congress to extend its parental arm over the people while the numbers are so few as to need succor in the matter of government, to continue this condition of things indefinitely, for Congress to assume the control of the domestic affairs of a people capable of taking care of themselves, would be to defeat the very objects for which the government was created.

The writer is aware of the construction which the United States Supreme Court has placed upon the Constitution, with respect to this subject, and that the decision of that distinguished tribunal is considered as settling the questions involved, but while that court has decided that under the Constitution Congress may institute territorial govern-

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ment, it has not decided that Congress may continue this system indefinitely, nor indeed, had it so decided, could the writer accept it as settling the question, because it would be in contravention of sacred and settled rights, existing by virtue of a law as much higher in its origin as are the heavens above the earth, and embracing a scope as much wider in its operations as is the whole habitable globe, more expansive than the United States; while the Constitution is confined in its operations in the United States proper, the law of equality of the human family applies to the habitable globe, whether it is operative in certain quarters or not. Nothing should be considered as settled which is not right where the liberties of a people are concerned, the supreme court has heretofore reversed itself, and as certain as it is true that right will triumph, so certain is it that causes will operate to bring about a reversal of all unjust decisions of that court so far as they can affect the liberty of the people.

The writer, as he has before stated, entertains the most profound respect for the opinions of the United States supreme court, and is inclined to credit those who advocate the doctrine of Congressional supremacy, with sincerity, yet whether from the ardor of their desire to promote party interest, they have allowed their judgments to become warped, or from what course so ever it may have been produced, he has no doubt of their error.

The Constitution has always been celebrated for the felicity and simplicity of its language, and the writer does not believe that either in terms or by necessary implication the power to hold and govern territories as colonies, is therein conferred, but even if it were, the provision would be nugatory, because in conflict with the higher law. The first continental Congress (of whom Lord Chatham said that he had studied and admired the free States of antiquity, the master States of the world, but that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion no body of men could stand in preference to that Congress) in their "Declaration of rights" or "bill of indictment" brought against the king, declared that the inhabitants of the English colonies, in north America were by the immutable laws of nature entitled to life, liberty, and property. The framers of the Declaration of Independence, reiterated this doctrine, only they took broader grounds, declaring that these were the rights of the whole human family; that all men were created equal, and that the right to life, liberty and property, were not only inherent but inalienable, which latter simply means that the people themselves cannot perform an act, with solemnities enough to pass this right, so as to prevent them from again arising and claiming it against all the world when it may suit their purpose.

This declaration of rights has in some form or another been incorporated into the Constitution of every State within the Union, so that in adopting these constitutions, it has become the declaration of the whole people, every man by depositing his ballot in the first instance or by subsequently selecting the State as his domicile, thus speaking for himself, one cannot conceive how a law could be more generally indorsed than is this law, acknowledged to be of divine origin, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that being so any human law which conflicts with these heaven-born rights is void. It is universally acknowledged that all human systems in conflict with the laws of God must yield. The right to life, liberty and property carries with it as an inevitable consequence the right to enact laws, rules and regulations for the protection of that life, the preservation of liberty, the disposal of property, and to administer justice. If these are not committed to the inhabitants of the territories, then they do not enjoy their rights, their lives, liberty and property all being in the custody and keeping of the citizens of the States which is really the case. Under the territorial system the far-seeing and sagacious business man of the territory may, by his industry, honesty and frugality, amass his millions, yet he has not the

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absolute right to participate in making laws to protect and preserve this property, to provide how much or what per centage of it shall be for the benefit of public schools, or even for the education of his own children. The impecunious spendthrift, however, who happens to reside within a State, although he never earned a dollar, and would not know how to spend it wisely if he had one, may, through senators and representatives of his choosing, dispose of every dollar of the other man's hard earned means. The pious minister of the gospel, and the hardy son of the soil, of the territory may by their pious example and lifelong labor of love, care and concern have reared their children as pure and unsullied as angels, yet they have not the absolute right to participate in the making of laws, rules and regulations for the protection of the lives or the preservation of the virtue of those innocent children, while the lecherous debaucher who revels in the dens of infamy, and sinks of iniquity within the State although he has no adequate idea of the value of chastity, or the moral courage to assume the responsibility of a family, may through the senators and representatives of his choosing assume the control, care and custody of all these sacred trusts. It would seem to the writer as though it needed no further illustrations to convince one of the most obtuse perception of the outrageous character, and unconstitutionality of a system which admits of such gross inequality. It is certainly a deplorable condition of things, to say the least, when American statesmen can advocate such doctrine without blushing. *N. Tanner, Jr.*

There is no crime so great as one perpetrated against the freedom of peoples.

## THE WARFARE OF THE BRITONS.

As already stated, the Britons were, at the time of Cæsar's arrival, in a state of at least semi-barbarism: their homes mere thatched huts—their towns made up of a collection of these unpretentious residences, surrounded by a ditch and a low mud wall. They had no knowledge of the arts and sciences; they boasted not of academies and colleges; no railroads ran across their meadows; no telegraph wires communicated tidings of terrible events from distant parts; and that now welcome visitor—the morning newspaper—had never then been introduced as a suitable accompaniment to a British breakfast. But with all the disadvantages then prevailing, Cæsar found it much more of a task than he had expected, to gain a foothold on British soil. The Britons were always a fearless race; and in those days, although they had no pistols or powder, they were, as now, possessed of pluck and perseverance, which did them good service on many occasions.

Their skill in warfare was only of that rude character which had been acquired in contentions between their own tribes; but with copper swords and short daggers they showed fight to the aggressive Romans, and gained many a victory. They were not without stratagem, for they frightened the Roman horses with a species of rattle carried in the butt end of their spears; and while the animals, unaccustomed to such music, were dancing and capering on the field, the Britons made the riders uncomfortable with their spears, which weapon, being attached to the wrist by a strap, was, after being hurled at an antagonist, dexterously regained and used time after time in the conflict.

But while the Roman horses were so susceptible to fear as to be almost unmanageable, the British horses were so well trained that they would move or stand still at the word of command; and, unlike the horses of this western country, which can scarcely be left with safety tied in front of your own gate, these British steeds would stand per-

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fectly quiet, amidst the noise and din of battle, and always be found when wanted waiting for orders. Perhaps the flipper fiend was not yet born, or matters would have been different.

These trusty animals—the horses, not the fiends, were hitched on to the British war chariots, which did such fearful execution that they are noted in history. They consisted of a chariot-shaped bed, on two wheels, and were open at the hind end. The wheels were provided with a species of scythe or sword blade, which cut their way through the strongest phalanx of soldiery, as the horses, being so well trained, would start on a gallop at the command of the driver, and, like the modern English cab horse, run down all that stood in their way. So terrible were these chariots, that whenever the Roman soldiers saw a cloud of dust and heard the noise which accompanied the chariots, they were smitten with terror, so much so that some were actually known to say their prayers, which, like some soldiers of more modern times, they were doubtless very loth to do unless hard pressed.

So Cæsar did not conquer Britain on his first visit. With eighty vessels and twelve thousand men, he was so harassed by the British warriors that he was glad to accept of a proposal of peace and return home. But he soon came back, and he had evidently formed a higher estimate of British valor by the time of his second visit, for this time he brought eight hundred ships and thirty thousand men. It is presumable that as he was better prepared, so were the British, who, although divided into about forty tribes, each with a king or chief over them, united themselves under one leader or general and gave determined battle to Cæsar's hosts. If this unity had prevailed, there is no telling how great a victory might have been recorded over the invaders; but jealousy—that demon whose fatal work has so often crippled the greatest enterprises—brought dissensions among the British chiefs. So when Cassivelannus found himself watched with envious eyes for his bravery and zeal, and further, that the other chiefs or kings were quarreling with each other; thus breeding disunion and its consequent weakness, he made a proposal of peace which Cæsar accepted, and the second time took his departure. Perhaps he had come to the conclusion which Napoleon reached nearly two thousand years afterwards, that the British were such unreasonable people that they never knew when they were whipped. So it was left for another emperor and another time for a new effort to be made to conquer Britain and her people.

*Chas. W. Stayner.*

## SLANDER.

"Slander's edge is sharper than the sword: her tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; her breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All comers of the world: kings, queens, and states;
Maids, matrons—nay, the very secrets of the grave,
This viperous Slander enters."—*Shakspeare.*

SLANDER is the defamation of character; it may be either national or personal. National slander is the misrepresentation of the acts or purposes of a state or people. Personal slander is the malicious vilification of an individual.

The Latter-day Saints have ever been the victims of slander. From the time of their existence as a people until the present, they have been made to feel this weapon of cowards. All the evil effects to which the victims of slander can point are plainly visible in the present situation of the Mormon people; therefore we select them to illustrate the evil results of national slander.

The people of the world entertain the most absurd ideas in relation to the "Mormons." Among the ignorant, you are sometimes asked, "Is Utah an island?" "Who is your king now?" "Are the

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women still slaves out there; and do you hitch them to plows like you did a few years ago?" Very frequently you find whole neighborhoods who believe that our Elders, who are sent out to preach the Gospel to them, go out as spies, to become acquainted with the country, and prepare to make war upon the United States. They say it is our mission to get all we can to join us, and take them to Utah, where the men will be put to work as slaves, and their wives given to the priests. Others believe there is a high wall about Utah, and when a person once gets inside he can't get out without the consent of a priest or bishop.

Not long since, the writer was on his way to visit some Elders in East Tennessee, and stopped at a hotel where the State Inspector of Post Offices was staying—he had also been a colonel in the Confederate army during the rebellion. Learning that he had lately been traveling through that part of the State where our Elders were laboring, and thinking we might learn where they were located, we asked him if he had heard of any "Mormon" preachers in his travels. He answered:

"No! Why, do you want to go with them?"

"Yes, perhaps so."

"Well, you'd better not go with them; keep out of their way."

"Why do you advise that?"

"Because, when they get you to Utah, they will use you for their own purposes, and you can't get back; They'll make a slave of you; but Congress will put a stop to their infamous works this next winter."

Here the Post Office Inspector left the room, and further conversation was cut off.

Often it is believed if a man goes to Utah, and he likes not the faith of the "Mormons," it is impossible for him to get away; he is guarded, and should he attempt to escape he loses his life, and his property is seized by the Church. These are the ideas entertained by thousands of people in the States respecting the "Mormons."

Even those who profess to be "informed" claim that we do not believe the Jewish Scriptures—the Old and New Testament—that with us Joseph Smith takes the place of Christ—that we worship him instead of God — that we "countenance the liar, respect the thief," honor the murderer, applaud the perjurer—provided they but commit their offenses in the interests of the "Mormon" faith. They have learned to consider the "Mormon" Church responsible for every crime committed in the Territory, and every evil as the fruits of "Mormonism."

Believing all the above to be true about the Latter-day Saints, there exists, among some very good people, too, a spirit of intense bitterness against them. Many would consider it doing God's service to adopt any measures, however unfair they might be, to suppress "Mormonism." When the Saints were citizens of Ohio, Missouri and Illinois, the red right hand of a bloody persecution did all it could to blot them out of existence. Of late years the strong arm of the general government of the United States has been persuaded to apply the punitive lash to the inhabitants of Utah, and already special legislative enactments have been passed by Congress against the interests of the "Mormon" people—we have no space to say here that these enactments were not only unconstitutional, but also anti-constitutional—and that those who have passed said laws have been loosening the keystone of the arch of liberty, and have this endangered the whole temple of freedom.

Notwithstanding the general government has done all, and more than it could of right do, against the "Mormons," there are many who still clamor for more stringent measures against this people. They would have this "Mormon" ulcer, as they term it, "bayonetted to death," and one divine publicly advocates the plan of having "Phil Sheridan" placed at the head of the army with orders to carve the "Mormon problem" out of the body politic with his good sword.

But why does all this bitterness exist against a people who are said to possess

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many cardinal virtues? Why does all this venom ooze from between the lips of so many followers of the lowly Nazerine? The cause is Slander — whose "tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

From the first day Joseph Smith declared he had received a revelation from God until the present, misrepresentations have been scattered broadcast throughout the world. False accusations from sources that could only be contemptible have been graciously received by the credulous public—who are ever willing to accredit those statements which obtain against an unpopular people. Books containing the most scandalous statements concerning the "Mormons" and their faith, have been widely circulated.

Because we believe the same blessings and powers should attend the Gospel of Christ to-day that ever accompanied it —that the sick should be anointed with oil and healed by the prayer of faith— the gifts of prophecy, revelation, and wisdom—the gift of tongues and interpretation thereof; the most extravagant falsehoods have been reported in relation to these things: such as Joseph Smith arranging planks just under the surface of the water, and then making people believe he was performing a miracle by walking on the water: of him and others of his followers, having some of their associates pretend to be sick; and then, when administered to by the Elders, claim they were healed by the power of God; of others it is told that they uttered unintelligible gibberish, and maintained they were speaking in tongues, as the ancient Saints were wont to do; of others it was said they raised the assimilated dead—thus seeking to establish their religion by these spurious manifestations of miraculous power.

In Genesis ix: 6, we read: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" that is,the death of those who are guilty of shedding man's blood, when they have been legally convicted of their crime, should be such that when executed, their blood would be shed; and because we believe in the above, the world has been so flooded with blood-curdling stories of "Blood Atonement" among the "Mormons," that they believe we have little regard for the sacredness of human life, and that for the most trivial offense against the "Mormon" faith, we murder people without regard to age or condition—that Utah is a mere human slaughter pen.

Because we believe in that form of marriage practiced by Abraham, Jacob, Moses, and many of the ancient prophets, and servants of God, it is thought we are strangers to virtue, and are guilty of the most disgusting incest and licentiousness. It is needless to tell the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR that these ideas concerning our people are false—but those are the opinions people entertain of us—and thousands of them are honest in their prejudice. As a consequence of these false impressions existing, respecting the Latter-day Saints, many people are unwilling to listen to anything in our favor, much less to hearken to the instructions of our Elders, whom we send to preach the Gospel in their midst. So bitter are the feelings of men in some neighborhoods, that they band together to drive out traveling Elders from their vicinity, and in some instances seek their lives. What has caused this state of affairs? Slander! And they who have come into our midst, and then through self-interest, a love of popular applause, or because of their own hatred of the light of truth, which has broke forth in the midst of darkness, have misrepresented us and our institutions to the world, vilified our character, or said amen to the efforts of those who have traduced us, and thus have stirred up this bitter feeling toward us, and fanned the flame of hatred, until it breaks out in acts of violence—are as culpable as those who redden their hands in the blood of the Saints and servants of God; because their slanderous reports it is which have provoked the deeds of violence.

Who can estimate the mischief that slander produces? How long will it be ere the world will get rid of those false impressions respecting the slandered

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state or people? How much or how long will that state or people who have been the victims of slander, suffer from cruel prejudice? Because of the false reports which have gone out concerning the "Mormons" and their institutions, how many will reject the Gospel? We do not know; but of one fact we may be assured—that as the sun rises above the mountains and dispels the mists which have accumulated during the night, so truth will rise above the mountains of calumny, dispel the sodden clouds of slander, "and nations shall come to the glory of her rising."

The mischief which national slander brings upon a state or people, personal slander brings upon the individual. It destroys its victim's reputation, and awakens cruel prejudice against him. But inasmuch as the means employed to undermine an individual's character are the same as those used to bring a whole people into disrepute, little need be said under this heading.

Imagine two young men starting in life. One, by dint of hard work, coupled with courage, perseverance and integrity, rises in the estimation of the good and honorable in society, wins for himself an honest fame. The other treats indifferently his opportunities, neglects to cultivate the talents with which nature has endowed him, and, as a sequence, he makes no mark in the world; but seeing the success of his one-time companion, he is envious of him; and as he posesses not the energy to rise by merit, he resorts to the vilest means of bringing the successful one to a level with himself. He speaks lightly of his rival's talents, magnifies his defects, underrates his public performances, misrepresents his utterances and intentions, arouses suspicion as to his integrity, invents false reports against him, and in every way seeks to bring him into disrepute. How dishonorable, how contemptible are such proceedings! Yet such is the course of the slanderer. He robs us of our good name, steals that which is of most value to the worthy possessor, and most worthless to the thief, for:

"Good name in man or woman, dear, my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their soul.
Who steals my purse, steals trash.
* * * But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And leaves me poor indeed."

Slander throws suspicion on the good; it blackens the fair fame of the pure; it blights all on whom it falls; the innocent are its victims. It is thrice cursed. It curses him who employs it; him who accredits it as truth; it curses its victims.

Slander is the weapon of the envious, of hypocrites, and of cowards; none but the ignoble can with patience listen to it. It befouls the lips through which it passes, infects the pure air of heaven with venom, and leaves its filthy slime on holy ground. *B. H. Roberts.*

Character gives splendor to youth.

## IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

IV.

IRELAND has many attractions for the tourist and pleasure seeker, as well for its historical features of interest, as for the marked peculiarity of its picturesque and varied scenery. In making a tour of Ireland, and in order to obtain as much as possible of that which is pleasurable and instructive; the tourist should be acquainted with the history of the places he may visit, and of the points of interest connected therewith. Much of the history of Ireland borders on the fabulous, and unless one is reliably informed many points of interest will be missed, and the credulous imposed upon by local guides. The intelligent tourist is generally fortified against the loquacity of local guides, like the "Doctor" of Mark Twain, in Geneva; but few are proof against the "blarney" of an Irish guide, whose ready wit and ease of

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utterance usually carries conviction to the minds of credulous tourists. American tourists will find a duplicate of the "Genoese guide" in every country; and often have the visitors to the places of interest in Canada been amused when viewing the spot marked as follows, "Here fell Montgomery," on the heights of Quebec, by a loquacious guide telling them that a man by that name fell headlong down the precipice and was killed.

In steaming into Cork harbor the traveler is struck with the beauty and complacency that is witnessed there, and truly may it be said that a "haven of safety" has been reached. This fine harbor, the finest in the world, contains about ten square miles of water, and is formed by the estuary of the river Lee, which is navigable for ships of light burden, to the city of Cork. The entrance to the harbor is guarded by heavy batteries stationed on the islands of Spike, Rocky, Hawlboline, and Fort Carlisle, some of these islands also being used as convict stations. The town of Queenstown, situated on an elevation overlooking the harbor, is very pleasantly located, it is built in the form of an amphitheatre, and looks imposing from the deck of an approaching steamer. This town was formerly called the Cove of Cork, but on the occasion of the Queen's visit, in 1850, it was changed to Queenstown in honor of that event.

It is a lovely place, and on account of the mildness and salubrity of its climate, is a favorite winter resort for invalids. Eight miles further up the harbor is West Passage, a town of some importance as a watering place, likewise as the port where ships of heavy burden unload their cargoes. This town is distant from the city of Cork about six miles, and connected therewith by the Cork and Passage Railway.

Arriving at the city of Cork, the traveler is struck with the beauty and pleasant picturesqueness of its uneven ground, irregular streets, intersecting river, and overhanging heights. The red sandstone houses and terraced slopes render the scene quite charming. The city is situate on the north and south banks of the river Lee, and as the north bank rises gradually to an eminence upon which stands the military barracks, overlooking the city, the view from the quay is quite imposing. The Lee bridge is famed as being the resort of beggars, who accost the traveler in this wise: "Oah Kehristins, may the Lord protect ye from the dangers av the night, and guide yer sowls, etc., etc., and may ye niver know what it is to be forever dark and have no eyes; and for Kehroist's sake lave a penny for the blind that can niver see agin." At the foot of the bridge, and across the quay, is St. Patrick's street, the principal street in the city. A splendid statue of Father Matthew, the apostle of temperance, is erected in this street, at the end of which to the left of the Grand Parade, Great George's street branches to the right, and at the end of this street stands the Court House. The splendid Corinthian columns supporting the portico, won the applause of Lord Macaulay, who declared "they would do honor to Paladio." This building is famous in story, and in connection therewith is a remarkable statue of James II, whereon hangs a tale. This statue, on the defeat of the Stuarts, was first decapitated and then hidden away beneath the stairs of the old Court House, called the King's Old Castle. When this building was being repaired in 1806, the mutilated statue of King James was found, taken from beneath the stairs, placed in the grand jury room, and the headless trunk perfected with the *head of William III.* This statue was removed to the grand jury room of the present building in 1836, where it now stands.

Many good stories are told of scenes and enactments witnessed in this place; the following fact is part of the court records: "At the Autumn Assizes of 1766, a man named Patrick Redmond was indicted for robbing the dwelling house of John Griffin. He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged on the tenth of September, 1776, at Gallows Green. He was cut down after hanging exactly nine minutes, and an actor named Glover, who was then per-



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forming on the Cork stage, by means of friction and fumigation, succeeded in restoring animation; and, ere long, Patrick Redmond was able to walk, as if nothing had happened to him. Possibly the ill-advised attention of his friends prevailed on him to drink more than he ought; for ere nightfall he got drunk, and went to the theatre to return thanks to Glover for saving his life.

The frequenters at the theatre on beholding the appearance of a man in the evening whom many had seen hanged in the morning, were naturally considerably frightened; and women fainted, and a terrible scene of confusion took place." It is not stated that he was retaken, and we may infer he was a tailor by trade, for the historian of Cork remarks: "He was the third tailor who had outlived hanging during two years."

Cork is a beautiful city, and as one walks along the Mall, a public walk a mile long, and lined by noble elms, he is charmed with the grandeur and magnificence of the buildings and edifices that adorn that part of the city; and a passage down the river is made delightful by the verdure of its sloping banks, dotted here and there with white mansions, stately halls and old castles. Cork once boasted a barber who, to augment his business, sold malt liquor, and placed on his sign the following couplet:

"Rove not from Pole to Pole, but step in here,
Where naught excels the shaving but the beer."

It was in this city that William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, first became a Quaker.

The county of Cork, like the city, is fraught with interest to the tourist, possessing as it does, many marks of historical importance. It was in this and adjoining counties that the great Desmond war was waged, and some of the greatest battles were fought in this county (1580). The immense landed estates of Ear lDesmond, extending from Duncasin, in Kerry, to the meeting of the Suir, Nore and Barrow, in Waterford, and from Queenstown to Limerick, containing a million acres, were confiscated and given to Englishmen. Sir Walter Raleigh, and Edmund Spenser, the poet, received large grants of the forfeited estates, the former situated along the valley of the Blackwater, from Lismore to Toughal; in the latter town he built and occupied a residence, which is still in excellent preservation, called Myrtle Grove, now the property of Mr. Pope Hennessey. Edmund Spenser lived in Kilcolman Castle, in the north part of this county, and it was here he composed his great work, the "Faerie Queene," and a number of other poems.

Kilcolman Castle is now a ruin. There are no signs about it of past glories in architecture, and the very traces of fire have been washed by the elements, and the memorials of the poet's ruin have passed away; but the everlasting hills still keep their watch over the stern old building. The slippery staircase of stone is yet perfect, which Raleigh and Spenser often trod up and down together.

One lovely evening in the autumn of 1598, while Spenser and his wife Elizabeth, whose "fayre golden tresses" he so much loved, were seated together in the castle, a tramp of a thousand feet was heard approaching the lonely building. Rude knocking was heard at the gate and the passage was forced in and lights flared up on all sides; and there were groans, and shrieks, and commingling cries of men engaged in fierce battle. Savage numbers prevailed, and applications for mercy were met by the sweep of the broad sword, or the thrust of the skeine,or the low short laugh of derision; and the tumult grew less, and the cries died away, and then all was hushed in the silence of death.

"Then came a vision of a rough and stormy ocean, and a struggling bark was wildly contending on it with the mad tempest,and there were terrified fugitives crouching low on her deck, and looking with eager eyes toward a blue low-lying shore they were with difficulty approaching. And then the scene changed to a plainly furnished room in an inferior street, and the wanderers were there, and knew of their safety; but the strong man's cheek was flushed with disease, the fever was feeding upon his strength,

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his head was sick and his heart was broken.

"And then, in a gorgeous aisle of a reverend minster, we saw a crowd assemble, and a grave was dug, and a long procession issued from a low-arched door near at hand, and proceeded toward the grave. And the nobles of the land were there, and poets read their eulogies of the deceased, and cast the verses and the pens that wrote them, into the pit. And then there was the rumbling of earth upon the coffin lid, and the hollow thumping of the sexton's spade, and suppressed sobs and tears, the dying away of departing footsteps—dust and ashes—and the earthly clay of what was Edmund Spenser remained, to wait the trumpet of the resurrection day."

Ben Jonson said he "died for lake of bread."

There are many ruins of castles and abbeys and noted edifices in the county of Cork, especially along the banks of the Blackwater. Many points of interest can be visited by the traveler; The town of Blarney, with its castle and the celebrated "Blarney stone;" Bandon, with its relics of English Protestantism; Fermoy, where lies the body of the celebrated "Willie Brennan," famous in Irish song.

About forty-six miles west-northwest from Cork, in the county of Kerry, is situated one of the most picturesque spots in Ireland—the Lakes of Killarney. The town of Killarney is situated about a mile and a half from the lower lake. It makes no pretentions to beauty or notoriety; it is of the ordinary type of Irish market towns in general. It can boast a Roman Catholic cathedral and a nunnery, which give to it an air of importance, though otherwise it is unimportant. In the summer it is made quite lively by the great number of tourists that visit the lakes.

The Lakes of Killarney consist of Upper, Middle and Lower. The Upper Lake is two and one half miles long, and about three quarters of a mile wide, and contains several islands. It is connected with the Middle Lake by the Long Range River a stream about three miles long. The Middle Lake is about two miles long and one wide; but the largest and most important one of the three is the Lower Lake; which is about five miles long by three wide. What makes these lakes such a favorite resort is the beauty of the scenry that surrounds them.

The grand old mountains—Macgillicuddy's Reeks—the highest mountains in Ireland, which rise from the western shores of the lakes, and reach an eminence of about three thousand four hundred feet, are noble and picturesque, with their tops crowned with purple heath and their base fringed with variegated woods, conspicuous among which is the beautiful arbutus or strawberry tree, a native of this place. Mangerton, a peak of the Reeks, better known as the "Devil's Punch Bowl," is an ugly bulk of a mountain, a truncated pyramid, with the "Punch Bowl" on top. Dunloe Gap, a large ravine in the mountains, is also an object of interest, made more so from the fact that the credulity of the tourist is often imposed upon by the native boatman or carman, who acts as guide. In Carlyle's "Reminiscences," we are told of his visit to this gap, and of his introduction to the "Dunloe Hotel," and the request of the proprietor to partake of its hospitality, which consists of whiskey and goat's milk, served up by the veritable "Kate Kearney's niece." Many fine residences adorn the shores of the lakes; notable are Castle Lough, Lady Kenmore's Cottage, Roche's Inn, and many others of beautiful architecture and romantic surroundings. Muck Abbey is a fine spectacle viewed by moonlight. There is a wild, weird beauty in all, that is sublime. The Upper and Middle Lakes are the most beautiful and romantic; the Lower Lake is large and generally windy and rough; it has several islands, I think thirty in all—on one of which in the northwest of the lake is a religious edifice.

There is also a race-course and many amusements are afforded and indulged in in the summer. Killarney, like nearly all places resorted to by tourists, is

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infested with beggars and dependents, and no opportunity is wanted to dispose of the "small change." In the midst of all this grandeur, squalor and poverty abound. Dark, narrow huts, the habitations of a family, together with a cow, and pig and chickens, all comprising the family, may be found. "Galore," and the faithful "dodeen" is kept going by nearly every member of the (human) family, and buttermilk, potatoes amd "potheen," is the *summum bonum* of the Irish peasant's earthly life. *Robt. S. Spence.*

Do what is right and fear no one; thou mayst be sure that, with all thy consideration for the world, thou wilt never satisfy the world.

## USE OF BIG WORDS.

"He goes on his own hook" has been rendered more elegantly in deference to and in accordance with the spirit of the times, in this manner: "He progresses on his own personal curve;" and a barber in London advertises that his "customers are shaved without incision or laceration, for the microscopic sum of one halfpenny." "One might have heard a pin fall" is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket handkerchief;" and as it is somewhat vulgar to say "pitch darkness," it has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity." Another polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy is to say that he is "constitutionally tired;" and "Nominate your poison" is the poetical way of asking, "What will you drink?"

On one occasion, we are told, a doctor of divinity rung the changes on "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympana." Then, again, we have that old-fashioned saying, "The more the merrier," delightfully translated in this way: "Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of cachinnatory hilarity." It is even reported that not very long ago a clergyman spoke of seeing a young lady "with the pearl-drops of affection hanging and glistening on her cheek." He meant that she was crying. Certain critics, too, occasionally launch out in a similar metaphorical style. Concerning a young and aspiring orator, one wrote: "He broke the ice felicitously, and was immediately drowned with applause."

Quite recently a literary man of some celebrity, in a letter describing the early fall of snow in Switzerland, did not say the storm abated, but "the flakes dwindled to flocculi!" and instead of vulgarly putting it that they melted a potful of snow to obtain water, he said that firewood was "expended in rendering its own heat latent in the indispensable fluid." Equally as good was that which relates to a certain eminent professor, who observed that very wonderful things were occasionally discovered nowadays. He had found out lately that "Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eye-balls, is an epileptiform affection of the cerebellular oculomotorial centers;" and he added, "Don't forget in future what sort of a thing a 'nystagmus' is."

"You have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to the lecturer, "the word 'periphrasis;' would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?" "Certainly," said he; "it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." As this explanation was received in solemn silence, we trust it was deemed a satisfactory one. It is, however, recorded that the gifted orator was not called upon again to explain for the rest of the evening.

London possesses a phraseology of its own, and is at times rather amusing than otherwise. Two pedestrians were re-

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cently accosted in terms the most magniloquent by a street beggar: "Good gentlemen, will you kindly administer the balm of consolation to a wretched and debilitated constitution?"

"Our 'buses," said a conductor in answer to an inquiry made, "runs a quarter arter, arf arter, quarter to, and at!" A young man from the country, while exploring one of the quiet lanes in the city for a dinner, had his ears mysteriously saluted by a shrill voice from an eating house, which uttered in rapid tones the following incomprehensible jargon: "Biledlamancapersors, Rosebeefrosegoose, Bilerabbitbileporkanonionsors, Rosemuttonantaters, Biledamancabbagevegetables, Walkinsirtakeaseatsir!"

Sometimes, in ordinary conversation, we find people very apt to make use of a particular sentence or a somewhat puzzling word even, with merely a vague idea of its proper meaning. Take the following as an instance: A rich but ignorant lady, who was rather ambitious in her conversational style, in speaking of a friend, said, "He is a *paragram* of politeness." "Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her, "but do you not mean a parallelogram?" "Of course I do, immediately replied the lady. "How could I have made such a mistake?"

It is well, by the way, to bear in mind a celebrated maxim of Lord Chesterfield's, which runs thus: "It is advisable, before you expatiate on any particular virtue, and give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say, to ascertain first whom you are speaking to." The following will exemplify the necessity of this precaution: "My dear boy," said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, the straight and narrow ways of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm; dad says he's a-going to set me to work in the tater field."

As an example of meaningless phraseology, take the following anecdote of O'Connell: In addressing a jury, and having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, he stopped for a word, and then added, "This naufrageous ruffian." When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said he "thought it sounded well." By this admission we are reminded of a certain critic who charged a flowery orator with using "mixed metamorphosis;" and of an afflicted widower who recorded on the tombstone of his deceased wife that here lay the "meretricious mother of fourteen children."—*Chambers' Journal.*

## SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.*

VII.—THE END.

"It is near, even at the doors."—*Matt. xxiv., 33.*

"And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come."—*Matt. xxiv, 14.*

MANY and varied are the applications of the word Gospel, which literally means good news (*evangelium*), and its definitions have given rise to much controversy; hence, to end the dispute, we will quote the word of Paul, the great Gospel expounder, Rom. i, 16: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." Accepting the above as the end of argument, we will proceed to examine testimony in support of this "sign of the end," and ascertain therefrom the importance of believing and obeying this Gospel, that we may not be led by the "craftiness of men, who lie in wait to deceive," and be lulled to sleep by Pharisaical holiness, lest we awake to the distressing fact that our lamps are burnt out, and the Bridegroom approaches and we are not prepared to meet Him.

* Conclusion of series in Volume IV.

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The words of our text are very significant and worthy of the utmost consideration, insomuch that upon them hinges all prophecy. We will briefly examine the circumstances that prompted their utterance. Our Savior's mission on earth was nearing its close, and sad and mournful were the surrounding circumstances and the near approach of events made manifest by the prescient wisdom of the Son of God. The companionship of His faithful followers was very dear to him, and the recorded words of the sacred historian (Matt. xxiv, 1,) are beautifully portrayed by Dr. Farrar in his "Life of Christ," vol. 2, p. 254: "And now Jesus left the temple for the last time; but the feelings of the apostles still clung with the loving pride of their nationality to that sacred and memorable spot. They stopped to cast upon it one last lingering gaze, and one of them was eager to call His attention to its goodly stones and splendid offerings; those nine gates overlaid with gold and silver, and the one of solid Corinthian brass yet more precious; those beveled blocks of marble forty cubits long and ten cubits high, testifying to the toil and munificence of so many generations; those double cloisters and stately pillars; that lavish adornment of sculpture and arabesque; those alternate blocks of red and white marble, recalling the crest and hollow of the sea waves; those vast clusters of golden grapes, each cluster as large as a man, which twined their splendid luxuriance over the golden doors. They would have Him gaze with them on the rising terraces of courts—the Court of the Gentiles, with its monolithic columns and rich mosaic. Above this the flight of fourteen steps, which led to the Court of the Women; then the flight of fifteen steps, which led up to the Court of the Priests; then once more the twelve steps which led to the final platform crowned by the actual Holy and Holy of Holies. It is as though they thought that the loveliness and splendor of this scene would intercede with Him, touching His heart with mute appeal. But the heart of Jesus was sad. To Him the sole beauty of a temple was the sincerity of its worshipers, and no gold or marble, no brilliant vermilion or curiously carven cedarwood, no delicate sculpturing or votive gems could change for Him a den of robbers into a house of prayer."

Passing from the temple, and seated upon that sacred and memorable spot, the Mount of Olives, Jesus was being anxiously interrogated as to the many promises made by Him, and more particularly of the time of His second coming. "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and the end of the world?" was asked, with more directness and earnestness than any other question. Sad and mournful was He, as He recounted to them the many scenes of desolation and woe, that were to speedily overtake the House of Judah, and mark their future history; and prominent among the events and occurrences that should foretell the "end" was the "gospel of the kingdom," to be preached to all nations, and then the end.

The exact words of Jesus are, "this gospel," none other, nor a variety of others, but *the* gospel of the kingdom of God; "the power of God even unto the salvation of its faithful and obedient followers and adherents. There can be no greater gospel, there can be none other; the gospel, which at that time was the head and front of Christ's offending, is to be preached to all the world before the end shall come. Paul was a great preacher and missionary, and together with Luke, Mark and others, traveled much in promulgating the gospel of Christ, and no doubt that the greater part of the then known world was visited, and the inhabitants thereof enabled to hear and receive the gospel and profit by its glorious teachings, but Jesus said it was to be preached to ***all the world*** as a witness to *all* nations, and then should follow the sequel, "the end."

Dr. Mosheim, in his able work, "The History of the Church," tells us that "towards the close of the second century, not a vestige of the Church of Christ was on the earth;" and the many evidences of the great apostasy leave no doubt of the truth of the statement.

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But the end has not come. The apostles asked for the time of the "end of the world;" when every knee should bow; when the dominion of the usurper should be overthrown and Shiloh wield the sceptre of righteousness over His people. Christ was as emphatic in His reply as the pertinency of the question demanded, and therefore the importance of heeding it by all those who value the doctrine of Christ as the only sure salvation. The gospel that Jesus taught and enjoined upon His followers to teach and preach, admits of no counterfeit; it is "the power of God," and no power of earth or hell can approximate to it, and unless the power of God is manifest in its teachings and workings, it is not the gospel of the kingdom of God, but a gospel of man or his seducer, the Devil, and as "the power of God unto salvation" can only be enjoyed by those who, by faithful obedience to the requirements of *this* gospel, are made partakers of its blessings, it stands every one in hand to look to it, that their house is not built upon the sand, but upon the rock of eternal truth and divine revelation. No matter how close man may come to the original, it will avail nothing to its votaries, for Christ's gospel alone can give the greatest boon to mankind—salvation.

No one need be in doubt or perplexity as to their chances of salvation; for if they are recipients of the blessings that flow from *the* gospel, through their faithful observance of its laws; the power of God will manifest to them their duties and obligations, and the closer they adhere to them, the greater blessings will be enjoyed by them here, and "the more sure word of prophecy" guide them to a haven of safety hereafter. If they have not been made participants of the blessings of *the* gospel, but are vainly worshiping God, teaching and believing doctrines that are the commandments of men, their attention is called to the following facts: The gospel is not of words, but of power. It has power to heal the sick, cast out devils, make the lame to walk, the blind to see, the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, and to the believing, penitent sinner, seeking refuge within its portals, the promise is held out of a forgiveness of sins, and the reception of the Holy Ghost. Jesus sent His disciples to "preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick." (Luke ix, 2.) Jesus preached in their synagogues and healed all manner of sickness. (Matt. iv, 23.) Christ commanded his disciples to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and promised, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," "and these signs shall follow them that believe." (Mark xvi, 15—20.) This is the gospel that Jesus said should be preached in all the world, and then shall the end come. Did Paul or his contemporaries preach it in all the world? If they did, where is the sequel? Has it ever been preached since the great apostasy? If so, by whom? Modern Christianity denies its fundamental principles, and have so perverted it that scarcely a semblance remains, and the world of mankind are like the man looking in a bushel of chaff for two grains of wheat that are not there.

This gospel of the kingdom has been restored to the earth, and is being preached in accordance with the dictates of prophecy to all the world. It has been and is now being carried by messengers of peace to nearly every habitable part of the globe, and only a very small portion have been deprived of the opportunity to hear and receive it, by the bigotry and intolerance of the nation's rulers. But God is doing a "marvelous work and a wonder," and nations, heretofore deaf to the voice of warning, are opening their doors and at least tolerating the delivery of God's message to His children, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Jesus said, "This gospel shall be preached for a witness unto all nations." All nations must have the testimony of the gospel before the end will come. Great changes and revolutions may be anticipated before all nations can be expected to have a satisfactory offer of the gospel. "He that believeth on the Son

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of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." (1 John, v, 10.) Thrones must be cast down, and all stumbling blocks removed, then will the gospel be preached to all nations, after which will come—*the end.*

"When the righteous have been gathered from all nations to Zion, all impediments to crime and error will cease to exist. The sluice-ways of corruption and violence will be thrown open, and the infuriated passions of all flesh will rage in terror and wild consternation. The catastrophe of earth's rebellion against God and prophets will be consummated in a manner never to be forgotten, worlds without end. The tragic scene of nations rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and cities against cities, and towns against towns, and man against his fellowman, and woman against her sex, and child against child, will be a spectacle of penal terror and discipline not equalled by the universal deluge. The concomitants of plague, fire and famine, with the bellowing roar and blaze of falling planets, so often foretold and as often forgotten, will finish the victory of the Prince of Life, amidst the flourish of trumpets and the loud shoutings of the just, and frightful wailings of the lost."

Thus it will be when the messengers of peace return to Zion, bind up the law and seal up the testimony; when all light is withdrawn and darkness like a pall enshrouds the earth. Then when the sun and moon cease to give their light, and only the blazing light of falling planets lend momentary illumination to the nations of the earth, will be heard a flourish of trumpets announcing the near approach of the Son of Man. Every eye shall see Him, either as a friend or an enemy. Every tongue shall praise Him, or wail because of Him. The few righteous who are left among the nations will be made the objects of tender care and solicitude by the angels who will wend their way to the ends of the earth, ere the fatal blow is dealt. Every human being on the earth will witness that scene either among the victors or the vanquished. In anticipation of the question, When will all this be? We will quote from Christ's own words: "Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." (Luke xii, 40.) "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night." (2 Peter, iii, 10.)

The Lord has told us that neither the day nor the hour shall be known; but if we had a correct chronology, we might perhaps approximate very closely to the year. Doctrine and Covenants, section lxxvii, 12, says it will be in the beginning of the seventh thousand years. In the History of Joseph Smith, the great latter-day Prophet, dated March 10, 1844, we read: "I have asked of the Lord concerning his coming; and while asking the Lord, he gave me a sign and said, 'In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen, the Lord would not come, but there should be seed time and harvest during that year; but whenever you see the bow withdrawn, it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant. * * * I also prophesy, in the name of the Lord, that Christ WILL NOT COME IN FORTY YEARS; and if God ever spoke by my mouth, he will not come in that length of time. Brethren, when you go home, write this down, that it may be remembered. * * * Jesus never did reveal to any man the precise time that he would come." See also Doctrine and Covenants, cxxx, 14—17.

Kind reader, are you prepared to meet the Savior when he does come? Has the gospel made you an heir to life eternal? Are you walking in that road that leads to an exaltation in the mansions of God? If you are, then all is well; but if not, Christ's coming will be too soon for you, unless you speedily repent. The testimony of the servants of God is that it is nigh, even at the very doors, and saints and sinners are exhorted to be up and doing, lest it catch you sleeping. Mockers there will be in the last days

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that will scoff and sneer; but the decree has gone forth, the unalterable decree of Almighty God, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and the signs are appearing in rapid succession, few being left, and that few of the most terrible kind predicted; therefore, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near," lest he smite you and you be numbered with the lost. *Robert S. Spence.*

OBJECT OF LIFE.—Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life. We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities and influences. It is the motto of every true heart and the genius of every noble life, that "no man liveth to himself"—lives simply to his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion that we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible to the experience of those who live only for themselves, all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows; and it is from such as these the cry of disappointed, selfish natures comes—"Life is not worth living." *D.*

True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others.

At the bottom of a good deal of the bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they can not face public opinion.—*Chapin.*

A SOFT ANSWER. — The London *Punch* gives the following illustration of the "soft answer" which turns away wrath: Stout Lady Passenger (wincing; he had trod on her best corn)—Phew! clumsy—— Polite Old Gent. — Very sorry, my dear madam, but if you had a foot large enough to be seen, such an accident couldn't occur!

## RETROSPECTION.

The pale, dull sun of February
  Tinging with mellow light,
The landscape drear, and mountain tops,
  Grand in their sheen of white,
Lights up the day with glim'ring ray
  And fadeth into night.

The shadows lay along the wall,
  Gloomy and dark they seem,
And fitfully the sunset rays
  Adown the casement stream,
And the tired mind to rest inclin'd,
  Would fain at twilight dream.

Call up some vision of the past
  Glowing with life and light,
Some rosy hued and brilliant scene
  In dazzling splendor bright;
A pleasant phase of other days
  And friends now lost to sight.

Ah! pause, for from the years gone by
  A dear, familiar face,
The twilight shrouds in shadow,
  And seemingly we trace
The outlines clear of one most dear,
  Crowned with a mystic grace.

And thoughts rush back to the long ago,
  And we listen, as of yore,
To catch the music of the hours
  That will return no more;
And 'mid the flow'rs of childhood's bowers
  Our hearts are gushing o'er.

We close the ideal vision,
  With memories so replete,
And fancy the night wind sighing
  A requiem low and sweet.
And as we part, the teardrops start,
  The spell is so complete.

We'll meet the absent one again;
  O faith, thy glorious ray,
Brighter than sunshine floods the soul,
  And lights the darkest day
With beams divine, that constant shine,
  Athwart the roughest way.

*Emmeline B. Wells.*

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY, 1884.


## LORENZO M. RICHARDS.

IN the death of Elder Lorenzo M. Richards, we have lost one of the brightest and most promising young men in this Territory. The immediate circle of those who loved and respected him in life, and who feel deep personal sorrow in his death, is a large one; but it is fitting that a knowledge of his character and career should be even more extended. Besides the fact that a memorial tribute is due to him, there may be something in a brief recital of his accomplishments, which shall stir into life the unrecognized abilities or the dormant aspirations of other Utah boys.

Lorenzo Maeser, son of Apostle Franklin D. and Sister Jane S. Richards, was born at Salt Lake City, July 5th, 1857. Here was spent his lovable childhood; here, in his brother Franklin's school, he gained the rudimentary education which was destined to be the foundation of future intimate knowledge of men and business; here, in the long proselyting absences of his father, he formed habits of self denial and of generous help toward his mother and kin; and here he made boyish associations which endured into the maturity of his life, and the memory of which will exist with those who knew his pleasant ways, long after the grosser things of later times shall have been forgotten. At the age of eight years he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, through baptism and confirmation; and when the proper time came in his early youth, he participated in the ordinances of the Lord's House, and was ordained an Elder of the Church, and joined a quorum of which he remained a useful and honored member until the close of his life. In his twentieth year he was united in holy marriage with Mary M., daughter of Bishop George Dunford, of Salt Lake City. Their union was blessed by the birth of three children—Lorenzo M., May Pearl, and Mark D.; but only one, the second named, survives the author of its being.

With his father's family, Lorenzo removed to Ogden in May, 1869, when he was in his twelfth year. On the first day of January, 1871, he entered the employ of the Ogden Branch of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, in the capacity of messenger boy. He served in that store, successively, in the retail and wholesale departments, as salesman; then took the invoice desk; and at nineteen years of age, he occupied the very responsible position of ordering clerk for the house. His advancement proves his industry and trustworthiness. But the assiduity with which he had applied himself to business during the six and a half years of service, was making inroads on his health; and in July, 1877, he resigned his position with Z. C. M. I., to engage in a home industry—the wholesale manufacture of vinegar for shipment. He established steam works at Ogden and operated them successfully; at one time alone, and afterward associated with Hon. Heber J. Grant. To the latter he subsequently transferred his interest in the manufactory, while he engaged to represent insurance companies and to operate a loan agency in the city of his adoption. In 1879, he was appointed to the office of county clerk of Weber County; and in 1880 he was elected to that position—a place which he honorably occupied until October, 1883, when he was succeeded by his brother Charles. During this time he became one of the prominent incorporators of the Ogden Water Company. At the opening of the year 1882, under the endorsement of proper authority, the wholesale dry goods house of Richards Brothers was

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opened at Ogden, with Lorenzo as manager.

The business of the firm was prosecuted with characteristic vigor, and gave indications of soon ranking with leading mercantile institutions, when its ruling spirit was stricken. In March, 1882, he became affected by rheumatism—later pronounced to be sciatica by the physicians; and from this affliction he afterward suffered very seriously. On the fourth of July, 1883, he was just recovering from a painful attack. While out driving on that day he sustained a fracture of the right thigh bone; and through a fatal misfortune, the real character of the injury was not discovered until nearly seven weeks had elapsed. He was brought to Salt Lake for surgical treatment, and here the fractured bone was replaced after forty-seven days of agony. But the original injury, assisted by inappropriate treatment, had superinduced aneurism of the circumflex artery; and from this arose a complication of troubles, the principal one being the entire obliteration of the femoral vein. He was nursed and treated with remarkable attention and love; his wife and his parents and brothers and sisters were with him constantly; while his cousin, Dr. Joseph S. Richards, and other assisting surgeons—who undertook his case after his arrival at Salt Lake — were tireless. But the best methods of surgery and nursing were exhausted, and the patient was failing unto death; when faith and ministrations won him back to partial strength time and again after human science and skill were useless. On November 10th, in one of his periods of slight restoration, he was carried to his home in Ogden. There he lingered on, with alternating hope and fear, until the morning of the twenty-first of December, 1883, when, at one o'clock, he passed away.

The final sickness of Brother Lorenzo teaches a lesson of faith and resignation which is worthy of being perpetuated. For nearly six months he was stretched out helpless; each day of the one hundred and seventy, suffering more than the pains of death. His trust and courage were sublime. He faltered or murmured not once. Every word he spoke was uttered hopefully and cheerfully. The healing power possessed by the Presidency, the Apostles and Elders, was manifested in his behalf to a marked extent. More than a score of times, during that long battle, was the thickening night of death dispelled by the sun of righteous faith. Prayer and ministration seemed to cut him loose from the bonds of his infirmity; and his life was prolonged for months, to the marvel of all who beheld him. Finally the end came, but he met it with the same steadfastness which had characterized his life. The breeze of divine restfulness swept gently across his wasted form; the quivering clay was forever calmed; and the staunch spirit sought its other sphere.

The character of this departed man and brother was one which does not need to be sanctified to our remembrance by death. In life he was loving and lovable to all the good who knew him. A type of his career is a single incident of his childhood: He was always so thoughtful and kindly that his mother designated him as "her little gentleman." One day, aroused at what he deemed an act of injustice, he became impassioned, and in earnest anger beyond his years, he fiercely assailed the cause of his misfortune. In wonder at such a demonstration his mother checked him and said: "Rennie, you must never again while you live give way to such passion. You alarm me. You are so slow to wrath that I did not think you could be so violent. If you should ever allow such a temper to control you, you might do yourself or some one else an irreparable wrong." From that day he was never known to yield to unbecoming rage. It was not because of lack of strength or energy, that he became mild; it was through the power of his will. And while he was never betrayed into undue violence, he always met wrong with rebukeful dignity. His personal life was pure and his business career unspotted. He was as popular as he was well known. Without changing his

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manner, without a sacrifice of frankness, he won all hearts and lifted his associates, in his presence, to the plane of his own friendly gentleness. Though he did not court ecclesiastical responsibilities, he was always attentive to such requirements as were made of him. Deeply imbued with our religion, he made it silently pervade his words and actions without giving it ostentation. He was generous and brave. He upheld the cause of the weak against the encroachments of the strong. His benevolence was noted, but it had a hundred quiet channels unrealized by any but the recipients. As a son he was affectionate and obedient; as a husband, loving and considerate; as a father, fond and protecting; as a brother and friend, loyal and kind; and as a Latter-day Saint, faithful and just. He had his faults and wayward tendencies, but they were being crushed into subjection by his will and his conscience. The universal love with which he was regarded is the best index of his character. We can well believe that a man so affectionately esteemed by the best among his fellow mortals, possessed qualities which, sanctified in immortality, will make him a dweller among the blest.

As a successful business man and a gentleman of intelligence and considerable information, Lorenzo was almost self-made. He left school at the age of eleven; and two years later he began the practical battle of life. From that time on, whatever he undertook he thoroughly mastered. He had wonderful business talents, and he rapidly gained the technical knowledge to make them useful. Experience gave him confidence. Success in small ventures emboldened him for larger ones. He had a great commercial ambition. He desired to achieve wealth—not seeking riches first nor from any sordid or selfish motive; but as a means of greater usefulness. With him such aspirations were hopeful and laudable. The realizations of his brief life indicate that he seemed destined for success; while his whole conduct shows that wealth and commercial distinction would never have been by him misapplied or abused. He had an agreeable presence and remarkable shrewdness in conversation, which combined to assist him materially in frequent business trips to the commercial centers of the country. The esteem and credit in which he was held at home and abroad, were not measured by his years nor the comparatively narrow sphere of his operations. As an illustration: In his loan agency he was handling one hundred thousand dollars entrusted to him on his simple word. The money belonged to men scattered from Utah to Texas, many of whom he never saw. In his affairs he was strict and self-reliant; but he was more conservative for others than himself. As a business man he was keen and honest; as a public officer, watchful and courteous; and as a citizen, he was law-upholding, enterprising and benevolent.

We cannot look at the possible future of such a young manhood without feeling strong regret that he should have been cut short in his work. Without calling into question the greater wisdom of Providence, we can still contemplate such things with awakening advantage to ourselves. Brother Lorenzo was twenty-six years of age when he was smitten. In his limited sphere he had done so much: what might he not have accomplished if his life and its energetic labor had been rounded to the completion of years threescore and ten! But in the Lord's dispensation of events, the tree was felled just as the fruit was forming from the blossoms of promise. Do his life, his successes, his sufferings, his death, offer us a lesson worth learning? They seem to say: "Be ardent, without intemperance; be enterprising, without avarice; in health and life be loyal to your people and your God; in pain and death, be patient and brave."

Into the sorrow of the near kindred, let us all enter with gentle tread. Human woe is accessible to human sympathy. The burdens of mortality can be shared and made lighter. No solace can be more grateful to bereaved hearts

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than loving, praising remembrances of the departed one. Such balm the remaining family of Lorenzo M. Richards may take to their wounded spirits; for their beloved dead, during his life, was too honest and gentle to have enemies, he was so full of generous manliness as to leave in all minds only pleasant thoughts. Behind him remains the grandest memory—that of one who loved and served his fellow men.

Great souls are filled with love,
Great brows are calm;
Serene within their might, they soar above
The whirlpool and the storm.

## CO-OPERATION.

II.

When the pioneers first reached Utah, they brought little but themselves; their immediate successors were in a similar condition; a few seeds, a little stock and an occasional implement, was all that could be expected from wagons lightened of a few months provisions which every one required at the starting point.

The discovery of gold in California was one of those marvelous outcropings of special providence which have been far from uncommon in the history of the Latter-day Saints. Up to this time it had hardly been realized by the few colonists that they were "a thousand miles from anywhere," in launching into the desert in search of peace and freedom from persecution; it was quite a secondary thing that every mile found them farther from their "base of supplies;" fleeing in search of rest, nothing but the most sublime faith could have dared the future, and nothing but experience springing from such faith could have enabled human nature to triumph over a journey unmatched in history even by the exodus of Israel from the fertile fields of Goshen. These fugitives from Pharaoh had flesh in the morning and their manna in the evening, while water fresh from the grizzly slopes of Horeb followed them many a weary mile, and the historian fails not to tell us that their food was always ample and their clothes waxed not old upon them neither did their shoes wear out, or was their feet swollen during forty years of travel.

But the Saints were cumbered with modern wants and when they faced the situation, crying unto the Lord, and the answer came from His servant that merchandise should be sold in their embryo city, for less than eastern prices, both people and prophet were equally filled with misgivings as to the source of revelation on so improbable an event, verily there was hoping against hope, yet the sequel was even more astonishing than the prophecy itself; for the eager gold seekers were so willing in their haste to the Eldorado that they abandoned much of their substance, and the prophecy was fulfilled. In the economy of heaven there is, however, but little waste, and continued miracles never yet superseded the necessity of forethought, of labor and the exercise of the mental and spiritual faculties of man. As the people were replenished by the continuous arrival of their co-religionists, so their industry, by the blessing of heaven, wrested from the desert more than answered present needs—all of which was easily disposed of to the increasing hosts of gold-seekers until coin was in abundance and a very drug in every home, until no man would shoe a horse, repair a wagon, or supply grain, nor would the housewife dispose of butter, eggs, chickens or do a needed washing for the sparkling current coin; anything or everything seemed more desirable than this; sugar, domestic, nails, shoes, general supplies in the way of merchandise, were more than money, which had found a curious although but temporary dethronement.

But professional merchants began to arrive in the growing city, their tempting wares drew in the plethoric ducats until the brass kettles were filled to

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overflowing, and by the wagon load it went to eastern cities for increased supply of goods. Had those early importers or merchants as they were called, but covered their avarice by ordinary prudence it is not unlikely that they might have retained commercial supremacy to this day; but with Territorial organization came prospective pickings, and it was soon found that while the patronage of the "Mormons" was enriching these merchants, they sympathized with Federal appointees and luckless adventurers and used the very means which was being poured into their coffers to thwart the purposes of their customers and secure, by legislation, contention in a far-off dependency of the nation. Without entering into the minutiæ of those times, it may suffice to say that in the interval there was growing up a number of small traders belonging to the people, who were advised in self defense to sustain those who were, in some sense at all events, identified with the majority, and really, as a consequence, interested in the maintenance of peace and the development of the country.

Those who were familiar with the potency of counsel given by President Young will realize the impetus which this gave to the business of "Mormon" traders; they blossomed into merchants, finally becoming importers, and so gathered the bulk of the local business into their own hands. The episode of the Buchanan war had been rehearsed in Utah, money and merchandise had again become comparatively cheap, when the long hoped for vision of railroad communication seemed about to be realized. Government grant, political necessity, and a broad undercurrent of speculation set the work afoot; its approach was heralded from both east and west, until with giant strides it decreased the area of separation at the rate of from two to four miles a day; it was easy to see that the effects of its arrival would be revolutionary to this inland Territory. Its promoters and the enemies of the people expected it to solve the "Mormon problem," and there were many possibilities enshrouded in the then not distant future; the people were increasing in numbers, their industry and thrift, and necessities, presented so many aspects of probable wealth to the speculator and adventurer that it is but little wonder so much was expected from the advent of the "iron horse." While this grand triumph of enterprise could be a blessing to Utah, it could also possibly be an evil; its utilization would be the sending of "swift messengers" to the nations, the gathering of Israel, and the cheapening of merchandise, yet the query remained as to who should hold the commercial and financial supremacy of a resurrected host from the lately "scattered and peeled people." Remember the character of the community; the Gospel had not gathered the financial and commercial element of mankind; the poor, the laborer, the uneducated, so to speak, were the Israel of the mountains. Facilities of importation, thrifty settlements, a community with many wants, would have been tempting to men of business aptitude almost anywhere, but as these are usually an overdone class, they would have been to Utah like the locusts of Egypt, and the unsophisticated, unsuspecting yet hopeful Saints would have become indebted to these intruders (and judging from the past, probably enemies) until all the possessions of the masses might have been jeopardized by the facilities for an extension of credit.

To the leader of the people it seemed indeed as if the "Mormon" merchants had taken advantage of their opportunities: had those foreseen the issues, probably the prospective contest might have been averted, but they had fallen undesignedly may be, into the business ruts of their predecessors, and sharp competition had as then not obtained a foothold in mercantile circles.

However, on the part of the late President Young, to see was to act—for self defense, for the good of the masses, for the securing of the financial supremacy, he evoked the power of that co-operative idea which had been so prolific of good results to the Church and people over whom he presided, proved to be

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potent in the preaching of the word, in the gathering of the poor, in the colonization of the desert, in the making of ditches and canals, in the building of schoolhouses and meeting houses; why not apply it in other directions?

Ah, why not? A council was assembled, and while the risk, for lack of materials, was great; yet the necessities and opportunities were great also; a committee was appointed to prepare a "constitution and by-laws," who reported their success on paper, and waited for counsel to make the paper institution a permanent fact.

The masses at the time, were "flush" of money, and a presentation of the President's wish would have drawn what was needed, but no insignificant store-keeping was in that master mind. He had conceived the idea of one grand central importing house; buying for a community at first hands, freighting at special rates, distributing through local auxiliary organizations at a minimum profit, to their owners, the people, and finally, by this self-sufficient power, so manipulating accumulating means and regulating importation, as to make this grand conception in practical results, the stepping-stone to the industrial independence of the people he loved. There was a breadth and grandeur about this, that its prejector, probably, hardly comprehended; it was a giant's thought, an inspirational one no doubt, and because of this hampered by those subtle influences in its development and history, which have ever been inseparable from the projects of the servants of God.

Interviewing the "Mormon" merchants, it was easy to discover that only as "Mormons" were they willing to sell out their own business, or become appreciable investors in even so grand a scheme; yet compliance was among the inevitable, and thus originated the now famous Z. C. M. I., the most powerful lever for good in a commercial sense which can be found in the United States. Its credit is beyond criticism in business circles; it arrests the attention, by its magnitude, of the stranger and the tourist; its power has been felt among the highest of the nation; but its beneficial spirit is most abundantly felt at home. It has never been speculative in its character; but it has given to the people in exchange for their money or produce, all that they could reasonably expect. It stands as a breakwater between extortion and necessity; yet without the element of competition; it has never taken advantage of conditions, or in scarcity made a corner in goods; saving millions to the masses since its incorporation, and with all its faults, yet looked upon as the friend of the people, and a blessing to the Territory by bringing into the closest proximity the producer and consumer of manufactured goods.

Some have doubted as to whether this institution was entitled to the patronage of the people, it has been considered as simply a firm among firms, yet if the above outline is short and clear, it is more than this; it was established by that authority which is everywhere recognized by the Saints; it was accepted by the people in general and special conferences assembled; it was and still is officered by the leading men of Israel. President Young, for many years, was its president; President Taylor is now its president; several of the Twelve are among its directors; the balance are members of the Church, including men of acknowledged financial ability and commercial standing, whose ability and experience have been pressed into service for understood ends; it is called Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution; its escutcheon and sign is "Holiness to the Lord;" it belongs to the Latter-day Saints; it is their institution; all its stockholders are connected with the Church; itself being the largest, and representing the people through their Trustee-in-Trust, at the same time all its profits and employees are subject to tithing, and so benefits the whole; this being the case then, the Saints are under moral and spiritual obligation and covenant to sustain it, to give it preference, and by investing in it as stockholders, to give it greater eclat and influence than its past history has shown.

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Were this universal, were its primitive spirit extended, were it more fully understood, were all its local auxiliaries in harmony with it, carrying out its principles, many of the ills of our condition as a common community would be "healed by the first intention;" but the recapitulation of these advantages must be deferred to the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR until a future issue. It may, however, be suggested that all the population who are called or expected to be Latter-day Saints are interested in the issues growing out of the enlarged and enlarging principle of co-operation.

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—SANPETE.

The quarterly Conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of Sanpete Stake of Zion was held at Ephraim, Saturday, January 19, 1884. Present on the stand: Of Stake officers, Supt. J. F. Allred and Counselor Samuel Allred; Stake Presidency, Canute Peterson and Henry Beal; and officers of the several Associations.

10 a. m. Meeting called to order by Supt. J. F. Allred. After singing and prayer, the time was occupied by the presidents of Associations giving their reports.

2 p. m. Remarks were made by Supt. J. F. Allred on the practical labors of the Associations.

Elder Royal B. Young, of Salt Lake City, spoke very forcibly on the Word of Wisdom.

Prest. Canute Peterson addressed the meeting, giving the young much good and fatherly advice, showing in a comprehensive manner the results of evil habits and the advantages of living pure and noble lives.

General and local officers sustained.

Benediction by Prest. H. Beal.

*J. C. Christianson*, Secretary.

SUMMIT.

The Quarterly Conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of Summit Stake of Zion was held in Coalville meeting-house, Sunday, January 6th, 1884.

2 p.m. Present on the stand: Of the General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith and Junius F. Wells; the Stake Superintendency, Stake Presidency and officers of Ward Associations.

Prayer by Counselor George Beard.

Brief reports by the representatives of the Associations of the Peoa, Rockport, Wanship, Hoytsville, Coalville, Spring Hollow and Kamas Wards were given.

Elder Junius F. Wells occupied the remainder of the afternoon in addressing the Conference. Spoke of the opportunities these organizations afforded the young of Zion to qualify themselves for future usefulness; and upon interesting topics to the young men. Referred to the missionary labors between the Associations as being productive of great good.

7.30 p. m. After the opening exercises, the general and Stake authorities of the Y. M. M. I. Associations were presented and unanimously sustained.

Supt. Ward E. Pack said: As far as he had been able to ascertain, a lively interest is being manifested in mutual improvement in Summit Stake.

Prest. Joseph F. Smith said: We have a greater field of labor at home than abroad. That first of all it is our duty to save ourselves, that it will not do to follow the so-called Christian custom of sending missionaries abroad and carelessly overlooking the field at home. The object of our Associations is to bring our young people to a knowledge of the Lord and His work in the last days. He said that mothers can do more towards forwarding the Gospel by teaching their children correct doctrine and the principles of truth than all the preachers in Israel. Spoke at length in an edifying and instructive manner.

Conference adjourned until the last Sunday in March, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Benediction by Prest. W. W. Cluff.

*E. H. Rhead*, Secretary.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. MARCH, 1884. No. 6.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

V.

THE CONTENTS OF THE RECORDS.

IT was not until the year 60 B. C. that peace was fully established. It found the Nephites in a comparatively demoralized condition. The protracted conflict had developed the usual train of evils; moral and physical, that follow the wake of war's desolations. No sooner, however, was the conflict over, and men's minds grew calmer, than the Holy Priesthood went forth in the power of its sacred calling, and commenced the work of reformation and reorganization. These labors were greatly blessed. Abundant prosperity followed; the Nephites spread abroad far and wide, and soon commenced to swarm by tens of thousands into the Northern Continent. How much this people had previously been given to ship building is entirely hidden from us. Nephite ships are not mentioned until this age. Now a certain artificer named Hagoth, established ship building yards on the western side of the Isthmus of Panama, and thence many thousands of emigrants sailed northward. It is scarcely supposable that this industry started into existence all of a sudden in such an advanced stage; it is much more reasonable to suppose that, though we read nothing of these things in the Book of Mormon, the Nephites had already learned to navigate their rivers and large inland seas; but this is possibly the first time that long ocean voyages were undertaken, and as such, marked a new era in the progress of this people. Some of Hagoth's ships never reached their destination, and it is supposed that they, with their living freight, were carried out to sea by storms, ultimately reaching some of the Islands of Polynesia. In this way it is probable, and the traditions of the enfeebled races inhabiting these islands coincides therewith, that the Sandwich, Society, Friendly and other groups were peopled with remnants of the house of Israel, extending at last, as far as New Zealand, whose aborigines speak a kindred language to those of the Hawaiians and other peoples inhabiting the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

We now come to one of the saddest chapters in the history of this branch of the house of Jacob. We refer to the establishment and organization of the Gadianton bands of assassins and marauders. The contention, bloodshed and misery that they brought, in after years, often exceeded the troubles incident to the invasions of the Lamanites. These robbers were held together by terrible oaths, signs, passwords, etc. Vengeance quickly followed upon any who revealed their secrets; and owing to the increasing instability of the Nephite character, these bands rapidly grew to such alarming proportions that they controlled the elections, and creatures of their choice were called "by the voice of the people" to occupy the most exalted positions in the state. We can well imagine the numerous evils that afflicted the Nephites under their administrations; no man's life was safe, no woman's virtue was protected—life, property, liberty, and all else were at the mercy of these assassins, and the people



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discovered that the "tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

We will skip over the various seasons of peace and war, godliness and sin, pride and humility, that characterized the checkered course of the Nephite republic at this age, for they are but the repetition of the oft told tale of repentance and renewed apostasy; to be followed by partial repentance again, when the hand of misfortune was laid upon them. In the year B. C. 39, Helaman, the chief judge, died, and he was succeeded by his son Nephi, one of the most remarkable characters for faith and righteousness that graces the annals of the Nephite race.

The years that Nephi judged his people are some of the darkest in Nephite history. Owing to their great pride and iniquity, the Lord left them to themselves, and they became weak like unto the Lamanites, man for man. When war was declared, the latter, being much the more numerous, carried everything before them. In vain the Nephites struggled for their homes and their liberties. They were forced back by the hordes of the Lamanites from city to city, from land to land. Manti, Gideon, Cumeni, Moroni, and even Zarahemla fell. Nor did the war end when the blood-thirsty Lamanites held high carnival in the midst of its towers and palaces. Onward swept the invading host; backward, yet backward fled the defenders of the commonwealth, and backward they continued until every town and city, every tower and fort from Melek to Moroni, from Manti to Bountiful, were filled with the savage, half-disciplined, dark-skinned warriors of Laman. Not a place could be found in the whole Southern Continent where the soldiers of the Nephites successfully held their ground. Zarahemla, with its hallowed associations, its glorious temples, its proud palaces, its luxurious homes, its courts of justice, where the chief judge sat in the magnificence of almost kingly authority to administer the law—this their queen city, the seat of their government, the head centre of their civilization, the home of their highest priesthood, was in the hands of their merciless, vandal-like foes. Nor had the danger stopped; with hurried hands they built a line of defence across the Isthmus of Panama from sea to sea, for the unnumbered hosts of their conquerors were still pushing northward. This line of fortifications was effectual, it stopped the roll of the barbaric tide northward, and the Lamanite commander rested with the conquest of a continent. From Panama to Terra del Fuego his armies held undisputed sway. (B. C. 33.)

The year following, Moronihah, Moroni's able son, who had succeeded his father as chief captain of the armies of the republic, reconquered the most northerly portions of South America; but on account of the lack of faith and good works among the Nephites, his victories stopped there. At this period took place that glorious mission of Nephi and his brother Lehi to the Lamanites, already mentioned in the history of that people, which ended in the conversion of so many of that race, and the restoration by them of the Nephite territory to its former owners.

Peace, peace throughout the vast continent, from north to south, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, followed this restitution and the reformation which came after. A Nephite could visit and do business in every part of the wide land, and so could a Lamanite. This goodly peace brought stability, stability brought wealth, wealth engendered pride, pride gave birth to numerous sins, to be followed by contentions, dissensions, and then wars. These evils begat sorrow, sorrow softened their hearts to repentance, repentance was followed by the blessing of God, which again brought peace, prosperity and, by and by, riches. Within four short years of the happy time of universal peace we have just referred to, the riches of the world had induced stubbornness and rebellion towards God, combined with the insane desire to rob, plunder and murder their fellowmen. If there ever were a people swift to do evil, it was the Nephites of this generation. In the year B. C. 26, Cezo-

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ram, the chief judge, was murdered by an unknown hand, as he sat on the judgment seat, and his son, who succeeded him, suffered in like manner within the year. The Gadianton robbers grew in strength, numerically and morally, and were actually fostered among the Nephites, while the more righteous Lamanites utterly destroyed all that they found within their borders (B.C. 24). The one people dwindled in unbelief, the other grew in grace and in the power of God's divine Spirit.

The next year (B. C. 23), the chief judge, Seezoram, was assassinated by his brother Seantum. Two years later, contentions even to bloodshed prevailed among the Nephites, which developed into open war the year following, and so continued. These troubles had their origin in the iniquity of the people and the machinations of the Gadianton bands. To stay the fratricidal bloodshed, Nephi besought the Lord to send a famine on the land. The Holy One heard and answered his petition, the heavens became as brass over the earth, the rains ceased, the crops failed, and the people perished for want of food. Two years passed (B. C. 19 and 18), and the third came, and still the refreshing rain was withheld (B. C. 17). During this year the people, humbled by their sufferings, turned towards the Lord. They endeavored to root out iniquity from their midst; they destroyed the Gadianton robbers and established the government on a more righteous foundation. Nephi, observing the change in their conduct and feelings, interceded with the Lord in their behalf. His prayers were answered, the welcome rain descended on the parched-up soil, and a bounteous harvest once more crowned the labors of the husbandman (B. C. 16). The repentant people now regarded Nephi in his true light, they revered him as a great prophet, and for a few short years they listened to his teachings. While they did so they prospered. But the leaven of unrighteousness had too thoroughly permeated the national life for their faithfulness to God to be of long duration. Two, three, or perhaps half a dozen years they would maintain their integrity, and then corruption would seethe, the vile would snatch the reins of government, the good would be oppressed, and contention and war, with all their horrors, would again reign supreme. Thus it was after the three years of famine. For two years there was peace; in the third there began to be much strife (B. C. 13); in the next the Gadianton bands reappeared, and carried havoc among their more peaceable fellow countrymen. Going on, year by year, they grew in iniquity and ripened for destruction. For many years Nephi strove to stem the tide of vice; at times partial success rewarded his unceasing efforts, and he had joy in the baptism of some honest souls. But the great bulk of the people had rejected the Gospel, they had no love for its holy principles, and were unfit for its blessings.

In due time the signs of the Redeemer's birth, foretold by the prophets, appeared in the heavens. There were two days and a night of constant light; when the sun went down there was no darkness. This brought great joy to the hearts of the faithful, and the majority of the people joined the church. But those who were righteous were not strong enough to overcome the vast hosts of Gadianton robbers, who time and time again, swarmed from their mountain retreats, and carried carnage, rapine and desolation to the homes of both Nephites and Lamanites. So great was the misery entailed by these invasions, that the chief judge at last determined to gather all the people into one place, and by a policy of masterly inactivity wear out or starve out the invaders. We can scarcely understand how terrible must have been the misery endured by the nation at this time, to have caused the conception and execution of such a measure. Can we picture to ourselves the scenes that must have occurred as the people of two continents converged to one gathering place? From the lands of the great lakes in the north, from the stormy Atlantic seaboard, from the coasts where the mild Pacific ebbs and

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flows, from the regions of the southern Andes the migrating hosts flowed together to Zarahemla and Bountiful, the lands selected as the temporary gathering place. They came with their flocks and herds, their grain and provisions, leaving nothing that would help to sustain the robber bands while they continued to wage their unhallowed war. (A. C. 17.) This state of things continued several years. Many of the bloodiest battles, in the records of the race, were fought at this time, but at last the armies of the robbers were destroyed (A. C. 21) and peace and righteousness again prevailed; but it was not until five years later (A. C. 26) that the people returned and repossessed their old homes.

The next year the laws were revised according to justice and equity. They had, doubtless, been violently tampered with during the times that the Gadianton robbers held control of the administration and elected the officers. Great good order now prevailed throughout the land. Soon new cities were founded and built, and many improvements made. Yet for all this, the peace was short lived. Iniquity and dissension soon began to again raise their hideous heads, and the prophets and servants of God were persecuted and illegally condemned to death. A revolution followed the attempt to correct these wrongs, and the republic was disrupted (A.C. 30). The people now divided into numerous tribes, with their distinctive regulations, laws and chiefs. In the midst of these discouraging conditions, Nephi (the son of the Nephi last named) continued to preach the word of truth. He also performed many miracles; even in one instance he raised his brother, named Timothy, from the dead.

On the fourth day of the thirty-fourth year, the promised signs of the Savior's crucifixion began. An unparalleled storm raged throughout the land for three hours. During its short continuance the whole face of nature was changed; mountains sank, valleys rose, the sea swept over the plains, large stagnant lakes usurped the place of flourishing cities, great chasms, rents and precipices disfigured the face of the land. Many cities were destroyed by earthquake, fire, and the tumultuous overflow of the waters of the great seas. Three days of unnatural and thick darkness followed the horrors of the tempest, and from the heavens the voice of the Lord was heard by the affrighted people, proclaiming the destructions that had taken place.

Some time after, exactly how many weeks or months is not apparent, Jesus appeared to the people as they were assembled near the Temple in the Land Bountiful. His divine appearing brought the advent of the brightest and best days of Nephite history. He ministered to them the ever blessed laws of the gospel of eternal truth and divine love, of heavenly light and infinite salvation. He healed their sick, he blessed their babes. He called men to the Holy Priesthood and organized the Church, and so thoroughly filled the people with the influences and powers of the eternal worlds, that evil utterly ceased in their midst, they were united in all things, temporal and spiritual; universal peace prevailed; love, happiness, harmony, joy, everything desirable to make the life of man a perfect condition of unalloyed holy happiness reigned supreme; indeed it may be said that a type, a foreshadowing of the millennium for once found place and foothold among the erring sons of humanity. It is almost surprising that this happy state did not continue forever. But man was yet mortal, subject to the wiles, the snares and the deceptions of the Arch Enemy. In process of time the first love cooled, men grew tired of continued unexciting peace, selfishness again found place and false creeds and apostate churches again appeared (A. C. 200). The members of the true church returned to the ways of the unregenerate and no longer had their goods in common, and by the year A. C. 210 many churches were established opposed to the true Church of Christ. From this time the wicked went on increasing, the righteous were persecuted, and in the

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year A. C. 231 a great division took place and the people were again divided into Nephites and Lamanites. Here commences the last chapter of the history of the Nephite race. In our sketch of the history of the Lamanites, we briefly reviewed, in its general aspects, this last bloody struggle between the two races. As the portion of the Book of Mormon which describes this great war is one with which the general reader is not as familiar as with some others, it may be well, in closing the history of the Nephites, to give the events that led to, and ultimately culminated in, their terrible destruction, in chronological sequence.

It was in the year 322 A. C., that actual war broke out between the Nephites and Lamanites, for the first time since the Redeemer's appearing. A number of battles were fought, in which the armies of the former were victorious. Four years later the sanguinary contest was renewed. In the interim iniquity had greatly increased. As foretold by the prophets, men's property became slippery, things movable were subject to unaccountable disappearances, and dread and distrust filled the hearts of the disobedient. When the war recommenced, the youthful Mormon was chosen to lead the armies of his nation.

The next year saw disaster follow the Nephite cause. That people retreated before the Lamanites to the north countries. The year following they met with still further reverses, and in 329 A. C. rapine, revolution and carnage prevailed throughout all the land.

In 330, the Lamanite king, Aaron, with an army of forty-four thousand men, was defeated by Mormon, who had forty-two thousand warriors under his command.

Five years later the Lamanites drove the degenerate Nephites to the land of Jason, and thence yet further northward to the land of Shem. But in the year following the tide of victory changed, and Mormon, with thirty thousand troops, defeated fifty thousand of the enemy in the land of Shem, which he followed up by such energetic measures that by the year 349 the Nephites had again taken possession of the lands of their inheritance.

These successes resulted in a treaty between the Nephites as one party and the Lamanites and Gadianton robbers as the other. By its provisions the Nephites possessed the country north of the Isthmus, while the Lamanites held the regions south. A peace of ten years followed this treaty.

In the year 360, the king of the Lamanites again declared war. To repel the expected invasion, the people of Nephi gathered at the land of Desolation. Here the Lamanites attacked them, were defeated and returned home. Not content with this repulse, the succeeding year they made another inroad into the northern country, and were again repulsed. The Nephites then took the initiative and invaded the southern continent, but being unsuccessful, were driven back to their frontier at Desolation (A. C. 363). The same season, the city of Desolation was captured by the Lamanitish warriors, but was again wrested from them the year following.

This state of things continued yet another twenty years; war, contention, rapine, pillage, and all the horrors incident to the letting loose of men's most depraved and brutal passions filled the lands. Sometimes one army conquered, sometimes the other. Now it was the Nephites who were pouring their forces into the south; now the Lamanites who were overflowing the north. Whichever side triumphed, that triumph was of short duration; but to all it meant sacrifice, cruelty, bloodguiltiness and woe. At last, when every nerve had been strained for conquest, every man collected who could be found, the two vast hosts, with unquenchable hatred and unrelenting obstinacy, met at the Hill Cumorah to decide the destiny of half the world. It was the final struggle which was to end in the extermination of one or both of the races that had conjointly ruled America for nearly a thousand years (A. C. 385). When the days of that last

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fearful struggle were ended, all but twenty-four of the Nephite race had been, by the hand of violence, swept into untimely graves, save a few, a very few, who had fled into the south country. The powers, the glories, the beauties of this favored branch of Israel's chosen race had sunk beneath a sea of blood, the word of their God, whom they had so long disregarded was vindicated, the warnings of His servants were fulfilled. *Geo. Reynolds.*

Hope the best, get ready for the worst, and take what comes cheerfully.

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

## POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

IV.

THE necessity of society, and the means by which it has been organized, having been discussed in the preceding articles it now remains to show how the organization may be controled and kept up. Referring again to the simile of individual growth, it will be seen that the government under which a person serves from childhood to about twenty-one years of age is that of the parent; that in the beginning it is absolute, and that certain privileges accompany every advancing year. But we are not to suppose that no restraints follow the period emerging from the parent's control. Society then steps in with every license and privilege peculiar to it, and demands homage to its powers, ceremonies and opinions. These indirectly act to enforce certain conduct, which insures safety, and to punish for every departure from the customs and views inherited from all the peculiarities of social discipline.

It not unfrequently happens that the benign influence of a parent's absolute control is more conducive to happiness than that which society creates. Men seem to take satisfaction in and to justify any influence which they aid in creating as members of society, whether it results in prosperity or otherwise.

In contending for rights, the ancients and those who now belong to governments more or less absolute stood out against the measure of some individual potentate, some king who had usurped power to influence the populace to give up certain of their rights and to acquiesce to unjust measures and social evils.

In every State there have been reformers contending against the monarch in the interest of the people. From the unjust rule of one man the populace was made to suffer. This suffering, however, was not universal, for the rulers, even in absolute governments, were bound in a great degree to the will of the people; but the suffering was realized more by the minorities, that have always been found to contend in every State against the aggressions of their ruler and for certain liberties. It is indeed a rare exception, if any can be found, where monarchs have wielded for any length of time a discipline in opposition to the convictions of the majority concerned. History fully attests the fact that there is a tendency to cling to customs, discipline and sentiments entertained for generations and held invincible by the past and the present generations. To make a departure from these codes of discipline is to incur the displeasure of the State, which forces a restraint on the minority making the departure. The decree which binds men to these usages may come from the political head, but opinions of the majority demand it. Progress and reform have been made by breaking down the old and constructing the new. Moreover, history conclusively shows that these departures come at first from a minority, and that the liberty of the minority thus to act has been contested by the monarchs of every age. Liberty, then, in whatever stages it appears, refers to the minority, even in

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despotic governments, for the majority enjoy, even through their monarch, all those inherited and accustomed privileges which their lives properly or improperly directed entitle them to. (Lest those who boastfully call themselves "Liberals" in Utah, construe my statements concerning the reform of the minority to apply to themselves in their zeal for anti-Mormon interests, I will state that they are in no way entitled to the name of minority in the departure from social discipline, for they are merely spurs in the heels of the power that lacerates the flesh in the sides of the people so politically ridden.)

When new principles and independent views take root in the mind, they always find the soil in which they have to grow filled and knitted with plants and roots of older growth. A process of weeding at once takes place, or, in other words, the old customs and habits are choked by the new. But every force and rootlet of the old plant resists the action of the new, and it might be said that the new is thus benefited, for if the trunk above the surface is to tower in the sunlight and choke out the new, below the surface its roots must be held until they have strength to sustain the trunk above. The pent-up forces in the kernel burst the shell only when they have sufficiently matured to take root. Likewise new social organisms by restraint husband their force, and derive nourishment and strength buried in the soil over which persecution hovers. The great social reforms that have moved the nations of the earth, have had their forces husbanded in the beginning by all kinds of opposition, as if whatever the works of God had given birth to must come forth in pain. Social progress, then, seems to be one of destiny, while the relative position of man in weaving the fabric of civilization is evidently one of option. He may help to constitute the beam around which the warp of customs and prejudice are wound, or he may enter the shuttle whence issues the threads that fill up and unfold the warp of ignorance.

Growing, as reforms have, from a mere nucleus, they have always been carried forward by the minority, and that the minority might not be impeded more in their work than is healthful to the new institutions, liberty has always made its demands for them. It must be evident, from the foregoing, that it matters little what the form of government is, so long as the prejudice of the majority is persistently directed against the work of the minority, for Expediency has always dethroned Justice, and made him for the occasion wear the purple of another cut.

But it often happens that minorities institute measures unfit to be tolerated. Because of this some have imagined the minorities to be always in the wrong; and the question might be asked, How shall the majority discriminate? I use the term majority here because I dislike the term government, which only proves to be a cloak that covers up the prejudice of the majority. In most cases it is deceptive, and serves to make people believe that Punch and Judy are the real fellows, while they never conjecture that the wires to whom our politicians are attached would pull a leg up when the muscles should let it down.

The great question of liberty in government is one then that deals almost exclusively with the minority. People make their government either directly or indirectly, that is, the majority, and it would be absurd to suppose they could construct one on a higher level than they were themselves—written or unwritten constitutions not to the contrary. How, then, to deal with the minority is the information which the State requires. I can do no better than to quote from John Stuart Mill, who, in dealing with the subject, advances sound principles as follows: "The object of this essay (*Essay on Liberty*) is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the way of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is this, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in

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interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil, in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind the individual is sovereign. From this liberty of each individual, follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combinations among individuals; freedom to unite, for any purpose not involving harm to others. The persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived. No society in which the liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free, whatever its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name, is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their effort to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest." The difficulty in dealing with the liberties of the individual or community lies in the standard which society in all ages has erected for the control of its members. Men have mistaken impressions for reason, and passions control the judgment; and as impressions and passions are chiefly the outgrowth of the customs and manners of the age they constitute the standard of public opinion and national legislation more than any code of principles entitled to the consideration of the public mind. There are two forces designed to correct public evils, and each serves to strengthen the other when left to its own sphere. There is the coercion which governments inflict, and there is the punishment by ostracism or class distinction which public opinion enforces.

It is when the former encroaches upon the domain of the latter that minorities are deprived and made to suffer. As it is not possible to separate the functions of one from those of the other with exactness, certain definite principles and rules are entitled to consideration as belonging to the most approved methods of dealing with the subjects of legislation. Since government is a punisher and society a patron, it is the duty of government to constitute itself a defender in the sense that individuals are to be protected against the aggressions of the members of society. People's views of refinement, taste, culture and social and family discipline are not entitled to the consideration of legislation, except where aggressions, directly and indirectly, are to be prevented. When government assumes the functions of a reformer and presumes to dictate those conditions of human happiness which in its judgment will further the interests of mankind, it grows more intolerant and bigoted since it is governed by the passions and sentiments which always control social organisms.

The old adage that "the best thing in the world out of place is a nuisance," is particularly true regarding government. Nor do free governments usually direct their labors in the way of social reforms, and assume an air of philanthropy until corrupting evils require that the people's minds be diverted, from vital issues pertaining to the functions of government to those exciting prejudices on social topics. *J. M. Tanner.*

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# THE MILLENNIAL STAR.

THE number for December 31, 1883, closed Vol. XLV of the *Millennial Star*, the oldest existing periodical published in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The *Evening and Morning Star*, published in Missouri, The *Messenger and Advocate*, and the *Elders' Journal*, in Kirtland, Ohio, and the *Times and Seasons* in Nauvoo, Illinois, were all issued previous to this, but through the bitter persecutions and insufferable outrages to which the Saints were subjected, they were one after another forced to suspend. The *Millennial Star* was established in May, 1840, and has been published continuously ever since. Its history is a most interesting and checkered one, and intimately associated with that of the work of God in the British Isles during the past forty-three and a half years. The presiding man of the Mission has nearly always been its responsible editor (though not always its chief writer) and in its pages have the great truths of the Gospel been sent forth to the world. The principal events that have transpired in the Church during that time have also been chronicled in it, and as an evidence of its historical value, the back volumes are eagerly sought after and preserved.

The *Star* has doubtless had more changes of editors, and included a greater variety of talent among those who have been editorially associated with it, than any other magazine has in twice the length of time which it has been published.

It was first issued in Manchester, with Parley P. Pratt as editor. In March, 1842, Liverpool was made the headquarters of the Mission, and the publishing office was removed to that city, and has remained there ever since, though not always in the same place. It was first established at 36 Chapel Street, and about this time Elder Thomas Ward became associate editor, and on the return of Elder Pratt to America in October, 1842, he was made editor-in-chief, as well as President of the Mission. Elder Reuben Hedlock subsequently arrived from Nauvoo, and became the Presiding Elder of the Mission, but Elder Ward still continued editor of and principal writer for the *Star*, as he did also after Apostle Wilford Woodruff arrived in January, 1845, to preside over the Mission. With the commencement of the 6th volume, however, in June, 1845, Elder Woodruff became senior editor, and Elder Ward associate, the latter doubtless still doing most of the writing. About this last mentioned date the office was removed to Stanley Buildings, Bath Street. With the beginning of the 7th volume, in January, 1846, Elder Woodruff having decided to return to America, Elder Ward again became the editor, and Elder Hedlock the President of the Mission. On the arrival of Apostles Orson Hyde and John Taylor in October, 1846, to assume the presidency of the British Mission, the first-named became editor of the *Star*, and the publishing office was removed to 135 Duke Street, and the following month to No. 6 Goree Piazza. Elder Orson Spencer was expected from America to relieve Brother Hyde, but news having been received that he was dead, his obituary was published in the *Star* issued January 1, 1847, and in the next issue Elder Hyde announced his own departure for America, and the appointment of Elder Franklin D. Richards to the presidency of the Mission and office of editor. Elder Richard's tenure of office, though, was very brief. He only remained to edit one number of the *Star*; indeed, his name was not even published in that as editor, but Orson Spencer's instead, for, strange to say, he landed in England twenty-three days after his death had been announced, and enjoyed a privilege which most mortals are denied—that of reading his own obituary. In June following, the office was removed to 39 Tarbock Street, and in August, owing to the sickness of Elder Spencer, Brother Richards, who had been acting as his assistant in presiding over the

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Mission, also came to his temporary relief in editing the *Star* for one number. Brother Spencer continued as editor (having Elder L. O. Littlefield assisting him part of the time) until August, 1848, when Apostle Orson Pratt arrived and relieved him of his duties in that line as well as in presiding over the Mission. At that time also the publishing office was removed to 15 Wilton Street. In March, 1850, Elder Pratt, having occasion to make a trip to America, called Elder Eli B. Kelsey to act temporarily as editor. On the 29th of the same month Apostle Franklin D. Richards, who since leaving England in February, 1847, had been to Salt Lake Valley, returned, having been appointed to assist Elder Pratt in presiding over the European Mission. Elder Kelsey, however, continued to do most of the editorial work, until the return of Elder Pratt, in July, 1850, when he resumed his old position and continued until the end of the year, when he retired to journey to Utah, and Elder F. D. Richards took his place.

In May, 1852, Elder Samuel W. Richards succeeded to the office of President of the Mission and editor of the *Star*, and continued until relieved by Apostle F. D. Richards, in June, 1854. About this time Elder James A. Little was appointed to labor in the office, and he assisted somewhat in the editorial work.

In March, 1855, the office was removed to 36 Islington, the same premises which are still occupied, though the number has since been changed to "42." In January, 1856, Elder E. W. Tullidge was called to assist in the editorial department. In July, 1856, Apostle Orson Pratt, having again arrived in England, resumed the duties of President of the Mission and editor of the *Star*, and in the following November he called Elder John A. Ray to succeed Elder James A. Little in assisting him. In October, 1857, Elder Samuel W. Richards again came into office as President and editor, and called Elder Henry Whittall to assist him in the editorial department. In March, 1858, Elder Asa Calkin succeeded to the position of President and editor. During his term of office Elder Thomas Williams was connected with the business department, and doubtless also lent a helping hand editorially. In May, 1860, Elders N. V. Jones and Jacob Gates became the presiding officers of the Mission, and upon the former devolved the editorial work. Apostles Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich succeeded them in August, 1860, and the former became editor.

In January, 1861, Apostle George Q. Cannon became editor of the *Star*, and soon afterwards purchased press and type and established a printing office, that he might not be dependent upon other offices for the printing of the *Star*, *Journal of Discourses* and other publications, being issued by the Church. Elder Whittall at that time assisted in the editorial work, and later on Elder Geo. J. Taylor also helped. In May, 1862, Elder Eugene Henriod was appointed to labor temporarily in the same line. During this same month it became necessary for President Cannon to make a brief visit to the United States, and Elder Jacob G. Bigler was placed in charge of the Mission until his return, which occurred in the following September. In December, 1862, Elder E. L. Sloan was appointed assistant editor, and he was succeeded in March, 1863, by Elder Wm. H. Shearman. Elder John C. Graham followed in the same position in March, 1864, and was succeeded by Elder Jos. G. Romney in June, 1864.

President Cannon returned home in September, 1864, and Elders D. H. Wells and Brigham Young, Jun., afterwards jointly presided over the Mission, and the former edited the *Star*. In February, 1865, Elder J. V. Hood succeeded Elder Romney as assistant editor. President Wells returned home in September, 1865, and Elder B. Young, Jun., became sole President of the Mission and chief editor of the *Star*. During the same month Elder N. H. Felt was appointed to assist in the editorial work.

During Elder Young's presidency, he was also assisted at different times in the editorial department by Elder Aurelius Miner, Apostles Orson Pratt and Franklin D. Richards, and Elder C. W.

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Penrose. Elder F. D. Richards succeeded to the presidency and editorship in July, 1867, Elder Penrose continuing to assist in the editorial work.

In September, 1868, Elder A. Carrington commenced to preside over the Mission and edit the *Star*, having for his assistant in the editorial department Elder George Teasdale, and afterwards Elder John Jaques. Elder Horace S. Eldredge became President and editor in June, 1870, and Elder Jaques continued to assist editorially until June, 1871, when the former was succeeded by Apostle A. Carrington, and the latter by Elder Geo. Reynolds. In July, 1872, Elder James G. Bleak came in as assistant editor, and was succeeded in April, 1873, by Elder S. S. Jones, who in turn was followed by Elder John C. Graham in June of the same year.

President Carrington, having occasion to return home in October, 1873, Elder L. J. Herrick was left in temporary charge, Elder Graham still doing most of the editorial work. In March, 1874, Apostle Joseph F. Smith became President of the Mission and editor of the *Star*, and between that date and September, 1875, when President Carrington succeeded him, Elders John C. Graham, L. J. Nuttall and E. Hanham acted successively as assistant editors. The last named was succeeded in January, 1876, by Elder D. McKenzie, who was followed by Elder H. W. Naisbitt the following October. President Carrington again returned home in June, 1877, and was succeeded in office by Apostle Joseph F. Smith.

On the death of President Young, in the following August, President Smith was called home, and left Elder Naisbitt to do the editorial work, which he did entirely, until President Wm. Budge came, in July, 1878, to preside over the Mission, and afterwards acted as his assistant until relieved by Elder John Nicholson, who came in as assistant editor in September, 1878, and labored in that capacity until October, 1880, when Elder C. W. Stayner succeeded him.

President Budge started home, and his successor, President Carrington, arrived November 6, 1880, and during the presidency of the latter, which extended to November, 1882, the office of subeditor was filled successively by Elder Stayner and Bishop O. F. Whitney. The latter also acted as assistant to the present editor, who succeeded President Carrington, until relieved in March last by Elder George C. Lambert.

No less worthy of mention than those who have labored editorially upon the *Star* are the missionaries, who have worked in the office as printers, among whom are Elders Joseph Bull, Walter J. Lewis, Jos. H. Parry, Joseph Bull, Jun., and Geo. C. Lambert.

Nor must we forget to mention the fact that our old friend, Mr. W. L. Davies, has served the office for the past twenty-two years as the foreman printer, laboring faithfully and satisfactorily, though his patience has doubtless been often sorely taxed amidst the variety of tastes and styles of the numerous editors.

Space will not permit, or we should be pleased to mention in this connection those who have labored in the business department of the *Star* office.

*George C. Lambert.*

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MORAL EFFECTS OF TEA AND COFFEE.—That eminent German physician, Dr. Bock, writes, with reference to the moral influence of the favorite beverages of society, as follows: "The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee; the digestive organs of confirmed coffee-drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and crying moods. Fine ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper, which I might describe as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. The snappish, petulant humor of the Chinese can certainly be ascribed to their immoderate fondness for tea. Beer is brutalizing, wine impassions, whisky infuriates, but eventually unmans. The alcoholic drinks, combined with a flesh and fat diet, totally subjugate the moral man, unless their influence be counteracted by violent exercise."

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## "A MARVEL AND A WONDER."

This wondrous age of science, and notable inventions,
Has gained a notoriety for wonderful conventions.
The strongest of all gatherings, the largest and the best,
Is the wonderful assembly of "Mormons" in the west.

Its faith and wondrous increase are without a parallel,
Its glorious ultimatum, the Gods alone can tell;
The prophets have described the work as like a little stone,
That, cut from Heaven's quarry, has to a mountain grown.

'Tis dangerous to fall upon this stone, so bright and rare,
And to its boasting enemies its Author says "Beware."
'Twill break the strongest legions who in their armor trust,
While those on whom it revolutes 'twill pulverize, as dust.

"Behold," said the Eternal, "and I will now proceed
To do a work and wonder, a work so strange, indeed,
That men will gaze and wonder, but won't believe it true,
Though angels and Apostles declare it unto you."

Not only faith, but Gospel works, for ages done away,
Are now restored in plenitude, and those who will obey
May know that God has spoken from heaven once again,
And organized His Priesthood for ever to remain.

A church without Apostles is a church of human birth,
And cannot save its vot'ries from the curse of mother earth;
The Church of Jesus Christ is blest, in every age and clime,
With Prophets, Seers and miracles, and truths the most sublime.

'Tis known by other features, all sharp and well defined,
And cannot be mistaken by the least enlightened mind;
"All men shall hate you for my sake, for so they hated me,
But you must be united, as the branches of a tree."

'Tis charged against this people that they always vote one way;
That Prophets, Priests and Bishops they sacredly obey;
That strike but one among them, and thousands feel the smart,
And multitudes retaliate, as with one throbbing heart.

Such is the character of men, and women, too, of Zion,
Who bravely battle for the truth with the courage of a lion;
In whom the qualities combine that constitute the great
Ambassadors of Heaven and ministers of State.

Their faith is anchored firmly in the mighty Rock of Ages;
They rank with patriarchs, and kings, and memorable sages.
The women, too, are models of what women ought to be,
Who fight the battles of the soul for truth and liberty.

'Twas something new, and strangely true, to hear the Prophets say,
"We have the Apostolic power, and teach the only way
By which mankind can graduate and gain eternal life,
And that to gain this excellence 'twill take both man and wife."

They told that in the realms above, where friends immortal meet,
That those, and only those, forsooth, entitled to a seat
As kings and priests, with guarantee of increase evermore,
Are men like Father Abraham—with wives one, two or four.

No man without the woman will have the right to stand
On equal footing with the Prince enthroned at God's right hand;

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'Tis emphatically written, in His most holy word,
That man, nor woman, is without a consort in the Lord.

Some say that they are willing to be angels, and be blest
With angels' life and glory, and ever be at rest.
Did they but know the secret of an angel's future state,
They'd know them as the servants of the honored and the great.

They'll have no joys of increase, the reason they will not
Is 'cause of single blessedness, such is an angel's lot;
And such will be the future of millions who are free
To choose their own condition and honor Heaven's decree.

This union for ever, by keys restored again,
With other keys and gifts and powers, for ever will remain.
Of all the glorious blessings that God has ever given,
There's none so full of life and joy as this great gift of Heaven.

Thousands of so-called celibates to marry do not dare,
Although surrounded daily with the fairest of the fair;
Their lives are blighted with the curse of Popish foul decree,
While nature and her God demand that all shall married be.

Who authorized the Romish Church to countermand the word
To multiply and fill the earth, as given by the Lord?
Opposing, not alone the word, but nature's law of life,
That guarantees to every man the right to have a wife.

'Twas told by ancient prophets that such would be the way,
Some would forbid to marry, as thousands do to-day;
That wolves would enter in the flock, led by the man of sin,
Who, not content with shearing close, now tan the Christian skin.

Who authorized the modern priests, with swelling words, to say
That God is not a God of miracles to-day?
Who gave them power to change His laws and ordinances plain,
And preach their foolish dogmas for policy and gain?

Whose grand conception is the scheme that people shall not marry?
It savors of the policy of one they call *Old Harry*,
Who poses as a moralist, with missionary zeal,
And succors every kind of creed for public woe or weal.

He's shocked at plural marriage, on the patriarchal plan,
And fights with desperation each honorable man
Who helps to build the temples, as by Jehovah led,
In which may be administered baptisms for the dead.

The everlasting Gospel is a menace to his cause,
And those who have the courage to embrace this code of laws
Must breast the Christian torrent of concentrated lies—
Such is the only way to win the great celestial prize.

He has to-day his Talmages, with blatant zeal possessed,
Who advocate the slaughter of the people in the west;
Their hearts are full of bitterness, and void it like a flood,
And revel in the hope to steep the nation's hand in blood.

Petitions for this purpose, all gotten up with care,
Inspired with fiendish spirit, and mixed with fervent prayer,
Were sent from Christian churches with desperate intent,
To steel the iron hand and heart of this great government.

Utah has been the target for Christian Church and State,
And States United have conceived against her bitter hate;
Unhallowed combinations have held her by the throat,
And from her plural eye have tried to pull the little mote.

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They do not see the Cyprian beam in monogamic eye,
But wink their Christian eye serene, and pass it gently by;
Its courtezans and paramours they register and vote,
And down the stream together so merrily they float.

'Tis not a noble spectacle to see a nation brave
Drifting, with reckless fury, upon the tidal wave
Of ignorance and folly, determined to annoy
A people Christian states have tried to utterly destroy.

The Gentile social system is a veritable blot,
A monogamic legacy of misery and rot;
The victims of its lechery are spurned with pious hate,
While those who basely victimize are honored with the great.

The social curse ne'er reaches them—and this the reason why—
They're "Christian" men and legislate with social standing high!
Away with such distinctions, and treat them all the same,
And let these thugs of morals be branded with the shame.

The nation cannot well afford to fight against the power
That gave it strength and victory in dark and trying hour;
It cannot well afford to show a more destructive hand
Against a people organized by God's direct command.

If men of brains and judgment would seriously think,
They'd see our mighty government e'en now upon the brink
Of ruin and destruction, and that, forsooth, because
Of reckless violation of fundamental laws.

And why should Congress legislate God's people to oppress,
And pander to their enemies, and lovingly caress
The fiends who trample on the rights of true and honest men?
When wilt thou bring deliverance, O God of Glory, when?

'Tis given by great Jehovah's immutable decree
That those who dwell upon this land shall be forever free.
It is not therefore in the power of man to long enslave
A great and noble people pre-eminently brave.

The right of local government we've sought for years in vain;
The powers that be assume the right o'er us to rule and reign,
Unmitigated scoundrels as rulers have been sent—
Poor, perjured representatives of this great Government.

But they, and those who sent them, in all their plans have failed,
And through repeated failures with bitterness have wailed;
They've robbed us of the franchise, with Puritanic zeal,
And look with desperation for another chance to steal.

'Tis not the inbred spirit of our confederation,
For which the patriots bravely fought in making us a nation;
And we must battle for the rights their sacred honor won,
And carry on the noble work the prophets have begun.

This government was founded by Heaven's just decree,
And human rights and liberties are held by guarantee;
Though wicked combinations may seek our lives to-day,
To-morrow, like the worthless chaff, they'll all be blown away.

So on the mighty arm and power of God we put our trust,
And those who measure arms with Him will surely bite the dust.
He has buckled on His armor, and will tread the winepress o'er,
And soon His host of enemies will trouble us no more.

*James H. Hart.*

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# DANIEL, THE MEDO-PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER.

In reading the history of this great and good man, whose career was so singularly remarkable, we cannot fail to realize that the finger of God was upon him from his earliest days; that his destiny was traced out from the beginning; and his early history shows that he was of the royal seed of Israel, "children in whom was no blemish, but well-favored and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability to stand in the King's Palace, and to whom they might teach the learning, and the tongue of the Chaldeans." Daniel and three other young Hebrews were chosen for this high and exalted position, and the King commanded that their meals should be furnished from his own table, and the same wine which he himself drank. Nebuchadnezzar was kingly in all his actions; yes, in his very nature, and this act, simple as it may be thought, demonstrated it. But it seems from the first, Daniel had a platform of his own, and hence he humbly, respectfully, but wisely, determined to choose his own diet, in place of the sumptuous delicacies of the royal table. Many would deem this a foolish punctilio, but trifles often denote character, and in this was displayed the germ of the man who was to be "a power behind the throne," even of that most absolute monarch, and also to his successors. To that King was he "a burning and a shining light," even the delegate of God on earth; and not only to the King, but to his whole kingdom, and to stand for all time as a Prophet to unborn nations.

After ten days had passed the young Hebrews were taken into the presence of the King, and he was pleased with their appearance, and conversed with them on matters of wisdom and understanding, and found them more advanced than all his own magicians and astrologers. Two years pass away, and we may well surmise that Daniel and his companions were perfecting themselves in all the sciences of the day, and in the worship of the God of their fathers. At the end of those days the wonderful dream of King Nebuchadnezzar is the topic of the Court! All the magicians and wise men have been called to interpret the dream, but they are unable to solve it. Now it appears that Daniel must have had free access to the King, which alone denotes him to be high in favor, for we read, second chapter of Daniel, sixteenth verse: "Then Daniel went in, and desired of the King that he would give him time, and that he would show the King the interpretation." Then Daniel went to his house and made the thing known to his three friends and colleagues, that they should desire mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret. "Then was the secret revealed to Daniel in a night's vision; and Daniel blessed the name of God for ever and ever, for wisdom and might are His."

He is then introduced into the presence of the King, and behold! He gives him the long-desired interpretation of his dream. Then the King fell on his face, making the Eastern salaam before Daniel, and declared that "his God was one that revealed secrets, and that He was the God of Gods." This gift of Daniel raises him at once upon the ladder of fame, for the King made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and the chief of all the wise men. Then Daniel remembered his three friends, and presented them to the King as fitting recipients for his favor and promotion, and the King set them over the affairs of the province of Babylon, "but Daniel sat in the gate of the King."

Nebuchadnezzar showed through all his life a love and veneration for Daniel that did honor both to his heart and head; and it appears that during the fearful aberrations of the King, Daniel acted not only as Prime Minister, but as Regent also, and with him his three colleagues, the friends of his youth. We gather this from the words of Nebuchadnezzar himself, in his last grand procla-

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mation, "unto all people, nations and languages that dwell in all the earth." In verse thirty-six he especially mentions his lords and counsellors, among whom as the most prominent character was the immaculate, wise and sublime prophet Daniel.

This great and good man lived through the reign of three Kings—Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar and Darius—and was evidently a ruling power in all their kingdoms, for heathens though they were, they had been shown that the God of all the earth was with them, and they acknowledged and honored him whom they had seen God honor and protect. They well knew there was a power with Daniel they had seen in no other being, and by his consummate tact and wisdom he ruled the rulers.

The second King is Belshazzar. He is called the son of Nebuchadnezzar, but was in truth his grandson, there being no word in Hebrew or Chaldaic for grandfather or grandson, so Jesus is called the son of David in a still remoter generation. His mother was no doubt the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, and the sequel shows her to have been a wise and good woman. The character of Belshazzar is that of a fearfully wicked and debauched human being. The awful judgments inflicted upon his grandfather appear to have been entirely ignored; his own father was a captive within the walls of Babylon, but he closed his heart against all filial affection, and lived the daily life of a sensualist, reckless of the state to which his kingdoms had been reduced; and not knowing what hour he and his empire might fall. But at this time it is said, "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to his lords," and this banquet brought his sinfulness to a climax. There was nothing wrong in giving this "feast," but it was the way in which it was instituted and conducted, and it was also ill-timed. True, the walls of the city were strong and high; true, its gates were barricades in themselves; true, it had provisions within its walls for twenty years; but the army was vanquished, the royal father a prisoner in the hands of the invaders, and the whole army of the Medo-Persian conqueror was around on all sides determined to reduce it into subjection. Was this a time for royal voluptuousness? Alas! it tells plainly the reckless, daring character of a king sunk in sensuality and depravity, in which "feast" the kingly character was entirely lost sight of.

It was not usual for kings to eat and drink before their subjects, but here all dignity was lost in sensual hilarity; and in the midst of these orgies, it would seem as a climax to his folly, he adds impiety by ordering his servants to fetch out of his treasure house the holy vessels of gold and silver which had been dedicated to the Lord in the temple, and which Nebuchadnezzar had seized when he took Jerusalem and had placed them where they were, but had always held them sacred, never allowing them to be used for any purpose whatever; but the wine-heated king had lost all reverence for his grandfather or Jehovah; he seemed madly rushing on to his destruction. These holy vessels were brought forth, and he and his lords "drank wine in them." "This was the ultimatum of human daring, the divine vengeance showed itself on the spot." In the same hour came forth a hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the hand that wrote, his eyes followed the tracing of the mystic words, he beheld the black characters frowning down upon him from the palace wall, he saw the consternation of the men, and heard the shrieks of women; he could not read their meaning, but his conscience was sore alarmed, his courage failed him, his bravado and his daring way broke down, "his countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him." The audacious and defiant king is horror struck and unmanned before that handwriting on the wall, not a syllable of which can be read. His horror-stricken cry is: Bring in the astrologers, that they may read this writing upon the wall! The highest honors of the kingdom to the man who will tell me what it means; he shall be clothed in purple, with a

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chain of gold, and he shall be the third ruler in the kingdom.

The astrologers came, but they could not read the writing, nor make known the interpretation. What was to be done? The king was sore troubled and his lords confounded. The queen-mother was in her palace; she had taken no part in the banquet, but now Belshazzar desires she may be summoned, whose kind admonitions he had cast to the winds. With womanly tact, and a readiness and self-command, which a true woman always has, she calmly stepped into that banquet hall, where all was horror and consternation. Behold the queenly majesty of that woman! She reproves the king for his womanly terror and perplexity. With motherly speech, she endeavored to compose his shattered dignity and to bring him once more to himself. She told him of one who could read the writing, for in him was the understanding of the holy Gods, and at once said: "Let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation." This time the mother's voice was heard, and soon Daniel stood before the alarmed king. Though neglected, he still did not neglect the king's business —Daniel iii, 37; and when called he promptly attended. The king recounts what had happened, points to the letters on the wall, and promises a glorious reward to the noble prophet if he would read the writing and tell the meaning of it. Strange that such a banquet should end with a sermon to which all the lords and even the presumptuous king were the willing and ever eager listeners. There stands the prophet of God—his voice, his brow, his words, his composed manner and solemnity, are all in deep accord with the spirit which had traced those awe-inspiring letters, and the sentence which they had contained. He fixed his eyes upon the doomed king, now ripe for destruction, and deliberately said: "O thou king! the Most High God gave Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, a kingdom, and majesty and glory, and honor, and for this the nations trembled and feared before him. Whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive; whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down, but when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened to deal proudly, he was made to come down from his kingly throne, and his glory was taken away, and he was driven from the sons of men, and his heart was made like a beast's heart, and his dwelling was with the wild asses. He fed on grass like the oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till he knew that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and appointeth over them whomsoever He will. But thou, O Belshazzar! hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knowest all this, but hast lifted thyself up against the Lord of Heaven, and hast sent for the vessels of His house; and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines have drank wine in them, praising the gods of gold and silver, of brass, of iron and wood, which see not, hear not, nor have knowledge, and the God in whom is thy breath and who knows all thy ways, hast thou not glorified; therefore, the end is come, and the Hand has written on the walls of thy palace: MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN; and the interpretation is: Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting; thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians!"

How the doomed king received the sentence, we are not informed, save that he commanded that his promise to Daniel should be fulfilled. "But in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

We now read in the scriptural account that "Darius took the kingdom, being about three score and two years old." He seems to have been a weak and impulsive man, yet not deficient in judgment and discernment; he had the shrewdness to find out the best and most competent man in Babylon to serve him as prime minister. He made Daniel the chief of the three presidents over all the provinces and principalities into which the realm was divided under the Medo-Persian rule. Such a man, honest, upright in all his administrations, rigid in administerial affairs, impar-



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tial, and ever growing in the esteem of his sovereign, and in favor with the people, could not escape envy and the malice of those who suffered by comparison: "Be thou chaste as ice, or pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." And so it was in the life of Daniel; he was an honorable and true man; his record marked him as the proper person for the place assigned him, being faultless as a man and an officer of state; his excellent spirit commended him more and more to his sovereign the more he knew him. All this was unendurable to the Medo-Persian officials; it augured a pure court, hence they sought to destroy Daniel, no matter by what method, the end was to get him out of the way; yet withal, they could find no fault in him. They could sustain no charges against him; he dispensed his patronage with justice and equality, and his counsels to his king were so wise that prosperity came to the crown when they were carried out; therefore they saw that they could bring no accusation against him, unless they attacked him in his devotion to his God. They saw it would be necessary to enlist the authority of the king in their premeditated movements, nor could they see a more plausible way than for the king to make and sign a decree that "whoever should ask a petition of any god or man for the space of thirty days, save of the king, should be cast into the den of lions." This was the flattering proposition which they laid before Darius, with many protestations of their own devotion to him. The sacred history tells us that these disguised murderers succeeded, and the flattered, easy king was induced to sign the decree which they dictated.

Daniel was aware of their wicked machinations against him, therefore when he knew that the writing was signed, "he went into his house, his windows being open, and as was his custom, he kneeled three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime; he knew that escape was impossible unless without a miracle. Death in the lion's den seemed inevitable, but he also knew in whom he believed, and if God was content that so his earthly life should terminate, why should he wish it otherwise. He knew that God was with him, and that in any event no loss could come to him; this knowledge kept Daniel as serene as the stars in heaven, though another day should give his body to the lions.

Great was the king's sorrow when he found who was to be stricken down by this insane decree. Fain would he have recalled the document, but "the law of the Medes and Persians altereth not." He had allowed himself to be flattered and duped. Well might he set his heart to deliver his valued servant, but under that inexorable law Daniel could not be delivered. This then was supposed to be the end of the great and good man, so faithful and so true. His enemies rejoiced, but the triumph of the wicked is short; a greater than Darius had decreed his release. He can bring to naught the machinations of princes and shut the mouths of lions, and in this case he did both. Not a lion in the den moved to hurt the venerated prophet. When the king came early in the morning, and called to him, he loyally answered, and told him God had preserved him. Glad indeed was the troubled king for Daniel's safety; with joyous haste he hurried to have him released from his horrible prison, and ordered his infamous enemies to be thrown into the den, and instantly the lions devoured them. "Verily the wicked shall fall into their own pit, but the upright shall have good things in possession."

"So this Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius, and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian." *Hannah T. King.*

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In the course of a discussion as to what word would be most useful, if one were limited to the use of one word, most of the company, which consisted of witty men and women of society in England, agreed upon the word *yes*. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, a daughter of the famous Lord, declared for *no*, because, though yes never meant no, no very often meant yes.

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# WHIMS OF CELEBRATED MEN.

Some amusing features from the lives of celebrated men have been brought together by a German writer: Auber wrote on horseback; it was not possible for him to write in any other place than in Paris, however beautiful another residence might be, and however many attractions it might offer. Adam composed best when he lay, with his clothes on, in bed, and showed as great antipathy to all landscapial beauty as love to his cats. The same antipathy to all natural beauty is charged to Donizetti, who always slept when he went upon a journey, when he should have given his attention to the romantic scenery of Switzerland and Italy. Eimarosa could not write without having a lot of friends around him, with whom he kept up an active conversation about art matters. Sacchini's train of thought was interrupted when his cats did not play their antics upon his writing-desk. Sarti could only become inspired in a room without furniture, and which was dimly lighted. Spontini could only compose in the dark; and Meyerbeer composed best during violent thunderstorms, under the roof of his house. Salieri gained his inspiration while he walked quickly through the streets filled with a human throng, meantime eating a great quantity of confections. Haydn, in order to compose, sat in a soft arm-chair, with his gaze directed to heaven. Gluck composed in the open air, best in the glaring sunshine. He liked champagne by his work, and gesticulated very violently, as if he were an actor on the boards. Handel wandered in the churchyard, and when he wished to become inspired, he sat himself down in one corner of it which was shaded by weeping willows. Paesiello composed in bed, and did not leave it until he had finished a whole operatic scene or act. Mehul was a great worshiper of flowers, and often fell into silent reverie in observing them. He felt happiest in a quiet garden. Mozart gained his inspiration from reading Homer, Dante, Petrarch; Verdi must read passages from Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Ossian and Victor Hugo. Schiller inspired his muse by the smell of rotten apples, which he kept constantly in his desk; besides this, he liked to live amid surroundings corresponding to the subject upon which he worked. When he wrote the last act to "Mary Stuart," he had his servants clothed in black; and so long as he worked on "Wallenstein," he neglected no review or other military spectacle, and at home his wife must sing battle-pieces to him. Goethe loved to have plastic works of art before him as he wrote. It is known that in the creation of his Iphigenia, he had the image of an antique female before him, in order to see if that which he made his heroine say would suit the features before him. Jean Paul replenished his ideas while taking a walk, and drank a glass of beer now and then on the way. In writing, he loved the strong smell of flowers. Herr von Kleist worked with great difficulty, and when he made poetry, it was as if he had a conflict with an invisible fiend. Just the opposite was the case with Father Wieland. In making his poems he trilled a lively song, and sometimes would spring away from his work and cut a caper in the air. Korzebue, in the composing of his dramas, was also actor. He himself acted single scenes in his study. It is related that when Sand murdered him, his little son, as he saw him reel and then writhe upon the ground, cried to his mother, "See, mamma, father plays comedy again!" Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, is said to have whistled street songs as he wrote his verses upon paper. His conversation in such moments is said to have been obscene. Holderlin was often found crying when he composed poems. Similar things are said of the French romance writer Lafontaine. His wife once found him before his writing-desk swimming in tears. "Oh, it is too sad," he sighed. "It don't go at all," he sobbed; I am still in the first volume." Matthison wrote his poems by moonlight, while standing at

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the window. Lamartine wrote his best things in the morning, before breakfast, while sitting before the fire. A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing-desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with books and papers, behind which he is seated, formally barricaded. Also a quantity of dogs, cats, poultry, pigeons, singing-birds are to be seen around, and these he feeds, strokes and keeps out of mischief while writing. In the background stand a number of printer's devils waiting for copy, and booksellers and such people, who have business with him. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often, a conversation at the same time. He is very negligent in his dress."—*Selected.*

## THE VISIBLE AND THE INVISIBLE.

"There is a power
Unseen, that rules the illimitible world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted world."

EVERYTHING that is, is material. Because a substance is impalpable to our corporal senses, we cannot consistently say it is immaterial. It is impossible to think of nothing as something, or imagine nonentity as exerting an influence.

Few realize their capacity to appreciate the spiritual or invisible, and all are apt to place too great a value upon what is discernible with the five senses, and neglect and ignore the infinite, immeasurable, boundless power, before which gross matter is powerless and insignificant. The strength of the visible cannot be compared to the power of the invisible, and though important and necessary, is not more so. It would almost seem the more ethereal and refined matter becomes the more force it has. Water is taken as the standard by which substances are graded, and though itself much more potent than substances less dense, is inferior, in point of strength to a substance one step higher in the ascending grade, viz., steam. We owe much comfort and happiness to this refined force, but use has made it so familiar we have ceased to think of the wonderful phenomena of its change from a liquid to a gaseous form, or learn the lesson it helps to teach us.

Another step upward, and we are among the wonders of the invisible world. The first to which we come is electricity; and already we stand aghast when attempting to compute its force, or measure its use; but it is unseen, unheard and unfelt until its force is expanded, when it becomes visible. We cannot even know of its existence but by its effects. By them we have learned its might and the influences under which it is exerted and utilized; but the power itself, to conquer we must bend to it.

Compute or comprehend, if you can, the wonderful principle of caloric. You are baffled, as the wisest have been, and still this all but transcendant force is, if possible, more refined, more subtle, less visible, than any we have yet considered. Life, so far as we understand it, would cease to exist were it not for heat and light; and without them everything would be void, empty, soulless, dead: the earth, aye, the universe itself, would be a dreary, empty, desolate waste without these properties. Now, contrast those already mentioned with the wonderful principle of gravitation. Water, steam, electricity, heat and light are all bound by time and space, but gravitation knows no such confines, because it is a constantly exerted force; and no planet or star is so distant but that comes under its rule.

With all this away before us, the natural sequence is that there are others, still higher, still further in the invisible distance which we cannot see, much less understand. Puny man, with his finite wisdom, is, year by year, learning of the invisible. Not content with making lightning the bearer of his thoughts, the scientist urges the possibility of causing

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light to convey sound, and even now experiments are being made as the means of gaining that end.

But how trivial even that will be to the superhuman power of faith. All around in infinite profusion are elements ready to be used as the will of intelligence dictates. Satan knew this when he said to the Savior, "If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread;" and Christ, possessed of the necessary power, turned water into wine at the wedding feast in Cana. There is no visible change in a man when hands are laid upon him conferring upon him the Priesthood of the Son of God, but that simple ordinance gives him the right and the power to understand all the mysteries of the universe. The mortal eyes or the finite senses of man can see or understand but a modicum of even this finite world. Twenty different and distinct kinds of stones must be thought of at twenty different times, and no man, without superhuman aid, can comprehend the component parts of them all at once. Moses, through the power of faith and the Priesthood, was so blest as to see the whole of the earth at a glance; not a particle was there that did not come in the range of his vision. With the requisite knowledge, which is attainable, everything will be subject to that subtle something called life. We now mean the spiritual life, which is only another name for intelligence. Its very existence renders it superior to all the invisible forces above mentioned. Water cannot drown, fire cannot burn, nor gravitation hold it. The tenement which it inhabits can be influenced by gross matter, but not life itself. Even those who deny spiritual existence acknowledge that life is something different from the body, and not dependent, for its existence at least, upon bone and muscle. The refined, ethereal part of our being, when free from its physical thralldom, will soar to heights, descend to depths, comprehend and grasp what we cannot now even imagine. We now "see through a glass darkly," we then will have no vail to intercept the resplendent rays emanating from the infinite intellectual Sun. We are now dependent upon physical mediums through which to receive knowledge; then, by virtue of the divine essence, of which we are a part, the invisible will become visible, the unknowable will become known, and the immeasurable immensity of space will be measured and understood. Because on every hand our physical strength is baffled and thrown back upon itself, when a certain limit is reached, shall we say intellectual power is also bound? The affirmative answer may be given when it is combined with mortality, but analogical reasoning finds no such barrier when the true life is untrammeled and free.

Well has Holland expressed the thought which at this point comes to us: "Are there not times when the spirit feels itself throned in conscious power and might, and independent of the robes and clumsy instruments of sense which it quickens, and postured in its own immortality, reveals its independence of the earth and earthly things?" Who has not, at some time, felt influences which were certainly not the effects of any physical or visible causes? The naturalist is at a loss to account for many things from his favorite standpoint. His reason utterly fails to tell why the "still small voice" works such radical changes in the lives of men, leading them from the haunts of sin to paths of purity and peace. Thousands testify that no visible cause has brought them from radicalism into harmony with the Gospel, and many with hearts filled with a holy peace, say an earnest amen to the soul-thrilling song of Job—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the last day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me."

*J. L. Robison.*

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There are too many persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and so become the scourge of busy people.

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# PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY.

"O give me liberty!
For e'en were Paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls."
*Milton.*

LIBERTY and unity; liberty and obedience, appear, to the minds of many, incompatible. Hence, when the world sees the Latter-day Saints at our General Conferences, sustain, without a dissenting voice, their Church officials, they remark, "These Mormons are in bondage."

When the great majority of the people of Utah moved in a solid column, in the last election for Delegate to Congress, and voted for the People's Candidate, instead of the nominee of the "Liberals" of Utah, a pious howl was vamped from the throats of disappointed demagogues about "slavery in Utah." But I do not mean to dabble in politics. I want to say something about the Gospel being a perfect law of liberty, for such it is; and the Saints in Utah, who obey the Gospel, live up to its requirements, and work in union with the kingdom of God, are freer to-day than those who rail against them.

The first blessing the Gospel brings to man is heaven-born liberty; aye, that liberty which would make him free, even though he were confined in a dungeon. It frees him from sin—from death; from the heartaches, the sighs of regret; from his bitter remorse and self-reproaches; from restless nights, in which he exclaims, "Would God it were morning!" from listless days wherein he cries, "Would God it were night!" It frees him from the fear of the pit, "where the fire is not quenched," and from the gnawing of the worm that never dies. It bids the sin-tossed soul to rest, and pours a balm into the sick heart. It does all this because, by obeying its first few requirements—faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance of our sins, baptism in water—in which we show the burial and resurrection of our Lord—one receives a remission of his sins. O joy! The past is forgiven! The captive is free! For he who is free from sin, is free indeed. That sense of joyousness one feels in childhood, which is the fruit of innocence—and it is worth all the world besides—returns; the world is bright; that horrible inward gnawing has ceased—the shackles of sin have been broken, he who was a captive stands free.

In proof of the above we refer to the Scriptures. Though the Corinthian Saints had been unrighteous, idolaters, fornicators, adulterers, thieves, drunkards, revilers, yet they were washed, justified and sanctified through the Gospel. (1 Cor., vi, 9–12.) Likewise the Saints at Rome, though they had been the "servants of sin," and in bondage thereto, having "obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered them," the Gospel, they were "made free from sin." (Rom., vi, 17, 18.) To those of our readers who have tasted of this glorious liberty we would say, in the language of Paul: "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." (Gal., v, 1.) We stated the Gospel was a perfect law of liberty. It is so nominated in the Scripture, or else what mean these expressions of Holy Writ: "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, * * * this man shall be blessed in his deed." (James, i, 25.) A careful reading will show this "perfect law of liberty" to be the Gospel.

The first object of the Gospel is to make man free from sin; and that of itself is more freedom than all the governments and institutions of men can give; for he who is free from sin, though his limbs are manacled in irons, and chained to a dungeon floor, is freer than the man who has his physical liberty, and yet is under the bondage of sin. If the Gospel is a perfect law of liberty, then there must be no tyrants or oppression in that government which it contemplates. In it,

I find nor word nor trace
Of that which hints at tyranny.

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Says Paul, "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, * * * in meekness instructing those who oppose themselves." (2 Tim., ii, 24, 25.) Peter, when instructing the elders in their duties, told them not to act "as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock." (1 Peter, v, 3.) In this dispensation the Lord has given a fuller explanation of the Priesthood, its powers, and how said powers are to be used:

"The rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principle of righteousness. That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control, or dominion, or compulsion, upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the Priesthood, or the authority of that man. * * * No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile; reproving betimes with sharpness when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy; that he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death." (Doc. & Cov., Sec. cxxi, 36–44.)

Surely no signs of oppression here. All the freedom intelligence desires could be exercised under restraints operated as described in the above extract. It breathes out the same spirit as that which Jesus manifested when teaching his disciples concerning government: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them: but it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be administered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." (Matt., xx, 25–28.)

The unity existing in the midst of the Latter-day Saints is what the Apostles desired to establish among the people of God in the primitive Christian Church; "Now, I beseech you brethren, * * * that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." (1 Cor., i, 10.) Had Paul lived in these days, he would see these admonitions carried out to quite an extent by the Latter-day Saints. Neither are the people who obey these injunctions in bondage. It is an insult to Deity to say that by carrying out the counsel of His servants, "Who spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost," we shall be brought into abject slavery. God knows that

"Freedom and reason make us men."

He knows it would be no honor to have children who did right of necessity—because they were compelled to, and not for the love of the right; consequently he gives to man his agency, his liberty—makes him a responsible being.

But this is no reason why a man should rebel against God, and act contrary to correct principles, just to display his independence. Such persons are generally in bondage—the bondage of fear. They are afraid, if they act in harmony with a large body of people, that some one will say, "He is dictated; he allows others to do his thinking," etc. Childish as these taunts are, they are frequently sufficient to cause men to take a course contrary to their understanding.

It is possible for men to come to the knowledge of some truths, and having come to the knowledge of them, they understand them alike. All men agree that twice two are four, and that two and one are not four. How absurd for one acquainted with these facts to dispute either of them, or affect to doubt them,

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because, forsooth, he wishes others to know he is independent. The folly would be equally great if a course akin to this were taken in regard to any other truths or principles.

The Latter-day Saints know that President John Taylor is God's mouthpiece to His Church; and knowing this, they freely and of their own volition sustain him as the Prophet, Seer and Revelator to the Church; and so with all the officers and measures for which they vote. Their unity is not the result of ignorance and serfdom, but of knowledge, coupled with sufficient courage to enable them to act consistently with their convictions, despite the jeers and ridicule of those who are opposed to them and their faith. As the Saints become acquainted with more truths their unity will increase. When they comprehend all truth, they will act in perfect accord with the Gods, and all who have obtained like precious knowledge.

From remarks I have heard fall from the lips of some of Utah's "reformers," it seems that they would have us believe disputations and discord necessary concomitants of individuality and freedom. But this is not true; contentions and wranglings only prove the existence of uncertainty.

Let the youth in Israel be wise. Don't seek to be mere pleasers. Don't drink, gamble and swear, just to prove to some men who have come into our midst that you are free men.

I have heard the young men of Utah taunted by our self-styled "reformers" in their public speeches, about not possessing sufficient independence of character; but there is as much manliness and individuality among the boys of Utah as will be found anywhere in "this broad land." I have thought these men who have come into our midst to "free us from the yoke of error," are aptly described by the Apostle Peter; for when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure through the lusts of the flesh, through much wantonness; those that were clean escaped from them who live in error. While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption." (2 Peter, ii, 18, 19.)

There is no slavery in the Gospel; there is no tyranny in the Priesthood. The Mormons are not controlled by oppressive measures, by the threats of priests. Their unity is the result of knowledge and freedom. "They are taught correct principles, and then they govern themselves." And thus do they rejoice in that perfect liberty which the Gospel of the Son of God alone can give. *B. H. Roberts.*

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To spirits orbit-bound, hard is the way,
Through gusty shadows, to the unknown day.

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## CO-OPERATION.

III.

No argument is needed to demonstrate the value of such an institution as Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, although it may be admitted that certain features have disqualified it for accomplishing all that was originally deemed desirable. But as an importing house simply, in the centre or capital of the Territory, it needed facilities for distribution; and the machinery for this originated, as did Z. C. M. I. itself, from the same suggestive, expansive and inspirational mind.

The people of each settlement were invited and counselled to organize their own local co-operative store, drawing in, as far as practicable, the whole community, and providing that no individual (as a matter of speculation or of selfishness) should possess a greater interest than his neighbor; thus equality and unity would soften or preclude those jealousies and kindred feelings which are at times indulged in between members of any community. It may be urged that the parent institution should have set an example in this respect; there

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appeared, however, at the time, to be certain barriers preventing this—there were merchants already in existence; to set afoot a large organization not only needed capital, but premises, and stock enough to begin with, in order to meet the occasion. Yet the paucity, or fewness of its stockholders has ever been and now is the weakest spot of the mighty organization. For, strange as it may appear at this date, while Z. C. M. I. was established for the purpose of importing and distributing merchandise, this was ever held by the master mind as subsidiary to a nobler idea; it was intended to be used as a stepping stone, a preliminary adjunct to industrial salvation, as well as one method of commercial and financial salvation. But in distributing the profits growing out of the swelling business, it was discovered that every heavy investor needed his dividend, and being also partially within the range of experiment, it was deemed advisable for the moment to retain large individual amounts in preference to relying on more numerous investors with small or limited stock.

This evil, however, was the result, and it remains to this day; yet small sums, when in sufficient numbers, give the same amount as larger ones from few, and now if the one hundred and twenty-five thousand of Utah's "Mormon" population owned an equal *per capita*, the whole stock of the Institution, about one million dollars, would only be about eight dollars each, and the dividend on this, at present rate of about ten per cent. per annum, would be so small that none would be richer or poorer if the amount was left in the treasury of the Institution, to be applied in other industrial or creative directions. For after all, to distribute is a very common-place business, there is but little in it that savors of power—real, true power; and this one peculiarity of merchandizing and the mercantile profession should never be lost sight of by the purchaser, or by the student of advanced political economy, and that is, that no dealer adds anything whatever to the value of the goods which he may handle, they are worth no more as a matter of fact when they leave a store than when they enter; consequently exorbitant individual profits from this source lack a certain feature of equity which clings everywhere to the creator of that which is desirable. It is still more strange too, how, in modern society, wealth acquired from this source gives prestige and position superior to that acquired in the pursuit of creative industry in countless other directions. Yet is it not true, that man for man, he who from the crude elements of nature multiplies the necessities or comforts of life, is beyond controversy the superior of the simple trader? To take the timber of the canyons, the rock of the mountains, the adobe of the valleys; to fashion a chair or table, a boot or shoe, a shawl or blanket; to raise a bushel of grain or a stack of hay, to multiply stock and butter and chickens, and trees and flowers, all of which minister to human subsistence and make possible the dealer in or distributor of the fabrics of another, is surely more Godlike, more imitative of the great Creator, and certainly continues a more indispensable element of humankind.

Now, this apparent digression presents its point, which is, that importation decreases the amount of local wealth, and home manufacture, even when fostered beyond local needs and self-sustenance to the extent of exportation, draws tribute from afar; there is life and increase in one, stagnation and death in the other. It must not be supposed, however, that Z. C. M. I. has lost sight altogether of this original intent, it could only have been more prolific in the best direction; yet had it been a monopoly pure and simple, in the matter of importation for and on behalf of the whole "Mormon" people, its influence might have been greater; as it is, many a little struggling industry now fairly established testifies to its spirit. When a few men start a match, trunk, or soap factory, and, producing a good article, present their efforts for public acceptance, this Institution, their servant and friend, promptly suspends importation; when a factory in Utah says, "We

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will supply you with yarn, flannels, linseys, jeans, cassimeres, blankets, shawls, etc.," Z. C. M. I. promptly answers, "We will give you our patronage and buy such goods at home." When itself manufactures per year, as it does, one hundred thousand pairs of boots and shoes, finding labor for our local population, it is a wealth creator even if the material is brought from far. When it causes the music of the sewing machines, manipulated by local labor, to produce eighty thousand garments in a year, it is a benefactor to the masses of the people. And it is not saying too much to state, that had the entire amount of dividends (over one million and a quarter) paid out or declared since the foundation of the Institution been retained in its coffers for application in similar directions, we might ere now have been manufacturing our own stoves, nails, bar iron, rails and many other articles which enter into life from the presence and running of an iron foundry. It is not unlikely that crockery and glass might also have become established industries in our needing Territory. The production of sugar and syrup, which costs us a million dollars a year, might all be kept at home. The manufacture of raisins, olive oil, canned fruits, vegetables, rope, twine, linen, including linseed oil, white lead, sheet lead and pipe; bacon, hams and lard; beef, cheese, starch; cloth and clothing, boots and shoes of all grades; wagons, agricultural implements, furniture, even if part of the material should be imported, all could be made in Utah, thus finding employment for our multiplied youth, who almost beg for work as the key to marriage and self-sustenance and independence, but plead as yet in vain.

Now, co-operative effort will bring to pass this industrial revolution; the elements for so grand a consummation exist in abundance. There are more factories needed, many more foundries, a greater number and variety of manufactories, dairies, tanneries, shoeshops, etc.; more railroads of our own, more newspapers, more magazines and printing establishments, more homes and furniture and fixings, including orchards and barns and fences, and schoolhouses, and meeting houses, and temples, and institutions for the growth and progress of our coming State. The muscle is here, the material is here, the ability is here, the necessity is here. Our posterity increases in arithmetical progression, three hundred or more missionaries are in the field, God is blessing their labors, and many of their converts are anxious to gather to the mountains, yet we have been and are sustaining thousands of persons in the States and neglecting our own. We have built up selfish merchants and passed by our own Institution; we have imported, or had imported for us, articles of use, of necessity, and of luxury; our means have been lavished upon the stranger and even upon our enemies; and when our leaders have given counsel—have advised home manufacture—have said "sustain yourselves," we have waited for the capitalist and trusted to the outsider, and sent our sons from home to railroad and mining camps, because we did not realize the means nor the day of our salvation. Co-operation is the key to the situation; it has given us evidence of its power—every valley in Utah testifies in its favor, every waterditch and canal and consequent fruitful field and farm is evidence of its power, every schoolhouse, meeting house, temple, is testimony none can set aside; and our well-filled settlements, our increasing hosts are evidences that in unity is ever present the element of strength.

It does make a difference how the Saints deal, where they deal, and the spirit of that deal, and if there is, from ignorance or inattention to the voice of inspiration, any slackness or lack of comprehension, or failure to perform, be sure it will bear its own unfailing fruit.

There is one settlement in our mental vision where the original intent was more than half understood; it commenced on a small scale—thirty-five hundred dollars was all it had—it came from many contributors, and as a compromise it was suggested that in the

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event of success, one-half only of the profits should be paid out. The first step was the opening of their little store; accruing undistributed dividend was then invested in a dairy, which paid its way and made a profit; from next accumulation was proposed and established a saw mill, for shingle, lath, and pickets; then some lumber and a furniture shop soon grew; the water power in existence with increasing means suggested a tannery; further profits and dividends retained paid a shoe shop, from which was distributed in 1883 some four thousand pairs; then a little more profits and accumulation, and a saddle or harness shop sprang up; then, as there were many employees, a butcher and provision shop was in order; then a tin shop and other little needed departments, until, losing sight of the dividends paid out, the property of the stockholders is considered to be worth forty-five thousand dollars, and dividends are declared on over twenty-five thousand dollars from the original paltry but powerful thirty-five hundred dollars; until it is in contemplation now to build a good grist mill, then, if success continues, a woolen factory, and "further deponent sayeth not." But if every local store had been so manipulated, if stockholders had been as numerous as the population, if even half of the profits had been distributed, as in this instance, what a difference there might have been in all our settlements; how much less we might have been under obligations, how much less in debt, and how much more healthy our population, now, partly from enforced idleness, in a demoralized condition.

Facts sustain their own weight; experience proves the worth of counsel, the world knows and the Saints have proved already the value of Co-operation. *H. W. Naisbitt.*

The heaviest burden we can carry is the consciousness of duties unfulfilled

## THE CANADIAN METROPOLIS.

After passing the enchanting scenery of "The Thousand Isles," and receiving into its bosom the mighty current of the Ottawa, the St. Lawrence deserves the appellation given to it by the Canadians, "*Le grand fleuve;*" for where is there another that can compare with it? Britons may boast of the Thames, Germans of the Rhine, and even Americans of the great, the winding and the turbid Mississippi, but a moment's glance will convince the unprejudiced that the great Canadian river surpasses any and all of these. In width it averages three miles, though seen through the clear atmosphere of a Canadian summer, it scarcely appears more than two. On a calm day its waters are smooth and possess apparently but little motion. It is only when one of these unwieldy lumber rafts passes down the stream that the current is perceptible. Then it is seen that the river is rolling its mighty floods toward the ocean with a velocity of nearly or quite seven miles per hour.

We now perceive indications that we are approaching a great commercial city. Vast piles of lumber line the shore. Grain elevators and warehouses are seen in the distance, at whose wharfs ocean steamers and vessels as well as lake craft are receiving or unloading their cargoes. Even the polar regions send in their contributions. Thousands, aye millions of untanned hides and pelts, from the vast and inhospitable regions of the north, may here be found awaiting the process of tanning or transportation to other lands. Among these may be mentioned white, brown and black bear skins, caribou, or Canadian reindeer, moose, elk, silver fox, martin, otter, mink, beaver, and many others. How few of the ladies of London, Paris, New York, Boston, Vienna, Copenhagen or Berlin recognize the fact that the furs that deck the form of beauty were col-

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lected from the wild animals of the far north, often through untold suffering. This trade in furs has built up one of the most powerful mercantile corporations, the Hudson Bay Company; one that has in no small degree influenced the Canadian policy of England.

Soon we sweep around a bend of the river, and catch a first view of the charming city of Montreal. The city is indeed beautifully situated on the south shore of the island of Montreal. It is said the city and island both received their names from the eminence in the middle of the island, which was named by the early French voyagers *Mont Real*, or Royal Mountain, on account of its majestic appearance. When once in the city, we see on every side the relics of the past in close proximity to the progress of the present. On one side of the narrow street that runs parallel to the river, is a little whitewashed tenement where the inmates are jabbering in French, and, if we inquire into their politics or religion, we shall find they are more intensely Catholic and French in their feelings than even the inhabitants of Paris. Then again, if we criticise their pronunciation as not in accord with Parisian French, they will scornfully speak of "*le patois de Paris*," even as a Bostonian speaks of the "London brogue," assuming as a matter of course, and indeed with quite as good reason, that Montreal French is superior to that of Paris.

If we turn to the other side of the street we enter a workshop of busy men, who speak in the language of England, Scotland, or Ireland, and have no sympathy or social relations with the French *habitat*.

Montreal abounds in contrasts. No where else in America are past and present to be seen so close to each other. Landing near Bousecours Market, everything speaks of nineteenth century life and bustle. We have just passed under the great Victoria Bridge, one of the grandest monuments of modern engineering skill. By the way, if we wish to get a faint idea of this structure, let us imagine an enormous stovepipe twenty-four feet in diameter, and each link about two hundred and eighty feet in length, supported by massive stone piers at such a height above the water that the largest ships can sail under it without lowering topsail or pennon. This wonderful bridge, without doubt the most magnificent of its kind in the world, is the connecting link, between the Canadian system of railways and those of the United States. Few greater triumphs of skill can be be found in the history of engineering, than was exhibited when the Prince of Wales and the Governor-General of Canada stood dry shod, within a coffer dam, on the bed of the St. Lawrence river sixty feet below the water line, and there laid, with Masonic ceremonies, the cornerstone of one of those mighty piers.

A walk along the massive stone wharfage that lines the river flowing oceanward, with the tribute of half a continent, is sufficient to show Montreal's unexcelled facilities for trade. Representatives of a dozen lines of ocean steamships may be seen at once taking in cargo; and improvements are in progress which will make room for many others. At the present time the Dominion ranks the third commercial power of the world. There are more steamers owned in Montreal than in New York. Many of the steamers which ply between the latter city and Liverpool are owned by capitalists who reside in the Canadian metropolis. Last year the whole tonnage of Dominion vessels exceeded those of the United States by nearly seventy-two thousand tons.

But if we will turn up the lane that leads to the quaint, rusty-looking Bousecours Church near by, we shall find ourselves amid the scenes of the seventeenth century. The peasant men dressed in their little red caps, blue jackets and brown pantaloons, and the women in their gay turbans, red bodices or sacks, and blue skirts, cut rather short for our modern ideas, will remind the traveler of European lands—of the peasantry of Normandy or Brittany. A small image of the Virgin, standing on the gable nearest the river, indicates the church, which otherwise would be scarcely distinguishable from the ruck

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of old buildings standing around it. As we pass the little eating houses and shops, thrown out like buttresses from the walls of the church, we see the peasants turning in from the market to say a prayer. They deposit their baskets of fish, fruit and poultry at the door, and enter without fear of anything being stolen while they are at their devotions. Frequently sailors, returned from a voyage, may be seen bringing with them an offering to the Virgin deity, whom they believe succored them on the sea, when they prayed in time of peril. Inside, you can scarcely believe you are in America—you fancy you are in some ancient town of Brittany or South Germany, where the parish church has not yet been desecrated by upholstery or modern improvements. The building and everything in and about it, the relievos on the walls, the altar, the simple but exquisitely antique pulpit, all are a thousand times more interesting than the huge stiff towers of modern churches, and the tawdry gilt and color which so often bedeck them. The whole scene calls the memory back to the days of Marguerite de Bourgeoys, who laid the foundation stones more than two centuries ago.

A short walk along St. Paul Street brings us to Jacques Cartier square, where stands an exquisite statue of the British Admiral, Nelson, who stands with his back to the water, "the first time he ever stood in such a position," as an old sailor grumbled when he saw the monument. Passing another block, we come to the new City Hall and the old government buildings opposite. This is the place where Benjamin Franklin printed the first Canadian newspaper. Here too the past and present are clasping hands. The French language is universally spoken, and the Canadian conversing with his compatriots still speaks of English-speaking people as "foreigners."

But as we ascend gradually to the higher parts of the city, we find ourselves in altogether different surroundings. In the east end reside nearly all the aristocracy of the French-speaking people, merchants, fur traders, legislators and scions of the old French nobility who once ruled the country. Here may be found men and women of liberal culture, among whom are Sir George Cartier, Ex-Prime Minister of the Dominion, and M. Louis Frechette, the talented poet, who, in 1876, received a gold medal, the grand cross of the legion of honor, and other testimonials as the leading poet of the French language. In the west end reside nearly all the English-speaking aristocracy. The splendid mansions on Sherbrooke street are occupied by Canadian, English and Scotch merchants, or officers of the British or Canadian governments, foreign consuls and attaches. Here also is situated McGill University, which, through the leadership of Prof. Dawson, has become one of the leading educational institutions of America. Not far distant is the residence of Lieut. William Cowper Coles, the inventor of those revolving iron turretted ships commonly called Monitors; though on this side of the United States boundary Ericson frequently receives that honor.

In journalism, Montreal is in advance of most American cities. Numerous daily and weekly journals are here published, as well as several illustrated weeklies and magazines. To Montreal is due the honor of publishing the first illustrated religious weekly journal, also of the invention of the art commonly known as photo-engraving. Not content with journalism in their own city, Montreal capitalists started in New York, some years ago, the paper known as the *Daily Graphic*.

In ascending the hill known as *Mount Royale*, we pass the far-famed reservoir and water-works from which the city receives a bountiful supply of water from the St. Lawrence. From the top of the mountain the scene is indeed magnificent. Not only is the city spread out at our feet like a panorama, but as far as the eye can reach we see the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, and on either side farms, and orchards and villages—the traces of a well-directed industry and a liberal economy. *J. H. Ward.*

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# THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

III.

WHAT are the relative rights of Congress and the Territories and their respective duties toward each other? To answer this question, so far as Congress is concerned, we must refer to the Constitution, as that is the instrument which defines its powers and in which authority must be found for everything which Congress may lawfully do.

It is true that the Constitution has been construed, and that under such construction Congress has authority to institute Territorial government, but it is also true that there were public interests of grave importance at stake at the time, the jeopardizing of which might have produced serious consequences to commerce, and possibly to the Union; and it is highly probable that these considerations weighed much with the Supreme Court in its decisions touching this question.

The United States had purchased Louisiana and the Floridas—a scope of country about as large as the whole United States besides, and embracing within it the mouth of the Mississippi, the great highway and port of entry for the southern and western trade. These purchases were made for the sole purpose of obtaining, and being enabled to maintain this port of entry, and must necessarily have been held and controlled by the United States to make them answer the end for which they were designed. Had the Supreme Court decided that Congress had no authority to hold and govern territory, it would have been the signal for independent States to have sprung up, and covered all this vast scope of country, which might have come into the Union of their own volition, or they might have formed an alliance with some foreign power, and some very serious complications might have arisen, to say the least. Seeing this condition of things, and appreciating the situation as the Supreme Court undoubtedly did, it is easy to understand how the judgment of that distinguished tribunal might have been warped, and that they might have considered it wiser even to have purposely given an erroneous construction, than that those great public interests should have been jeopardized. Whatever may have been their reasons, however, their standing as judges of the law and the dignity of their office compel us to presume that they were considered of sufficient public importance; but there is no denying the fact that such construction will not bear the light of reason, nor stand the test of the rules of construction as applicable to such instruments. The clause of the Constitution by which it is claimed that the power to govern the Territories is conferred is found in Section 3, Article iv, and reads as follows:

"The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claim of the United States or of any particular State."

Now when we come to consider the fact that the North Western Territory had been ceded to the Confederation, to be disposed for the public benefit; that this present government was to be the successor of the Confederation, and as such to take and hold the title to all the public property; that there must necessarily be some branch or office of this new government (which was then just about to go into existence) entrusted with this power, we can easily understand—as did the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott *vs.* Sanford—that the words, "power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property," simply meant power to sell the public lands and other property, and to make such rules and regulations as were necessary for this purpose, nor without doing violence to reason and the English language can we arrive at any other conclusion.

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It is absurd to suppose that, if it had been intended to confer the power to govern territory, the framers of the Constitution would not have said so in so many words; they well understood the use of the English language, and were not at a loss to find words to express their meaning; nor was the Constitution so hastily considered that a matter of such great importance could have been overlooked.

The correctness of this conclusion is convincingly shown by reference to Section 8, Article i. Referring to that section, we find that the subject of government had already been considered and acted upon; that it was actually intended to invest Congress with exclusive jurisdiction over certain districts of territory, and that to give expression to their intention, the framers of that instrument related the simplest words by which their ideas could be conveyed. The seventeenth clause of the section just referred to gives to Congress power to "exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district of country (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States, and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the government of the United States; and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the legislatures of the States in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards and other needful buildings."

As has been said, if we consider the fact that there was the North Western Territory to be disposed of, that the subject of the government of territory had already been considered, and the metes and bounds with which exclusive jurisdiction should extend, already defined, the conclusion is irresistible that by Section 3, Article iv, the government of Territories was never intended. But if a reference to the two clauses, and a consideration of surrounding circumstances were not, in themselves, sufficient to remove all doubt, and without the application of legal principles, there is a rule of construction which puts the matter at rest. It is this: That a specification of particulars is the exclusion of generals; or, in other words, the expression of one thing is the exclusion of another; hence, where the framers of the Constitution marked out the bounds within which Congress might exercise exclusive jurisdiction, it was equivalent to saying, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," or, in other words, "Except over such district of country (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States, and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the government of the United States, and such other places as may be purchased with the consent of the legislatures of the States in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings, Congress shall *not* exercise exclusive legislation."

The purchase of Louisiana, as has been said, was not claimed to be constitutional, but merely a matter of necessity; and, having purchased the territory, the government was confronted with the question whether it must institute some kind of colonial system, necessarily similar in some respects to that which had been so odious to the people of so short a time before, or allow independent states, or, perchance, a powerful empire to grow up almost within itself, having territory enough and other facilities sufficient to enable it to maintain a separate existence, and thus possibly defeat the very objects for which the acquisition was made.

Whether the latter would or could have been the case, may be a matter of question; but that the situation was grave, there can be no doubt—possibly sufficient to warrant the line of decisions which have been made in cases touching this question.

That condition of things, however, does not now exist; there are no public interests or even private rights, which would suffer by a reversal or disregard of those decisions, whereas the injured interests and blighting prospects of several hundreds of thousands of the people of the Territories demand a construction which shall be in consonance with

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reason, the principles which form the basis of the national structure and the evident intention of its authors.

As to the rights of the Territories, as has been said, under the Congressional claim of to-day, there is no time certain, or the happening of any event reasonably certain to transpire when they shall be entitled, as of right, to emerge from their present condition of subjection, or from what is more mildly termed "Territorial pupilage;" but a consideration of the subject impresses the writer that the converse of this proposition is true; that there are conditions, the existence of which entitle the Territories, as of right, to step up on to the national platform, and, assuming a proper share of the burdens, participate in the affairs of active national life.

To ascertain their rights, reference must be made to the treaties under which the Territory was acquired, as they, and not the Constitution, form the basis of the relations between the Territories and the United States. These treaties contain provisions which were made not only for the benefit of the few who happened to inhabit the Territory at the time, but clearly and unquestionably also, for all who should settle there up to, and including the time when the Territories are ripe for admission; and, although the judiciary have declared that, so far as private rights are concerned, those provisions may be, and to some extent have been, modified by subsequent legislation, yet as between the political department of the general government and the Territories, they cannot be abrogated without the latter's consent, any more than can a plain provision of the Constitution be violated with impunity.

The treaty for Louisiana provides that "the inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States, and admitted *as soon as possible*, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and the religion which they profess."

The provisions of this treaty apply to Dakota, Idaho, the Indian Territory, Montana, Washington and Wyoming—they being the remaining portions of the Louisiana purchase, hence the only question which can arise upon the application of either of these Territories for admission, is: whether it is possible, consistent with the principles of the Constitution, to grant the application.

If it is possible, that is, if it is not in contravention of any provision of the Constitution, the application cannot rightfully be denied. It matters not what the political faith of the applicant may be—whether democratic or republican, or saint or sinner, for that matter; the application cannot be denied without a breach of the plighted faith of the nation.

Congress may suspect that the majority of the people making the application are violators of a law, but that does not warrant Congress in violating another law equally as valid and binding; nor, indeed, is it a part of the duty of Congress to see that the laws are faithfully executed. What are the "principles of the Federal Constitution" with reference to this subject? The Constitution plainly provides that each State shall have two senators, and at least one representative, be its population little or much, and fixed the ratio of representation at thirty thousand. Had the treaty provided that the Territories should be admitted as soon as their population would entitle them, under the ratio fixed by Congress, and existing at the time of the application, it would have been quite another question; but the provisions of the Constitution were fixed upon as the basis, and as those provisions still remain unchanged, the same population which would have sufficed at the time of making this treaty, is still sufficient; hence, as it is possible to admit them as soon as they have numerical strength sufficient to exercise the functions of self-government, it follows that all these Territories are entitled to admission at once under the provisions of the treaty.

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It is true there is a great disparity between the population of some of these Territories and the ratio existing to-day, but that cuts no figure. It is not a question of what would be a proper provision in a treaty, were one being made to-day; but simply a matter of the fulfilment of a contract in which the United States received at least the value of all they gave.

It is also true that the obligation in its nature is such, and the relation of the parties to it of such a character that it cannot be enforced; but it is none the less sacred and binding morally; and it is equally true that one of the basest acts of which an individual or a nation can be guilty is to refuse to perform an obligation simply because, when its performance becomes due, it does not suit the inclination and there are no means of enforcing it. What can a nation expect of its sons which would of itself set such an example? How long will a nation which would even assent to such a proposition, say nothing about becoming a party to a transaction involving so much of the element of turpitude, maintain its dignity and command the respect of the civilized world?

*N. Tanner, Jr.*

## HERITAGE OF DRUNKENNESS.

THE drunkard leaves a sad heritage to his child. It is bad enough for a man to debase and degrade himself, but still worse to transmit to his offspring his degradation. It is a generally recognized principle in the propagation of the human and animal species, that like produces like, and this principle is found to hold true as regards the offspring of drunkards. Not all the children of drunkards will be addicted to the use of strong drink. Usually the mother is not addicted to the use of strong drink, and oftentimes loathes it with all the power of her soul. Her influence exerts a saving power over the offspring of the intemperate father, and some of the children will be able to resist the tendency which they feel, to partake of strong drink. A large part of the children of the drunkard, however, inherit a strong appetite for alcoholic liquors, and it requires a powerful effort to resist the temptation to indulge. They have also inherited a depraved nervous organization, often with a weakened will and ill-balanced intellect. Samuel Royce, in his work on "Deterioration or Race Education," says: "The drinking habit of the parent is in most cases an irresistible impulse or disease in the child, uncontrolled by any motive whatever." When both parents are addicted to intemperance, very few of the offspring escape going the same way.

An appetite for strong drink is not the only heritage the drunkard leaves his children. Weakened intellects, ill-balanced minds, a predisposition to insanity, and even idiocy, are also transmitted to the offspring. Many of the children of drunkards become insane, many are idiotic, and not a few on account of their unhappy organization are driven to take their own lives. Maudsley says that drunkenness in the parent is a cause of idiocy, suicide, or insanity in the offspring. Morell, who made the study of human deterioration a specialty, cites many cases of children of inebriates cursed in later years with the hereditary craving for alcoholic liquors, leaving one insane asylum for another, and ending in marasmus, general paralysis, in a perfectly brutal condition, with the utter extinction of reason and conscience. Of three hundred idiots examined by Dr. Howe, in the State of Massachusetts, one hundred and forty-five were the children of intemperate parents.

Should the drunkard be allowed to bring into the world children imbued with an almost irresistible appetite for strong drink, predisposed to insanity and suicide, or perhaps idiotic? It is an infamous outrage upon the innocent child, and should be prevented by placing the drunkard in an asylum where he cannot become a father until he has reformed, which would be far better for society and for the state than to allow him to become the father of imbecile, insane, or criminal children, whom the state must care for. Prevention in such cases is better than cure.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH, 1884.


## GENERAL THOMAS L. KANE.

ON the morning of December 26, 1883, the sad news of the death of General Kane reached his friends in Utah. It was received with unfeigned sorrow, for all who had known him in life and were familiar with his undeviating friendship for the people of Utah, felt that the man, of all others, distinguished among them as "an honorable man of the world" and a friend, had departed.

We cannot better express our sentiments of esteem and admiration for the character and life of this great man than by republishing extracts from the biographical sketch and the comments of President George Q. Cannon, perhaps his most familiar friend in Utah, which appeared in the *Juvenile Instructor* of January 15th, 1884:

"In the death of General Thomas L. Kane the Latter-day Saints lose a constant, watchful, influential and courageous friend. His demise may be said to have been very unexpected. While on a recent visit to New York he contracted a heavy cold, which resulted in pleuro-pneumonia, and which, after an illness of only ten days' duration, ended his earthly career.

"General Kane was born in Philadelphia, 1822, and was the second son of Judge John Kent Kane, and the younger brother of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the distinguished Arctic explorer. When sixteen years of age he went to reside with a relative in England, and subsequently visited the continent, where his education was completed. Returning to this country, he studied law and was admitted to practice. He was afterwards appointed clerk of the United States District Court in which his father presided.

"Though General Kane would be faithful in the discharge of any duties he might undertake, he was of such a temperament that active, adventurous life was best suited to him. In this respect he resembled his distinguished brother. He was a man of intense convictions, and when his feelings were aroused in favor of any one cause, he threw himself into it with the whole ardor of his nature. He hated oppression in every form, and his quick sympathies naturally went out to the weaker side. He never took the measure of a cause, or became its friend, because of its popularity. He possessed the most lofty courage. In him were most happily blended physical courage of the most daring and chivalrous character, and a moral courage to speak words and perform acts at which all his friends and associates wondered. He took delight in combatting and redressing wrongs, and had he lived in the days of chivalry he would have been a knight without fear and without reproach, to whom no person, however weak and unpopular, would have appealed in vain for help. He had been furnished with rare opportunities of knowing the world and becoming familiar with its leading men, especially the foremost men of his own country and of England and France. He was not only a gentleman by nature, but in the European sense of the word, a gentleman by birth and breeding, and of highly cultivated manners, and a scholar, also, of wide and varied attainments. But beyond and above all these he was a pure man in his morals. No one who knew him intimately could fail to be impressed by his abhorrence of vice. He had mingled with the world, but no taint of its corruptions attached to him. He was a chaste man himself and he loved and admired this quality in others. Is it any wonder that, having such characteristics as these, General Kane's active sympathies should be touched by hearing of the wrongs inflicted upon the

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Latter-day Saints? He had just returned from France, a young man of twenty-three years of age, when he heard of what had taken place at and around Nauvoo, Illinois. He did not debate the question as to whether the 'Mormons,' as they were called, were orthodox in their religious views, or not. It was enough for him to know they were human beings and American citizens, and that they were unpopular and friendless and cruelly treated. He became interested in them. Col. Jesse C. Little was then in charge of the branches of the Church in the Eastern States. General Kane freely used his own and family influence in the colonel's behalf, to enable him to bring the 'Mormon' case before President Polk and other leading men of the government. Not content with this, he started for the west to see for himself what could be done in behalf of the people. The Saints had good reason to believe that he was inspired of the Lord to do this; for why should this young man forsake his ease and pleasant surroundings in the east to expose himself to the perils and encounter the hardships of such a journey in behalf of a strange people, of whose true character he knew but very little? He was of a delicate physique, and the fatigues and exposure of that journey came very near proving too much for him. For some time after reaching the camp of the Saints on the Missouri river he hovered between life and death. Under President Young's direction he was nursed with all possible care. When his condition became such as to make his recovery doubtful, he had an army physician at Fort Leavenworth sent for, not to get the benefit of his skill, but in the event of his death, to prevent the possibility of lies being put in circulation concerning the treatment he had received from his much misrepresented 'Mormon' friends. At this time was laid the foundation of that love and friendship which he always felt and never failed to exhibit whenever danger threatened the Latter-day Saints, and which he expressed so pathetically in his dying words to his loving wife and children. He became familiar with the leading men of the Church; he read their true characters; the bulk of the people, also, he learned to know, as no man not of their number had ever known them; and the result was that from that time forward he became their devoted friend and unflinching defender. He believed they had rights which ought—equally with the rights of other people—to be respected. How he defended their rights by his tongue and pen in the face of mighty odds and great unpopularity, is well known throughout the length and breadth of this Territory. In this as well as in everything else he undertook, he was morally courageous, a qualification that, in too many instances, is sadly lacking in public men.

"It is gratifying to know that he himself always felt that the Latter-day Saints, in their subsequent career in these mountains, had amply justified his anticipations concerning them, and fully sustained and vindicated his public estimate of their worth.

"While in the west he bestowed attention and thought upon the condition of the Indians. He learned of the impositions practiced upon them, and after his return he boldly attacked and exposed the Indian rings at Washington. The same feeling which prompted him to defend the Indian aroused him to sympathise with the enslaved black man. He felt that slavery was a curse to his country, and the earnestness and depth of his convictions were exhibited in the course he took respecting its abolition. Many of his relatives and very dear friends were either slaveholders themselves or in full sympathy with the system. It must have been painful for one of his affectionate nature to differ with and oppose them. But, as in everything he undertook, he took hold of this in earnest. He made three voyages to the British West Indies to study the work of emancipation there, and extended his researches to the Spanish Islands.

"At the time the army was sent to Utah by President Buchanan—through the lies and misrepresentations of federal officials—and the whole country

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was in a state of great excitement over the reported condition of this Territory, he saw another opportunity of rendering his country and the people a service. It was plain to him that the administration would be disgraced for its hasty and ill-considered action, and being intimate with President Buchanan, he succeeded in bringing such facts to his knowledge that he became anxious to correct the blunder. He desired General Kane to act the part of a mediator, and gave him such letters as were necessary. During the winter of 1857-8 he undertook this mission, so hazardous and difficult because of the season of the year and the character of the country to be traversed. He traveled by way of the Isthmus of Panama and California, and thence by what was known as the Southern route, to this city. It was a journey both dangerous and difficult, and particularly trying to his health. It was while here on this business that he heard the very unexpected and sad news of the death of his father, Judge Kane, between whom and himself there existed, in addition to the tender ties of father and son, a strong and warm personal friendship, founded upon mutual respect for each other's qualities. In the hearts of all Latter-day Saints acquainted with the circumstances surrounding General Kane's trip to Utah at that time, there will always be an affectionate remembrance of his self-sacrificing and heroic conduct in their behalf. This is not the time nor the occasion to dwell upon his action at greater length. But that it was appreciated by President Buchanan is evident from the compliment paid to him, in the message to Congress of 1858, upon the manner in which he had filled his mission.

"In 1860, when the war of the rebellion broke out, he threw himself unhesitatingly into the contest, and organized what is known as the 'Bucktail' regiment from among the hunters, trappers and lumbermen of the northwest portion of the State of Pennsylvania. This regiment did some splendid service in the war: and General Kane proved himself to be a brave soldier, and an adept in military tactics. During the war he was wounded on several occasions; but his indomitable will kept him at the post of duty. The regiment under his command did some hard fighting at Gettysburg, where, suffering from sickness and wounds he withdrew from active command. In doing so he issued the following order to his men:

" 'The hard fighting is over. If there is to be more of it soon I will be with you. If not, farewell, and may God bless and reward you for your noble conduct, but for which neither I nor any of the thousands of this army would have home, country, pride or honor to return to. If you should not see me again in the brigade I hope you will remember long and affectionately your friend and commander.'

"For his bravery in the war he was breveted Major General, a mark of distinction he had fairly earned.

"For some time after his partial recovery from his wounds he was compelled to walk about on crutches. He was in this condition when he paid a visit to Utah during the winter of 1872-3. While here he recovered sufficiently to discard the use of his improvised helps.

"Throughout his whole life, General Kane was earnest in whatever he undertook, outspoken in whatever he believed to be right, unselfish to the highest degree, and fearless in all his ways. Indeed it was his earnest, outspoken, unselfish and fearless ways that caused him to be beloved by all with whom he came in contact. He was a man who never allowed his right hand to know what his left was doing. He was possessed of a great soul. His chief object in life was to do good. Not that he might be considered good for having done good; but rather, he loved to do good because it was good to do good. He was superbly unselfish in all the transactions of life. Many a time and oft has he risked his own life in trying to help those whom he considered needed help. No greater love hath any man than that he is willing to lay down his life for his fellow man. Such a man was General Kane. His philanthropy was of the

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broadest and most liberal character. He was ever trying to do some good thing for the benefit of others. It was foreign to his disposition to look upon suffering without concern. He was educated himself, and he loved the cause of education. He was charitable himself, and he never tired in helping the cause of charities. He loved children, and he liked to see them gambol, and play, and sing at home, and he was not unmindful of the music and mirth they needed in schools. He was a man of business, too. He took an active interest in railroad enterprises. But, above all, he was a man of peace, and would do anything to avert hostility. In a word, he was a remarkable man.

"General Kane was small in stature, and slender in form, and yet it will be perceived, from what we have written, he was capable of performing duties—self-imposed or otherwise—which called for great physical endurance. It was his great will power that carried him through; otherwise, from the pain he periodically suffered from the wounds he received in the war, and the mental strain incidental to the active life he led, he must have broken down long ago.

"In his life-long labors of love, General Kane has had the able support of his kind and generous wife, who survives him with three sons and one daughter, the latter a graduate of the Woman's Medical College, of which the deceased was one of the founders, and in the success of which he took the deepest interest."

The following, written by President Cannon, contains examples of the characteristic friendship General Kane displayed toward the people of Utah on every occasion which warranted it:

"To me the news of General Kane's death came with the suddenness of a blow. It was only about four weeks before that I was last at his house and spent some hours with him. He was in excellent spirits and talked hopefully about the future which lay before the people of Utah. I thought he had not for years looked better or more likely to live than he did then, and I indulged in the hope that there were many years of life yet before him. I had many interviews with him during my visit east, and though very busy, he laid aside all his own affairs to counsel and act for the benefit of Utah. His love and zeal never appeared to me to be deeper or more active than they were on those occasions. When I felt that I was trespassing too much upon his time and patience, and so expressed myself, he never failed to chide me for having such thoughts. He had no business, however important, he said, that he would not willingly lay aside at any time to devote attention to our affairs. No man could manifest a deeper interest, or have greater anxiety, for the welfare and prosperity of the people of Utah than he. Especially in times of trouble and when prospects appeared threatening to us was this the case. He carried our burdens at such times to such an extent that they affected his health. On many occasions when I have met him after or during an unusual period of excitement over Utah affairs and inquired about his condition, he has responded that his wounds or his health was not the cause of any feebleness which I noticed; but anxiety concerning us. This anxiety constantly manifested itself in active exertion whenever he saw an opportunity where it could be of use. If for any reason he did not obtain satisfactory intelligence concerning any movement that was being made against us, he never failed to address inquiries to some of us respecting it. His tireless interest in our behalf I have personally, of all others, the greatest reason to remember and be grateful for. Upon several occasions at Washington I have been delighted by unexpectedly receiving a call from him. Several of these visits were prompted solely by the desire to help avert some measure that his advices had led him to believe was threatening to me personally or to the people. Without solicitation from me, or from any one else, he had laid aside his own business, and regardless of expense, gone to the point where he thought his influence might be used to advantage for our good. When he did

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not make a visit he never omitted in times of difficulty to send messages of comfort and cheer. It is only a few days since I was looking through a package of letters and found a telegraphic dispatch and letters from him, sent at the time that the news had reached the east of the infamous action of the District Court here in committing the three executors of the estate of the late President Brigham Young — Brigham Young, Albert Carrington and myself— to prison, for contempt of court. Our contempt consisted in refusing to give additional bonds of $150,000, when we were already under bonds for $300,000! We felt that this attempt to get additional bonds was nothing more nor less than a plot to levy blackmail, and therefore we preferred to submit to imprisonment for contempt than to lend ourselves to the scheme by asking our friends to give bonds for us. It was at this juncture that I received the following message from him:

"'I will be your bail for $150,000, if your court will accept of me.'

"He would have come out here at that time had it been of any use, and so telegraphed and wrote me.

"As I write, another illustration of his forgetfulness of self and his ardent zeal in behalf of Utah comes to my mind. It was during the Buchanan administration. Governor Cumming, who had been sent out by President Buchanan with the army as governor of the Territory, did not work harmoniously with the army officers. Differences had arisen between them at the time they were in camp during the winter at Ham's Fork and Fort Bridger.

"These differences increased after they came into the valley, and the influence of the army people was used with the administration to have Cumming removed. President Buchanan was inclined to yield to the pressure of Albert Sidney Johnston's friends. Johnston at that time was quite an influential personage; in fact influences were being used to prepare the way for him to succeed General Winfield Scott as commander of the army of the United States. President Buchanan made inquiries of some of General Kane's friends as to how the removal of Governor Cumming would be received by him. He heard of this, and, though at the time confined to his room with an attack of pleurisy, saw that something must be done to prevent the removal of Cumming, which he viewed at the time as a move that would be unfortunate to Utah. The Historical Society of New York City—a very influential society—had solicited him to deliver a lecture upon Utah affairs; but he had postponed accepting the offer. He saw that this was the opportune moment to deliver it, and though suffering from severe pain he resolved to go to New York and deliver the lecture. His friends tried to dissuade him from the step, as they felt that he was endangering his life. But he was determined to go, and wrote to the President of the Society, who was pleased to accept the proffer of the lecture. Accompanied by his physician, he traveled from Philadelphia to New York, delivered the lecture, in which he eulogized Governor Cumming, and gave him the praise that was due to him for his conduct after reaching Utah, and the next morning there appeared in all the newspapers of the country, through the associated press, a brief epitome of the lecture, commending Governor Cumming's administration of affairs. It had the effect to turn the scale in Cumming's favor. President Buchanan relinquished the idea of removing him, and he remained governor until he had served out his full term. I was in the east at the time and familiar with all the circumstances, and I was deeply impressed with the General's conduct on that occasion. I have often thought that probably there was not one Elder in the Church out of a thousand who would have taken such risks or deemed it necessary to have gone to such pains as he did on that occasion to accomplish such an end. I was present at the lecture and saw that he suffered great pain during its delivery. But this was characteristic of the man. When a duty had to be performed he never hesitated about attempting it.

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He might be feeble or sick, yet his will-power was so strong that he succeeded in bringing the weakness of his body into subjection to his spirit.

"Upon hearing of the death of President Young, he dropped his business and started immediately for this city. He felt that perhaps he might be of aid and if he, by his presence or counsel, could be of any service, it would repay him for his trouble.

"He loved the President with surpassing love, and always listened with reverence to his counsels, esteeming him one of nature's noblemen—one of the bravest and truest patriots whom he knew—and this love on his part was fully reciprocated by the President. President Young saw the noble character of the man, and highly esteemed him for the sacrifices which he had made in behalf of a persecuted and unpopular people.

"It has been a cause of great delight to me to be acquainted with him and to be his friend. He is endeared to me by innumerable acts of kindness. I loved him for his devoton to justice, to constitutional rights, and to the liberty of men. He was amiable as a woman, and possessed all the lovable traits of the softer sex, and with it every robust quality of manhood, being absolutely without fear.

"He has gone to his rest; and the Lord will assuredly reward him according to his works. He was a noble spirit, and will reap the reward of noble deeds."

Words are women; deeds are men.—*Herbert.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### CONFERENCE—BOX ELDER.

THE conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Box Elder Stake was held in the New Tabernacle, Brigham City, on Sunday, January 13th, occupying the entire day and evening with three meetings.

Representatives were present from thirteen of the twenty-three Associations in the Stake, and answered to roll call.

10 a. m. Prayer by C. M. Squires.

In his opening remarks, Supt. Chas. Kelly was pleased to state that Mutual Improvement was progressing in this Stake. It now contains twenty-three Associations, an increase of three the last year. Urged all, from presidents down, to renewed activity, that we may continue to report favorably at each succeeding conference.

Reports of sixteen Associations were read, submitted and accepted.

Lecture by Wm. Facer, Willard Association, on the mission of Christ.

Lecture by Prest. E. A. Box, Second Ward, city, on repentance.

A. H. Snow occupied balance of time in an interesting treatise on the dream of Nebuchadnezzar.

Prayer by Prest. John D. Burt.

2 p. m. Prayer by N. Madsen, Jr.

Sacrament administered.

Lecture by Wm. Packer, Third Ward, city, on baptism.

Lecture by Thos. Peters, South Ward, on the stick of Judah and the stick of Ephraim.

Song by Miss Alice Lowe, of Willard.

N. Madsen, Jr., spoke on worldly and spiritual wealth.

Apostle Lorenzo Snow addressed the congregation on the future of the youth of Zion; urged upon all members of the Associations the necessity of becoming acquainted with the Gospel as taught in the Bible and Church Works, that when the call comes, as come it will to some who least expect it, that they will be qualified to go forth and represent their people and religion in a creditable manner.

Appointments read for the ensuing quarter, and Stake officers presented and sustained, as follows: Chas. Kelly, superintendent; A. H. Snow and N. Madsen, jr., counselors; E. H. Peirce, corresponding secretary; R. H. Jones, recording secretary; W. J. Packer, treasurer.

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Prayer by Patriarch Wm. Box.

6.30 p.m. Prayer by J. H. Bott.

Elder Joseph A. West occupied most of the evening in an eloquent and masterly address, full of spirit and suited to the wants of his listeners.

E. H. Peirce concluded with an exhortation.

Singing. Benediction.

Yours for improvement,

*E. H. Peirce*, Secretary.

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SANDWICH ISLANDS ASSOCIATIONS.

IT will perhaps be interesting to the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR who are interested in the cause of Mutual Improvement, and especially to those Elders who have labored as missionaries among the Hawaiian people, to peruse a short history of the organization and labors of the Mutual Improvement Associations among the youth of these Islands. Acting upon this supposition, I will endeavor to give a brief sketch of the same.

The Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. Associations were organized at Laie, Oahu, the land of gathering, May 7, 1876, by Richard G. Lambert. This was the beginning of the work of Mutual Improvement on these Islands—the ushering in of a brighter epoch in the history of the native youth.

The work was confined to Laie at first, but in 1878 general officers for all the islands were chosen with a view of extending the labor to other branches where there were sufficient numbers of the young to justify making organizations. Benjamin Cluff, Jr., was chosen General Superintendent, which position he occupied until his return to Utah. During his time he organized an association at Kawaihapai, Oahu, August 12, 1878, with twelve members (since disorganized on account of the members moving away); one at Kahana, Oahu, October 2, 1878, with twenty-seven members, and a Young Ladies' Association at Kahana, March 3, 1882, with twenty-two members.

In April, 1882, Benjamin Cluff Jr., was released to return home, and J. H. Gardner appointed to take his place as Superintendent of the Associations, since which time he organized the Young Men's Association at Hanapepe, Kauai, May 3, 1883, with twenty-eight members, and a Young Ladies' Association at the same place and time, with seventeen members; the Y. L. M. I. A. of Makaweli, Kauai, May 23, 1883, with eighteen members, and the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., conjoint, at Honolulu, Oahu, November 25, 1883, with twenty members.

There are eight Associations at present—four Young Ladies', three Young Men's and one conjoint Association. Total number of members two hundred and seventy-two, of whom one hundred and thirty-four have joined during the past year. The programmes are similar to those carried out in the Associations at home, and as a rule the exercises are well and creditably rendered. The work of improvement is progressing finely among the young, and a lively interest is manifested by the members generally. But still it may be said that the work is yet in its infancy, and the future will doubtless prove that these Associations will exert a powerful influence among the youth in enlightening their minds, doing away with many of their traditions, and teaching them the glorious truths of the everlasting Gospel. They are making rapid strides in that direction, and the influence for improvement wielded over their minds is steadily increasing.

We contemplate organizing a brass band at Laie, connected with the Associations. For this purpose over seventy-five dollars have been received, and we hope in the near future to obtain sufficient means to buy the instruments and to see our band fairly started.

We would be pleased to forward a full report to be entered with the others in the general report, but circumstances are such that it is impracticable as our reports are brought in at the spring and fall conferences, and therefore it would be extremely difficult if not impossible to give correct statistics unless sent np either in April or October.

*James H. Gardner*, Supt.
Y. M. M. I. A., Sandwich Islands.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. APRIL, 1884. No. 7.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

VI.

THE CONTENTS OF THE RECORDS.

LET us return to the year 123 B. C. At that time the Nephites in the land of Nephi were suffering sore afflictions at the hands of the Lamanites. In this extremity, Limhi, their king, sent a company of forty-three men, with instructions to discover, if possible, their brethren, in the land of Zarahemla, that peradventure they would bring them succor and deliverance. The expedition was unsuccessful, so far as its immediate object was concerned. The company missed the land of Zarahemla, pushed northward into Central America, and how far beyond we cannot tell. At last they discovered the remains of an ancient people who had apparently been destroyed in battle. Among other things they found twenty-four plates of gold, covered with engravings. This treasure, with some other relics of the vanished race, they took back to King Limhi. When, shortly after, this section of the Nephite people escaped from their Lamanite taskmasters and returned to Zarahemla, the twenty-four golden plates were presented to King Mosiah, the younger, and he being a seer, translated them by the aid of the Urim and Thummim, or, as described in the Book of Mormon, the interpreters, or "two stones which were fastened into the two rims of a bow."

These plates were found to contain the history of the world from the creation to the time of the building of the Tower of Babel, and then of the race whose remains had been found by the people of Limhi scattered on the land northward. This was, however, not the first intimation that the Nephites had of the existence of this extinct people; for in the days of the elder Mosiah a large engraved stone was brought to him that had been discovered by the people of Zarahemla. It gave a very brief account of this same race, but more particularly referred to its last ruler, named Coriantumr, which Coriantumr had himself been known to the Zarahemlaites, for he had, previous to his death, resided in their midst for nine months. This race is known to the readers of the Book of Mormon as

THE JAREDITES.

The history that we have of this remarkable people, as given in the Book of Mormon, is Moroni's abridgment of the record contained on the twenty-four plates of gold. It entirely passes over the earlier portions of the history, and commences with the dispersion of the human family when God confounded their language at the Tower of Babel. Interspersed with the narrative are many interpolations of Moroni's, in the shape of reflections, prophecies and explanatory remarks. As these additions or notes by the compiler are inserted in the body of the work, and not as foot notes, the reader of this abridgment has to use care in its perusal, or his ideas are apt to become confused, and he is troubled to account for statements, which become perfectly plain when it is understood they were written nearly four hundred years after the advent of the Holy Savior. This history of the Jaredites is

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called the Book of Ether, because the twenty-four plates from which it is taken were hidden by a Jaredite prophet, named Ether, in the place where they were afterwards discovered by the people of King Limhi.

The ancestors of the Jaredites were engaged in the attempt to build the Tower of Babel. It is probable they were of the family of Shem, as they were worshipers of the true God, and He conferred upon them His priesthood. How far they had wandered from the tower, if at all, when the Lord commenced the revelation of His will to them, is not apparent from the sacred text. They were commanded by Him to go "*down* into the valley which is northward," and as the expressions up and down, when they occur in the Book of Mormon in connection with geographical locality, are always used with great exactitude, we may venture two surmises: that Jared and his friends had already wandered into some not far distant hilly region, or that the valley into which they were commanded to descend sloped towards the north, the flow of its waters, if any, being in that direction. In the days of the Nephites, the expression down is always used for north when referring to the places in and about the valley of the river Sidon (now the Magdalena), which empties into the Caribbean Sea.

The valley into which the Lord led the Jaredites was called Nimrod, after that mighty hunter of the early post-diluvian age. We shall not attempt to trace the wanderings of the company on their way to the promised land. The account given in the Book of Ether is entirely too meagre for that purpose. Some suppose they went as far north as the Caspian Sea, which they crossed, then turning eastward slowly journeyed along the great central Asian plateau, thence to the Pacific seaboard, most probably on the coast of China. These suppositions may be correct, the writer does not know enough to either affirm or deny them; but one thing is certain, the journey must have been a very long and tedious one, encumbered as the company was, with the flocks, seeds, etc., which they took with them to stock the land to which God was leading them. The region through which they passed was one in which no man dwelt, they could purchase no supplies, and if they did not live entirely on wild fruit, fish and small game, it is probable that they tarried now and again, at favorable points, long enough to plant and reap a crop. As they advanced to a great distance from the centre of population in western Asia, it is possible that they traveled beyond the limits to which the larger animals had, by that time, scattered; and if so, they were entirely without the aid of the food obtained by the chase; on the other hand, it is probable that the fish in the lakes and rivers formed a valuable source of food supply; yet it must also be remembered they carried fish in a vessel with them. According to the generally accepted chronology, which may be right or may be wrong, the building of Babel commenced a little over one hundred years after the Deluge.

Through their prayers and faith the founders of the Jaredite nation obtained many precious promises of the Lord. Among these was the assurance that their language should not be confounded, and that the Lord himself would go before them and lead them into a land choice above every other land. And again, than the nation that they should found there should be none greater upon all the face of the earth. The history of their descendants proves how fully this last promise was realized. The cotemporary nations on the eastern continent —Egypt, Chaldea and Babylonia, were insignificant when compared with the vast extent of territory held and filled by the Jaredites; they were the sole rulers of the whole western hemisphere, and possibly the originals, whence arose the stories of the greatness and grandeur of the fabled Atlantis; for we have no account in the sacred records that God shut them out from the knowledge of the rest of mankind, when he planted them in America, as he afterwards did the Nephites; and late research has shown that the geographical knowledge

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of the ancients was much greater in the earlier ages than at the time of the Savior and a few hundred years previous to His advent.

Led by the Lord personally, instructed by His own mouth, protected by His presence, the colony, of which Jared's brother appears to have been the prophet and leader, at last reached the borders of the great sea which divides the continents. To the place where they tarried they gave the name of Moriancumer. Here they remained four years; at the end of which period the brother of Jared was commanded by the Lord to build eight barges, after the same pattern as those he had previously constructed. This command he obeyed with the assistance of the company. The vessels were small, light in construction and water tight. As they were dark in the interior, by reason of being without windows, the Lord, at the entreaty of the brother of Jared, touched sixteen small white stones, which the latter had moulten out of a high mountain called Shelem, and after the Lord touched them they shone forth and gave light to the vessels in which they were placed. All things being prepared, Jared and his people, with their animals, fishes, bees, seeds and multitudinous other things, went on board; a favorable wind wafted them from shore and they gradually drifted to the American coast. At the end of a voyage of three hundred and forty-four days the colony landed on this continent. It is generally understood that the place where they landed was south of the Gulf of California and north of the land Desolation, which was north of the isthmus of Panama.

When the members of the little colony "set their feet upon the shores of the promised land, they bowed themselves down upon the face of the land, and did humble themselves before the Lord, and did shed tears of joy before the Lord, because of the multitude of His tender mercies over them." Then they went forth and began to till the earth, and soon grew to wax strong in the land, being a righteous people taught directly from on high.

Soon the question of government arose, and the people desired a king. This thing was grievous to their divinely inspired leaders, for they saw that it would lead to captivity, but perceiving the determination of the people, they consented. It was difficult to find any suitable man who would consent to occupy the royal position; at last the youngest son of Jared, named Orihah, consented, and he was anointed king. It appears altogether probable that this was taken as a precedent, for among this people there seems to have prevailed a custom entirely opposite to that of most other nations—that of having one of the younger, generally the very youngest son, instead of the eldest, succeed his father on the throne. As the Jaredites were a very long-lived race, full of vitality, often having sons born to them to the end of their days, the number of generations mentioned during the period embraced in their history, is much fewer than the general average for the same number of centuries, notably so where the eldest son succeeds to the rank and title of his sire. But we cannot be certain that we have every generation specified; for in the Book of Ether, as in many other very ancient records, the words son and descendant are used interchangeably, that is to say, all male descendants for several generations are sometimes called sons, while actual sons are occasionally designated by the more ambiguous title of descendants. According to the Book of Ether, there were thirty generations from Jared to Ether (both included), if we have the ancestral chain without any breaks. The period covered by these thirty generations is probably seventeen hundred years, or thereabout. This would give a little less than fifty-seven years for each generation, an unusually lengthened period. Between 1066, when William the Conqueror invaded England, and 1837, the date of the ascension of Queen Victoria, thirty-four monarchs ruled that realm, or an average of between twenty-two and twenty-three years. What a great difference between the longevity of the Jaredites and the English?

The kings of the Jaredites, in the

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order of their succession, were Orihah, Kib, Corihor, Kib restored, Shule. In the days of Shule the kingdom was divided in twain, Noah, the son of Corihor establishing a separate monarchy over a portion of the land. After his death he was succeeded by his son Cohor, who was slain in battle by Shule, when the whole kingdom again returned to allegiance to the last named.

Shule was succeeded by his son Omer, who was deposed and imprisoned by his son Jared, but two other sons afterwards defeated Jared and restored the kingdom to their father. A second time Jared, by unholy combinations, raised his hand against his father, who was compelled to flee to the Atlantic coast, apparently in the region known to us as New England. Jared occupied the throne for a season, when he was murdered. His son-in-law, named Akish, next reigned in his stead. So great was the iniquity now prevailing, that in the great war that ensued between Akish and his sons, all the people were slain except thirty and those who had fled to Omer in his distant retreat on the wild Atlantic coast. This resulted in Omer being restored to the land of his inheritance. Omer was succeeded by his son Emer, he by his son Coriantumr, Coriantumr by his son Com. Com was slain by his son Heth, who took possession of the kingdom after having murdered his father.

In the days of Heth there was a great famine which destroyed the greater portion of the people, among them the king himself. He was succeeded by Shez, Shez by his son Riplakish, who was dethroned by Morianton, whose son Kim afterwards followed him in the kingly power. Kim was brought into captivity, through rebellion, and it was not until the next reign, that of his son Levi, that the usurpers were driven from the throne. Then follow the reigns of Corom, Kish, Lib and Hearthom. The last named was deposed after reigning twenty-four years, and he was held in captivity all the remainder of his days. So also were his son Heth, his grandson Aaron, his great grandson Amnigaddah and the latter's son Coriantum. We are not informed what were the names of the kings of the usurping dynasty, who reigned while the royal family served in captivity; but in the days of Coriantum's son Com, the reigning prince was named Amgid. Com went to war against him and overthrew him, and gained possession of the throne of his ancestors. Shiblom, the son of Com, succeeded his father, but was slain, his son Heth being made captive and thus held all his days. In the next generation Ahah, Heth's son, regained the throne and reigned over the whole people for a short time. Few and iniquitous were his days. Ethem, called a descendant, and also the son of Ahah, was the next king. His son Moron succeeded him; in his days there were renewed rebellions, which ended, as had been so frequently the case before, in the captivity of the king. Moron was a captive all the rest of his life, and his son Coriantor passed his whole earthly existence in captivity. Ether, the prophet, was the son of Coriantor. The king in his day was named Coriantumr, the last of his race, for the wars that desolated the land in his reign culminated in the destruction of the Jaredites. This very short sketch of the reigns of their kings shows how thoroughly were the fears of Jared and his brother realized, that the anointing of a king would lead to captivity.

Like their successors, the Nephites, the troubles of the Jaredites grew out of their iniquities. Many mighty prophets ministered to them, but they were only occasionally listened to. Like the Nephites, in another phase of their existence, they owed many of their misfortunes to cherishing the secret bands of Gadianton-like assassins, who, bound by infernal covenants, perpetrated the most unnatural and bloodthirsty crimes. In the days of Omer, the daughter of Jared (who in more than one respect reminds us of the daughter of Herodias) was the instrument of first introducing these soul destroying confederacies with Satan among the Jaredites, and in after ages they dwindled or flourished, according to the

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amount of faith and faithfulness in the people.

Materially the Jaredites were wonderfully blessed. It could scarcely have been otherwise; they had all the treasures of this most choice land at their disposal. In the days of Emer, the inspired historian describes them as having become "exceeding rich, having all manner of fruit, and of grain, and of silks, and of fine linen, and of gold, and of silver, and of precious things, and also all manner of cattle, of oxen and cows, and of sheep, and of swine, and of goats, and also many other kind of animals which were useful for the food of man; and they also had horses, and asses, and there were elephants and cureloms and cumoms; all of which were useful unto man, and more especially the elephants, and cureloms and cumoms.* And thus the Lord did pour out his blessings upon the land."

Owing to their gross and abounding iniquities the Lord, on several occasions visited them with partial destruction. These judgments came in the shape of fratracidal war, pestilence, drought and famine. In the days of Heth, who was possibly a cotemporary of Solomon or David, there was a great dearth on the land, through which the inhabitants were destroyed exceedingly fast, while poisonous serpents came forth "and did poison many people." These serpents drove the flocks and herds south, and then congregating at the narrow neck uniting the two great divisions of the land, hedged up the way so that the people could not pass, thus adding another factor to their misery, for their crops were not only destroyed through the lack of rain, but the resource of animal food was taken from them. Thus they became a broken people, but when through their miseries they had sufficiently humbled themselves before the Lord, he sent the long desired rain, "and there began to be fruit in the north countries and in all the countries round about." Other desolations at various times came upon them because of their defiant disobedience to the behests of Heaven.

The war, which ended in the entire destruction of the Jaredite race was one of the most bloodthirsty, cruel and vindictive that ever cursed this fair planet. Men's most savage passions were worked up to such an extent that every better feeling of humanity was crushed out. The women and children armed themselves for the fray with the same fiendish activity, and fought with the same intense hate as the men. It was not a conflict of armies alone; it was the crushing together of a divided house that had long tottered because of internal weakness, but now fell in upon itself. This war was not the work of a day, it was the outgrowth of centuries of dishonor, crime and iniquity; and as this continent was once cleansed of its unrighteous inhabitants by the overwhelming waters of a universal deluge, and only eight souls left, so this second time, as a flood, through the promises of the Lord to Noah, was no longer possible, instead thereof the wicked slew the wicked, until only two men remained, the king and the historian; the one to wander wounded, wretched and alone, until found by Mulek's colony; the other to record the last dreadful throes of his people for the profit of succeeding races, and then to be received into the loving care of his Father and his God. Both the Nephites and ourselves are indebted to him for our acquaintance with the earlier history of this continent, which otherwise would have been entirely shut out from our knowledge.

Some four or more years before the final battles around and near the hill Ramah, otherwise Cumorah, two millions of warriors had been slain, besides their wives and children. How many millions actually fell before the last terrible struggle ended, and Coriantumr stood alone the sole representative of his race, it is impossible to tell from the record that has been handed down to us, but we think we are justified in believing that for bloodshed and desola-

*Some suppose the cureloms and cumoms were alpacas and llamas, others that they were mammoths, the bones of which creatures, as well as those of the elephant, having been found on this continent.

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tion no such war ever took place before, or has occurred since in the history of this world; if the annals of any nation have the record of its equal, it is not known to us. The duel between the leaders of the two contending hosts, when their followers were all slain, was a unique and horrible one. We will let the historian tell the story in his own words:

"And it came to pass that they fought for the space of three hours, and they fainted with the loss of blood. And it came to pass that when the men of Coriantumr had received sufficient strength, that they could walk, they were about to flee for their lives, but behold, Shiz arose, and also his men, and he swore in his wrath that he would slay Coriantumr, or he would perish by the sword; wherefore he did pursue them, and on the morrow he did overtake them; and they fought again with the sword. And it came to pass that when they had all fallen by the sword, save it were Coriantumr and Shiz, behold Shiz had fainted with loss of blood. And it came to pass that when Coriantumr had leaned upon his sword, that he rested a little, he smote off the head of Shiz. And it came to pass that after he had smote off the head of Shiz, that Shiz raised upon his hands and fell; and after that he had struggled for breath, he died. And it came to pass that Coriantumr fell to the earth, and became as if he had no life."

*George Reynolds.*

## THE GIFT OF MEMORY.

NOTHING can be more wonderful in man's wonderful nature than his gift of memory. Cicero, after long thinking about it, was driven to the conclusion that it was one of the most striking proofs of the immortality of the soul and of the existence of a God.

By memory, the feelings and impressions of the moment are continued throughout life. Even when made in early childhood they are rarely forgotten. The principles, maxims and motives to conduct which are implanted in the child are usually those which govern the life in adult years.

Impressions made when the frame is in its tenderest state, and the mind is comparatively unformed, are invariably those which last the longest and are rooted the deepest. Hence the importance of mothers' training. Physiologists tell us that the body is undergoing a constant process of renovation; that, in the course of every five or seven years, the whole substance of the human frame has been removed to give place to new materials. And thus the man or woman of to-day, so far as material structure is concerned, is entirely different from what it was years ago. Yet the mind, the character, the intellect of the individual, though developed in the interval, continue the same. And why? Because of the gift of memory, which enables the record to be kept of all past impressions, feelings, ideas, thoughts and experiences. Does not the circumstance warrant the conclusion of Cicero?

Memory is of various kinds. Some people have a memory for words, and often for mere words. Others have a memory for figures and not for words. Some have a memory for neither. Thus De Tocqueville had no memory for words nor for figures, but he possessed the strongest possible remembrance for ideas; when once grasped, his mind retained them forever. The great musician has a memory for musical sounds, and the great sculptor or painter for forms and colors of objects. Mozart had a prodigious memory in his special art. When a boy of fourteen, he went to Rome to assist at the solemnities of the Holy Week. At the Sistine Chapel he heard the *Miserere* of Allegri. It had been forbidden to take or to give a copy of this famous piece of music. Aware of the prohibition, Mozart placed himself in a corner and gave the most scrupulous attention to the music. On leaving the church he noted down the entire

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piece. He heard it a few days after, and followed the music with his own copy in his hand, assuring himself of the fidelity of his memory. Next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord. The performance caused so great a sensation at Rome that Pope Clement XIV, requested that the musical prodigy should be presented to him.

Michael Angelo had, in like manner, an extraordinary memory for the forms of objects,—so much so, that when he had once seen a thing, he could at any time recall it to memory so as to draw it correctly. On one occasion, when some artists at a friendly supper had laid a wager as to which of them could produce most faithfully from memory a copy of some grotesque caricature, which they had seen upon the walls, Michael Angelo at once reproduced it, accurately as if it were then placed before his eyes, —a feat all the more difficult of accomplishment inasmuch as he was accustomed to draw figures of perfect form and grandeur. In the multitude of figures produced in his works, no two are to be found alike.

Turner, the great landscape painter, had an equally remarkable memory for the details of places. In sketching, he would take only a rough outline on the spot, and months after paint a picture from the sketch, filling up the miniature of details with the most marvelous fidelity. Cyrus Redding says of him, that "his observation of nature was so accurate, and he was so capable of reading its details and bearing them in memory, that it seemed a mental gift belonging to himself alone." The most extraordinary instances of memory are those furnished by the ages which preceded the art of printing. Memory of words was more cultivated then than now. We moderns can treasure up thoughts in books, and recur to them in the printed form without the necessity of storing them up in our memory.

*A book is an artificial memory.* It is a storehouse of treasured experiences and memories. But it was not so before printing was invented. Learned men then carried about in their heads whole treatises, cyclopædias, and dictionaries. Themistocles had a memory so extraordinary that he never forgot what he had once seen or heard. Plato, Socrates, and the philosophers of their time, depended entirely on their memories. Seneca could repeat two thousand proper names in the order in which they had been told him, without a mistake; and not only so, but he could write two hundred verses read to him for the first time by as many different persons.

After printing had been invented, but while books were still rare and dear, memory continued to perform its great feats. Bottigella knew by heart whole books verbatim. Mirandola used to commit the contents of a book to memory, after reading it thrice. Thomas Cranwell committed to memory in three months, when in Italy, an entire translation of the Bible made by Erasmus. Leibnitz knew all the old Greek and Latin poets by heart; and when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word. The King of England called him "a walking dictionary."

Montaigne held that a strong memory is commonly coupled with an infirm judgment. But this is by no means the case. Bacon was nearer the truth when he said that memory was the grand source of meditation and thought. Buffon was of opinion that the human mind could create nothing, but merely reproduce from experience and reflection; that knowledge only, which the memory retained, was the germ of all mental products. Chateaubriand held that the greatest productions of genius are composed but of memories; and Lamartine, in one of his beautiful verses, said that "Man is a fallen God, who carries about with him memories of heaven." Rousseau, although altogether without the memory of words, has said, "My mind exists only in my recollections."

It is recorded of that prodigy of intellect, Pascal, that till the decay of his health had injured his memory, he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought, in any part of his rational life. He knew the whole Bible by heart,

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and could at any moment cite chapter and verse of any part of it. His memory was so sure, that he often said that he had never forgotten anything that he wished to remember. His contemporary, Bossuet was almost as great as himself. He knew the Bible by heart, and knew verbatim besides all Homer, Virgil and Horace.

The Chancellor D'Aguesseau could repeat correctly what he had once read. The Abbé Poule carried all his sermons —the compositions of forty years—in his head. Another remarkable man was Magliabecchi, the Florentine librarian, who recollected whole volumes, and once supplied an author from memory with a copy of his own work, of which the original was lost. Magliabecchi was not, however, a man of much intellect. He had only a prodigious memory. He merely collected books, read them, and remembered them. It was much the same with another great Italian, Mezzofanti. He had an extraordinary memory for languages. He had no special advantages, for his father was only a poor carpenter in Bologna. The boy was educated in the free schools of the Oratory, and the attention of the priests was attracted by his extraordinary mastery of languages. It was intended that he should be a carpenter like his father; but he was saved for literature. Before the completion of his university career, he had acquired the mastery of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, French, German and Swedish languages. At the age of twenty-two, Mezzofanti was appointed Professor of Arabic in the University of Bologna. He continued to extend his stock of languages. In 1817, when he was forty, he read twenty languages and spoke eighteen. Lord Byron wrote of him as "A walking polyglot, a monster of languages, a Briareus of parts of speech." He was induced by the Pope to settle permanently in Rome, and was elevated to the Cardinalate. He constantly added to his stock of languages. He mastered not only the languages of Europe, but most of its dialects In 1846, when he was seventy-two, he was able to express himself in *seventy-eight* languages, including Russian, Chinese, and the "impossible" Basque. But what did it all amount to? He added nothing of his own by this stock of human knowledge. He left no monument to posterity beyond the tradition that he was the greatest linguist the world had ever seen.

Macaulay's memory was one of the most remarkable in modern times. It was so great that Sidney Smith called him "a book in breeches!" He was able to recite from memory the whole of "Paradise Lost." When a boy, he could tell long stories, verbatim, from the "Arabian Nights." He had Scott's novels almost by heart. When Hannah More visited his father, she said, "The quantity of reading that Tom (Macaulay) has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner and supper. He recited all "Palastine." (Bishop Heber's poem) while we breakfasted, and did it incomparably." She predicted his fame as a writer, which was more than realized.

When does the gift of memory begin to operate? From the earliest period of existence. Let the reader ask, what is the earliest fact I can remember? It may begin in the second or third year. Yet memory must have been exercised before then. To conclude: Memory, if not one of the greatest of human faculties, is at least the nurse of all of them. It is given, like other gifts, as a means for storing up the mind with ideas, facts and sentiments for future uses. The human mind can create little; it mainly reproduces what experience and meditation have brought to light. Memory is a chief source of thinking. A man writes a book. What does it consist of but his recollections and experiences? If he writes what is called an "original book," you will find that he has drawn it from that storehouse. In fact, the best part of genius arises through recollections. The ancients called Memory the mother of the Nine Muses; and perhaps this is the finest eulogium that could be pronounced upon this wonderful gift.

*Samuel Smiles.*

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## TO SCOTLAND.

Fair Scotia's land!
Linked by the bond of love,
And held by friendship's hand,
Extended e'er to thee by Britons free,
And through that kin by all the world beside;
Great Britain's honor and the nation's pride!
I tell to thee my willing words of praise,
While tributary thoughts my feelings move,
That thou through tearful trying days,
With steadfast, stately tread dids't e'en thy courage prove,
Till Heaven's decree went forth that thou should'st stand,
The beauty and the bulwark of blest Britain's land!

Thy mountains, girt with green,
Mid shining lakes, whose glorious sheen
Sends forth reflection bright,
Tower aloft as emblems of thy royalty,
And mark the majesty of thy people.
While meadows meek, clothed with their flowery heath,
Show all the signs of loyalty,
And token give of strength beneath.
Thy cities ranking high in world's great mart—
The van in commerce and the love of art.
Thy bells which toll from lofty steeple,
Both day and night,
Resound religion from their lofty height,
And seem to send sweet invitation
To every kindred, tribe and nation.

In halls of learning thou hast ope'd a store
Of wisdom's universal lore,
To all professions secular and divine.
And from thy sacred soil have sprung
The soldier, patriot and the bard who sung
The praises of their deeds, that those who hear
Of martial men who know not fear,
May learn of thine;
And to thy martial deeds give constant praise,
And bid through time to come thy glory blaze.
How thou didst keep the Roman hosts at bay,
Who o'er known world did scepter sway;
And held thine own with all a nation's pride,
While Rome did conquer every land beside!

Thine authors and thy poets speak
From dust, to bid thy greatness live,
And if thou e'er becomest weak,
True courage give,
And rescue from oblivion's grave
The memory they have sought to save.

The world has never yet forgot,
Nor will forget great Walter Scott;
And everywhere the reader turns,
He meets the merry lines of Burns.

Thus mantled by thy robes of fame,
Ne'er shalt thou cease to have a name;



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For Bruce and Wallace, long laid low,
Did mould thy fate,
And give the martial world to know
Thy glorious state,
That men might marvel at thy worth,
Unconquered yet of all the earth.

But still like wine at marriage feast
In Cana's land,
The choicest draught hath been reserved
Till now; though last not least.
I place it in thy hand,
And deck thy brow with wreath sublime,
To show the world that thou dost stand
Both firm and true;
For when there came thy favored time,
God sent the Gospel to thy door.
A faithful few,
Clad in the robes of Priesthood's power,
Did warn the hosts of Scotia's land,
That God again had set His hand,
To save the seed
Of which He spake through prophets old,
They should be gathered in the fold;
And under Zion's flag unfurled
Should reign triumphant o'er the world.

They gave the warning, preached the word,
And Scotia's sons the message heard,
Around the standard soon they stood.
Her darling daughters, great and good,
Did rally too;
And both combined—a noble band,
Midst trying scenes in Zion's land,
Have by their faith and works shown forth
Their noble race and Godly worth.

Still from thy shores thy sons retreat,
To make thy glory more complete;
For God this glorious truth has given
Through Prophet's voice,
From every nation under Heaven
Shall Saints rejoice;
And Scotia, not one whit behind,
Shall in the future shortly find
That those who went from Scotia's land,
Through heavenly choice,
Shall in high rank and station stand
Midst all the great in Zion's land.

The thistle mingling with the rest,
As emblem of a land so blest,
Shall still keep green;
As memory mingled with our love
For native land, and God above
Hath ever been;
And ever shall be kept most pure,
While thought and being shall endure.

*Chas. W. Stayner.*

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# CONSPIRACY OF NAUVOO.

THOSE who have read the life of Joseph Smith the Prophet, must be familiar with the fact that from his earliest boyhood he was ever the object of bitter persecution. Notwithstanding the numerous published accounts of mobbings, drivings, bodily injuries, aggravating accusations, mock trials, and murderous attempts upon his life which he endured, and with which the people are familiar, there are, no doubt, many events and trials yet hidden from the world in the bosoms of his most familiar friends, which may have caused him far greater agony than many of those with which the public are acquainted. Among these the following narrative may be classed, as it has never before been published, and the facts it contains may have had an important influence in hastening, if not really accomplishing, the death of the Prophet.

Early in the spring of 1844 a very strong and bitter feeling was aroused against Joseph, among many of his brethren in and around Nauvoo; and some who held high positions in the Church and were supposed to be his best friends, turned against him and sought by various means in their power to do him injury. Many murmured and complained, and some of the more wicked, even watched their opportunity to take his life, and were continually plotting to accomplish that end. At length this wicked feeling became so strong and general, among a certain class, that it was resolved to form an organization, or secret combination that would better enable them to accomplish their wicked purposes.

Accordingly a secret meeting was appointed to take place in the new brick house of William Law, Joseph's first counselor, on a certain Sabbath, and invitations to attend it were carefully extended to members of the Church whom it was thought were disaffected, or in sympathy with these wicked views and desires. Among those who received invitations to attend this meeting was Brother Denison L. Harris, now the Bishop of Monroe, Sevier County, Utah, then but a young man of seventeen years of age. Austin A. Cowles, at that time a member of the High Council, was one of the leaders in this wicked movement, and being a near neighbor and on intimate terms with Brother Harris, he had given young Denison an invitation to the secret meeting, and told him also to invite his father, but to be sure and not breathe a word about it to anyone else, as it was to be kept a profound secret. Denison was much perplexed over the invitation he had received, and certain things that Brother Cowles had told him; and while sitting on his father's woodpile, thinking them over and wondering what he had better do, another young man, named Robert Scott, who lived but a short distance away, came over, sat down on the log, and the two began to converse upon various subjects, such as generally engage the conversation of young men of their age. It seems they had been intimate companions for several years; and they had not conversed long before each discovered that the other had something on his mind which troubled him, but which he did not like to reveal. Finally, one proposed that, as they had always been confidants, they now exchange secrets, on condition that neither should reveal what the other told him.

Both readily agreed to this, and when each had told the cause of his anxiety, it proved to be the same—both had received an invitation to the same secret meeting. Robert Scott, having been reared by William Law, seemed to be almost a member of his family, and on this account had been invited by him to attend the meeting.

"Well, Den," said Robert, after a short pause, are you going to attend the meeting?"

"I don't know," replied Denison, "are you?"

"I don't know whether to go or not," said Robert, "suppose we go in the

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house and tell your father of his invitation, and see what he says about it."

They entered the house and consulted for some time with Denison's father, Emir Harris, who was a brother of Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon. They informed him of his invitation to the same meeting, and told him many other things that Brother Cowles had told Denison. He decided to go at once and lay the whole matter before the Prophet Joseph Smith, who was then in Nauvoo, and ask his advice. He immediately went to Joseph's house, a distance of about two and a half miles, and informed him of the whole affair. Joseph listened with interest until he had finished, when he said: "Brother Harris, I would advise you not to attend those meetings, nor pay any attention to them. You may tell the boys, however, that I would like to have them go, but I want them to be sure to come and see me before the meeting takes place. I wish to give them some counsel."

Subsequent events showed the wisdom of Joseph in advising Brother Emir Harris not to attend the meeting and selecting young men to do the work he wished to have accomplished. Brother Harris returned and told the boys what Joseph desired them to do, and they readily agreed to comply with his request. Accordingly, on the next Sunday before the secret meeting took place, Robert and Denison called at the house of Joseph to learn what he wished them to do. He told them he desired that they should attend the meeting, pay strict attention, and report to him all their proceedings, at the first favorable opportunity. He moreover cautioned them to have as little to say as possible, and to avoid giving any offence.

They attended the meeting as desired. There were quite a number present, and the time was mostly occupied in planning how to get at things the best, and effect an organization. Strong speeches were also made against the Prophet, and many lies were told to prejudice the minds of those present against him. This portion of the proceedings was not a difficult task, for the element of which the audience was composed was only too susceptible to such evil impressions, and those who spoke were eminently successful in producing the desired impressions, and arousing the feelings of enmity toward the Prophet, that they might wish to use in accomplishing his overthrow. It seems that the immediate cause of these wicked proceedings was the fact that Joseph had recently presented the revelation on Celestial Marriage to the High Council for their approval, and certain members were most bitterly opposed to it, and denounced Joseph as a fallen Prophet, and were determined to destroy him.

The meeting adjourned to convene again on the following Sabbath, and the two young men were invited to attend the next one also, but were cautioned not to tell a soul of what had transpired at the first one. At the first suitable opportunity they called upon Joseph, related to him what had taken place, and gave him the names of those who had taken part in the proceedings. The leading members among the conspirators, for such they really were, were William and Wilson Law, Austin A. Cowles, Francis and Chauncey Higbee, Robert Foster and his brother, two Hicks brothers, and two merchants, Finche and Rollinson, who were enemies to the Church. After hearing their report and asking several questions, which they answered to the best of their knowledge, Joseph said: "Boys, I would like you to accept their invitation and attend the second meeting. But come to me again next Sunday, before their meeting convenes, as I may have something more to say to you before you go."

At the expiration of a week they again went to see Joseph, who gave them the necessary advice, after which they went to the meeting. This time the conspirators were still more vehement in their abusive remarks about Joseph. New crimes that he had committed had been discovered, and the old ones were much magnified. Their accu-

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sations were not only against him, but against his brother Hyrum and other prominent men in Nauvoo. There seemed to be no end to the wickedness of which these good men were accused, as most of the time until a late hour was occupied by different ones in denouncing and accusing Joseph and his friends of the most heinous crimes. Before the meeting adjourned, however, it was agreed that they should all endeavor to work the matter up as much as possible during the week, that something definite might be accomplished towards effecting a more complete organization without further delay. The meeting was to convene again on the following Sunday. As the boys had kept quiet and said nothing against any of their proceedings, it was supposed, of course, that they were in sympathy with the movement, and an invitation was accordingly extended for them to attend the next meeting.

As on the previous occasion, the young men watched a fitting opportunity of reporting to Joseph without arousing the suspicions of any that attended the meeting. He listened attentively to the recital of all that had taken place at the second meeting, after which he said: "Boys, come to me again next Sunday. I wish you to attend the next meeting also." The boys promised to do so, and left the room. They kept the meetings and their connection with them, however, a profound secret from the rest of their friends, and at the appointed time again went to the house of Joseph to receive their usual instructions. This time he said to them, with a very serious countenance: "This will be your last meeting; this will be the last time that they will admit you into their councils. They will come to some determination. But be sure," he continued, "that you make no covenants, nor enter into any obligations whatever with them. Be strictly reserved, and make no promise either to conspire against me or any portion of the community. Be silent, and do not take any part in their deliberations." After a pause of some moments, he added: "Boys, this will be their last meeting, and they may shed your blood, but I hardly think they will, as you are so young. If they do, *I will be a lion in their path!* Don't flinch. If you have to die; die like men; you will be martyrs to the cause, and your crowns can be no greater. But," said he, again, "I hardly think they will shed your blood."

This interview was a long one. Joseph's sensitive feelings were touched by the faith, generosity and love manifested by these young men in their willingness to undertake such a hazardous enterprise at his bidding. He blessed them and made them precious promises for their sacrifice, and told them if their lives were taken their reward would be all the greater. After leaving Joseph's house with his sincere wishes for their safety, the boys waited anxiously for the time of meeting to arrive. They fully realized the dangers into which they were about to plunge themselves, yet they did not shrink. They knew it was their duty, and they determined to attempt it at all hazards. They were now familiar with the names of the persons conspiring against Joseph, the object they had in view, and many of their plans for accomplishing that object. Moreover, they were supposed by the would-be-murderers to be in perfect sympathy with all their hellish designs; and if, by any circumstance, they should arouse the suspicion that they were present at Joseph's request, or even with his knowledge, their lives in such a crowd would, indeed, be of little value. They determined to trust in the Lord and die rather than betray the Priesthood. Their feelings may perhaps be imagined as the time of meeting drew near, and they started off in the direction of William Law's house, where it was to be held. They certainly displayed faith that every young man in Israel should cultivate.

On arriving at the rendezvous they found to their surprise and discomfiture, that the entrance to the house was guarded by men armed with muskets and bayonets. After being scrutinized from head to foot, and carefully cross-questioned, they succeeded in passing

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the guards and gaining admittance. From this it will be seen that great care was taken to prevent any person from entering, except those whom they knew to be of their party, and ready to adopt any measures that might be suggested against the Prophet Joseph. On entering they found considerable confusion and much counseling among the members of the conspiracy. All seemed determined that Joseph should die, yet objections were raised by some to each of the plans proposed.

The Prophet was accused of the most wicked acts, and all manner of evil was spoken of him. Some declared that he had sought to get their wives away from them, and had many times committed adultery. They said he was a fallen Prophet, and was leading the people to destruction. Joseph was not the only one against whom they lied. His brother Hyrum and many of the leading men in Nauvoo were accused of being in league with him and sharing his crimes. In these councilings and plannings, considerable time was spent before the meeting was called to order, and anything definite commenced. The boys, however, followed Joseph's instructions, and remained quiet and reserved. This seemed to arouse the suspicions of some that they were not earnestly in favor of their wicked purposes, and some of the conspirators began to take especial pains to explain to the young men the great crimes that Joseph had committed, and the results that would follow if his wicked career were not checked, with a view to convincing them that their severe measures against Joseph were for the best good of the Church, and persuading them to take an active part with them in accomplishing this great good. The two boys, however, sat together quietly, and would simply answer their arguments by saying that they were only young boys, and did not understand such things, and would rather not take part in their proceedings.

As before stated, Brother Scott had been reared in the family of William Law, and the latter pretended great friendship for him on that account, and was very anxious to explain to him the object of the proposed organization, and induce him to join. He would come around and sit beside Robert, put his arm around his neck, and persuade argue, and implore him to join in their effort to rid the Church of such a dangerous impostor. At the same time Brother Cowles would sit beside Brother Harris in the same attitude, and labor with him with equal earnestness. The boys, however, were not easily convincd. Still, in their replies and remarks, thay carefully tried to avoid giving the least offence or arousing any suspicions regarding the true cause of their presence. They said they were too young to understand the "spiritual wife doctrine," of which Joseph was accused, and many of the other things that they condemned in the Prophet. Joseph had never done them any harm, and they did not like to join in a conspiracy against his life.

"But," they would urge, "Joseph is a fallen Prophet; he receives revelations from the devil, and is deceiving the people, and if something decisive is not done at once to get rid of him, the whole Church will be led by him to destruction." These and many other arguments were vainly brought forth to induce the boys to join them, but they still pretended not to understand nor take much interest in such things. At length they ceased their persuasions, and, things having developed sufficiently, they concluded to proceed with the intended organization.

An oath had been prepared which each member of the organization was now required to take. Francis Higbee, a justice of the peace, sat at a table in one end of the room and administered the oath to each individual separately, in the following manner: The candidate would step forward to the table, take up a Bible, which had been provided for the purpose, and raise it in his right hand, whereupon the justice would ask him in a solemn tone, "Are you ready?" And, receiving answer in the affirmative would continue in a tone

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and manner that struck awe to the minds of the boys as they listened: "*You solemnly swear, before God and all holy angels, and these your brethren by whom you are surrounded, that you will give your life, your liberty, your influence, your all, for the destruction of Joseph Smith and his party, so help you God!*" The person being sworn would then say, "I do," after which he would lay down the Bible and sign his name to a written copy of the oath in a book that was lying on the table, and it would be legally acknowledged by the justice of the peace.

The boys sat gazing upon this scene, wondering how intelligent beings who had once enjoyed the light of truth could have fallen into such depths of wickedness as to be anxious to take such an oath against the Prophet of God and his faithful followers. They also felt no little uneasiness concerning their own fate, and almost dreaded the moment when the last one should have taken the oath. At length that portion of the business was accomplished, and about two hundred persons had taken the oath. Among that number were three women, who were ushered in, closely veiled to prevent being recognized, and required to take the same oath. Besides doing this, they also testified that Joseph and Hyrum Smith had endeavored to seduce them; had made the most indecent and wicked proposals to them, and wished them to become their wives. After making affidavit to a series of lies of this kind, they made their exit through a back door. One of the women, whom the boys suspected as being William Law's wife, was crying, and seemed to dislike taking the oath, but did so as one who feared that the greatest bodily injury would surely follow a refusal.

After the oath had been administered to all but the two boys, Law, Cowles and others again commenced their labors to get them to take it, but met the same success as before. Arguments, persuasions, and threats were in turn used to accomplish their desire, but in vain. They exhausted their ingenuity in inventing arguments, lies, and inducements to get the boys to unite with their band. "Have you not heard," said they, the strong testimony of all present against Joseph Smith? Can a man be a true Prophet who would commit adultery? He is a fallen Prophet, and is teaching the people doctrines that his own imagination or lustful desires have invented, or else he received that revelation from the devil. He will surely lead the whole Church to destruction if his career is not stopped. We can do nothing with him by the law, and for the sake of the Church we deem it our solemn duty to accomplish his destruction and rescue the people from this peril. We are simply combining and conspiring to save the Church, and we wish you to join us in our efforts, and share the honors that will be ours. Come, take the oath and all will be well."

"Oh, we are too young," they replied, "to understand or meddle with such things, and would rather let others who are older and know more do such work. We came to your meetings because we thought you were our friends and gave us a kind invitation. We did not think there was any harm in it, but if you will allow us to go now we will not trouble any more of your meetings. Joseph Smith has never done us any harm, and we do not feel like injuring him."

"Come, boys," said another of the crowd, "do as we have done. You are young, and will not have anything to do in the affair, but we want you should keep it a secret, and act with us; that's all."

"No," replied the boys in a firm but cool tone, as they rose to leave, "we cannot take an oath like that against any man who has never done us the least injury." They would gladly have passed out and escaped the trouble they saw brewing for them; but, as they feared, they were not allowed to depart so easily. One of the band exclaimed in a very determined voice: "No, not by a d——d sight! You know all our plans and arrangements, and we don't propose that you should leave in that style. You've got to take that oath, or you'll never leave here alive."

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The attention of all was now directed to the two boys, and considerable confusion prevailed. A voice in the crowd shouted, "Dead men tell no tales!" whereupon a general clamor arose for the boys to take the oath or be killed. Even their pretended friends, Cowles and Law, turned against them. "If you do not take that oath," said one of the leading members, in a blood curdling tone, "we will cut your throats." The looks and conduct of the rest showed plainly that he had spoken only what they were ready to execute. It was evident the mob were eager for blood. That moment certainly must have been a trying one, but it seemed that fear had suddenly vanished from the bosoms of the two boys, and they coolly but positively again declared that they would not take that oath nor enter into any other movement against the Prophet Joseph.

The mob was now enraged, as they thought they were betrayed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the leaders succeeded in keeping them from falling upon the boys and cutting them to pieces. The leaders, however, were no less determined that the boys should die, but as the house in which the meeting was held stood but a short distance back from the street, they thought it better to be more quiet about it, lest some one might be passing and discover what was going on. Order was at last restored, when it was decided to take the boys down into the cellar, where the deed could be more safely accomplished. Accordingly, a guard, with drawn swords and bowie knives, was placed on either side of the boys, while two others, armed with cocked muskets and bayonets, at their backs, brought up the rear as they were marched off in the direction of the cellar. William and Wilson Law, Austin Cowles, and others, accompanied them to the cellar. Before committing the murderous deed, however, they gave the boys one more chance for their lives. One of them said: "Boys, if you will take that oath your lives shall be spared; but you know too much for us to allow you to go free, and if you are still determined to refuse, we will have to shed your blood." But the boys, with most commendable courage, in the very jaws of death, once more rejected the only means that would save their lives.

At this juncture, when it seemed that each moment would end the earthly existence of these two noble young men, a voice from some one in the crowd, as if by Divine interposition, called out just in time to save their lives: "Hold on! Hold on there! Let's talk this matter over before their blood is shed!" and with great difficulty some of the more cautious ones succeeded in quieting those whose anger and excitement prevented them from weighing well what they were on the verge of committing, and considering the consequences that would inevitably follow. Thus the instantaneous death of the boys was prevented, while the crowd retired to the further end of the room and consulted earnestly together, in so low a tone, however, that the boys could not hear what they said. It was evident, however, that they were nearly equally divided in their views of the feasibility of putting the boys to death. Some appeared to be enraged and fully determined to shed their blood, while others were equally resolved to prevent the cruel deed. During the discussion the boys distinctly heard one of them say: "The boys' parents very likely know where they are, and if they do not return home, strong suspicions will be aroused, and they may institute a search that would be very dangerous to us. It is already late, and time that the boys were home."

This was a very important consideration, as well as a very unexpected circumstance in favor of the boys. Hope rose high in their breasts as the discussion continued, and one by one of the more excited conspirators was silenced, if not convinced, until at length the tide turned in favor of the boys, and it was decided that they should be released. Some openly, and many in their feelings, opposed this resolution, as they considered it as unsafe to liberate the boys to re-

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veal all their plans, as to kill them and get them out of the way.

A strong guard was provided to escort them to a proper distance lest some of the gang might kill them before they made their escape. They placed a strict injunction upon the boys not to reveal anything they had seen or heard in these meetings, and declared if they did any member of the conspiracy would kill them at first sight. This caution and threat were repeated several times in a way that gave the boys to understand that they meant all they said, and would just as leave slay them as not if they suspected anything had been revealed by them.

Everything being ready, the boys started off in charge of the guard. Right glad were they to once more gain the open air with so good a prospect for their lives, and they breathed a sigh of relief and satisfaction when they were out of sight of the house in which they had endured such great peril. They took an unfrequented road down toward the Mississippi River which runs around one side of Nauvoo. Some of the guard were very much dissatisfied with the way the tables had turned, and, when they had got a safe distance from the house, they halted to consider if it would not be best to slay the boys on their own responsibility. They would gladly have murdered them if they could have done so with any hopes of having the deed remain undiscovered; but, after some discussion, they contented themselves by reiterating the cautions and threats that had been given to the boys before starting. They continued their march until within a few rods of the river, when they halted, and one of the guards said:

"Well, I guess we have gone about far enough, and had better turn back." Then turning to the boys, he continued, "Boys, if you ever open your mouths concerning anything you have seen or heard in any of our meetings; we will kill you by night or by day wherever we find you, and consider it our duty."

"Oh, don't fear on that account," replied the boys, anxious to allay their uneasiness, lest they still might take a notion to slay them and cast their bodies into the river, "we can see that it is greatly to our advantage and necessary to our peace and safety to keep silent concerning these things."

"I'm glad you've got sense enough to see it in that light," was the rejoinder in a tone that indicated his mind was somewhat relieved.

During this conversation, one of the boys looking towards the river, to his great surprise, saw a hand rise into view from behind the bank and beckon for them to come that way. The guards, after admonishing them once more to be silent, and telling them their lives depended upon their keeping the secret, turned to retrace their steps just as one of the boys, anxious to put them at ease as much as possible, said to his companion: "Let's go down to the river."

"Yes," returned the guard, evidently pleased with that arrangement; "you had better go down to the river."

The reader will readily understand that the meeting had lasted until a late hour in the afternoon and the conspirators had already detained the boys so long that they were afraid their parents and friends, some of whom perhaps knew where the boys had gone, would become anxious and begin to suspect foul play, and possibly might institute a search which would prove exceedingly disadvantageous to the conspiracy. The boys therefore very adroitly proposed to go to the river, so if they were found there it would be sufficient explanation for their long absence. The guards perceived the idea instantly, and it pleased them, for it indicated to them that the boys wished to keep the secret, and avoid being questioned too closely.

The boys started off on a run toward the river, but, lest the guards should watch them, and discover the presence of Joseph, whose hand it was they had seen above the bank, they directed their course to a point about a quarter of a mile beyond where Joseph was, knowing that he would follow them. On reaching the river, they stepped down the bank and there awaited the arrival of

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the Prophet, while the guards returned to the meeting.

It seems that Joseph, knowing the danger into which the boys had gone, had become so uneasy at their long absence that he could no longer remain at home, so he and one of his body guard, John Scott, who was the brother to Robert, started out to see if they could discover what had become of them. Perhaps they suspected the boys had been murdered, and that their bodies would be thrown into the stream, as William Law's house, where the meeting was held, was but a short distance from the river. At all events they were there under the bank when the boys were liberated, and now glided around close to the water's edge to the point where the boys were awaiting them.

It was a joyful meeting; Joseph seemed delighted to see that the boys had escaped with their lives. The party walked on to a point nearly opposite Joseph's store, where a board fence came down to the edge of the river, forming, together with the orchard trees and shrubbery, a suitable retreat where they could converse without any danger of being seen or heard.

"Let us sit down here," said Joseph. All four of them entered the secluded retreat, and when they were seated he continued: "Boys, we saw your danger and were afraid you would not get out alive, but we are thankful that you got off safely. Now relate to me all that you have witnessed."

The boys then gave him a complete account of all they had witnessed, and passed through; repeated to him the oath they had seen and heard administered to some two hundred individuals separately; gave him the names of all they knew that had taken the oath; in short they gave him a most accurate recital of all they had seen and heard.

Joseph and his companion listened very attentively, and, as the boys proceeded, a very grave expression crept over the countenance of the former, showing that a deep anxiety was preying upon his mind. When the recital was finished a pause of some length ensued. Joseph was very much moved, and at length burst out: "O, brethren, you do not know what this will terminate in!" But proceeded no further, for his feelings were so strong that he burst into tears.

In great agitation, Brother John Scott, who was an intimate and trusted friend of Joseph, sprang forward and throwing his arms around the Prothet's neck, exclaimed: "O, Brother Joseph! do you think they are going to kill you?" and they fell on each other's necks and wept bitterly. The scene is difficult to describe. The thought of losing their friend and Prophet by the hands of such a bloodthirsty mob was sufficient to wring their hearts; and those brave men who but a few moments before had fearlessly faced death, and scorned the proffered conditions on which their lives might be spared, now wept like children and mingled their tears with those of their leader.

Joseph was the first to master his feelings, and, raising Brother Scott's arms from off his neck, he said, in a deep and sorrowful tone: "I fully comprehend it!" He then relaxed into a solemn study, while his brethren anxiously watched the changes of his countenance as if they would read the thoughts and feelings that were preying upon his heart. The scene was painful and impressive. Each moment they expected to hear him say that his work on earth was done and that he would have to be slain to seal his testimony.

After a long silence he finally continued: "Brethren, I am going to leave you. I shall not be with you long; it will not be many months until I shall have to go."

This remark still left them in doubt as to his future fate, but had such significance that Brother Scott again anxiously inquired: "Brother Joseph, are you going to be slain?"

Joseph, for some reason, evaded a direct reply, but continued in a tone that told too plainly of the sorrow he felt: "I am going away and will not be known among this people for twenty years or more. I shall go to rest for a season."

This reply did not clear away their

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doubts any more than the former one, but it was evident he intended to leave the people and keep hid more closely than he ever had done, or else, with prophetic vision, he discerned the final outcome of his enemies' efforts, and, through compassion, forebore to crush the spirits of his brethren by telling them plainly the whole truth.

Subsequent events leave us still in doubt as to the real purport of his words. The dark clouds of persecution from enemies without, fearfully augmented by traitors from within, grew so threatening toward the close of the Prophet's life, that he saw something must be done for the safety of himself and the people. He therefore conceived the idea of moving the Saints once more, and this time far beyond the cruel blasts of persecution, and seek shelter behind the barriers of the Rocky Mountains. He called for a company of volunteers to explore the great West and find the most suitable place for the Saints to settle. Quite a number volunteered and began to make preparations for the journey.

It is a well known fact that just previous to surrendering himself to be taken to Carthage, Joseph got into a boat and started across the river, evidently to evade his enemies. He intended to keep out of their hands until this company had procured a suitable outfit for such an undertaking, when he would have accompanied them. Some of his brethren, however, begged him not to desert the people in such a time of trouble and danger, and at their importunity he returned to Nauvoo, and we all know the result. He was induced to surrender himself to the officers of the law, was cast into prison, and there cruelly murdered by a bloodthirsty mob.

Perhaps in reply to Brother Scott's question, Joseph was revolving these plans in his mind and looking forward to the time when he and the Saints would be beyond the reach of persecution; it is now impossible to tell, but the events which followed rather indicate that he foresaw his death. However, he continued in great earnestness:

"They accuse me of polygamy, and of being a false Prophet, and many other things which I do not now remember; but I am no false Prophet; I am no impostor; I have had no dark revelations; I have had no revelations from the devil; I made no revelations; I have got nothing up of myself. The same God that has thus far dictated me and directed me and strengthened me in this work, gave me this revelation and commandment on celestial and plural marriage, and the same God commanded me to obey it. He said to me that unless I accepted it and introduced it, and practiced it, I, together with my people, would be damned and cut off from this time henceforth. And they say if I do so, they will kill me! Oh, what shall I do? If I do not practice it, I shall be damned with my people. If I do teach it, and practice it, and urge it, they say they will kill me, and I know they will. But," said he, "we have got to observe it. It is an eternal principle and was given by way of commandment and not by way of instruction."

It will be seen from these outbursts of his soul what a conflict was going on in his mind, and the agony that he endured can only be imagined by those who knew his sensitive and generous spirit. Persecution and imprisonment from the hand of an enemy would be passed by almost unnoticed when compared with these murderous thrusts from the daggers of alienated friends. Death, to a man who was so familiar with the unseen world and the happiness to be enjoyed there, was stripped of its terrors. His fear of simply losing his life caused him little anxiety. But his whole soul was in the work which the Lord had given him to do, and such bloodthirsty opposition to a commandment of God among his brethren caused the greatest anxiety and grief. His greatest trials are no doubt hid deepest from our view.

The consultation lasted for a long time before they separated to their homes, and impressions were made on the minds of our two young heroes that will last forever. They got an insight into the life of the Prophet and the na-

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ture of the work he had to perform, that had never before entered their imaginations. Their love for him and the cause in which he was laboring was increased, and gladly would they have laid down their lives to have saved his.

Before separating, however, Joseph placed a seal upon the boys' lips, and made them promise that they would not reveal what had transpired that day to a living soul—not even to their own fathers, for at least twenty years. The object of placing this injunction upon them no doubt was for their own safety, as their lives would probably have been taken if any of the conspirators should ever find but that any of their proceedings had been revealed. The boys kept their promise, and now, after a lapse of so many years, these important facts, which throw light upon many of the acts and sayings of Joseph Smith, which his brethren could never before fully understand, are revealed and placed with other important records in the archives of the Church.

The muse of history, too often blind to true glory, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellowmen, and left us ignorant of the valorous deeds of real heroes, whose lot chanced to be more humbly cast; but in that day, when all men's actions will be revealed upon the housetops, we shall no doubt see the names of Denison L. Harris and Robert Scott among the world's heroes as stars of no small magnitude.

"Fact is stranger than fiction," and in value they cannot be compared. I respectfully submit the above narrative, which is a true recital of events that actually transpired. The manuscript has been carefully scrutinized by proper authorities who are satisfied of its authenticity and have approved its publication, as an important and accurate item of history connected with the Church. *Horace Cummings.*

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That which is elevating and ennobling in its tendency is necessarily true.

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## CROSSING THE MEDITERRANEAN.

"Travel doth make one far more clear and excellent.
It drains the grossness of the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits.
He who knows men's manners, must of necessity
Best know his own; and mend him by examples.
It's a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse
Still in the place he was born in."

An intelligent American, finding himself in Europe, with time and money at his command, will possibly take the desert and pyramids into his tour, and place them with permanent distinctness in the landscape of his memory. The shores of the Mediterranean were for thousands of years the home of civilization. Their annals compass the era of written history, and their prominence extends back into pre-historic ages. The Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians and Saracens have flourished about this sea, and to-day every commanding position in and about the Mediterranean is anxiously coveted by nations that aspire to political preponderance.

The "Midland Sea" is over two thousand miles long. It is from forty to five thousand five hundred feet deep; and is eighty to twelve hundred miles wide; the shallowest and narrowest place being between Africa and Sicily. To cross it, the tourist may start from Gibraltar in an English ship; or from Marseilles by a French line, (the most frequented route); or from Naples in an Italian steamer; or, on the west side of Italy, from Venice; or from Brindisi, which is the shortest trip of all. The writer sailed from Naples to Alexandria. We were crossing the gulf which separates Europe from the land of the great Sahara. It was in the month of January, but we were literally sailing into sum-

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mer. It is an interesting route to Egypt, from Naples; for thus we pass the volcanic islands that are clustered near the south of Italy; and we go through the celebrated strait between Italy and the Island of Sicily; and get a half day at the Sicilian City of Messina, with its picturesque mountainous back ground.

The first object we came upon after leaving the beautiful bay of Naples and the classic coast thereabout, was a towering mountain, a complete island of itself, in shape a perfect cone, with the steep sides as green as though they had been turfed to order; the base, twelve miles in circumference, and the mountain over three thousand feet high. It was grandly beautiful; fuming and flaring at the top as Stromboli has never failed to do within the era of recorded history. Many have seen Vesuvius. Few have seen Stromboli, the most majestic light-house in the world. Soon after passing the volcano, we came upon a scene described in classic fable. Those who have read Homer and Virgil remember how the beautiful Scylla was banished by Mrs. Neptune, to inhabit a cavernous cliff, and was made so frightfully homely as to appal those passing voyageurs whom she did not destroy. And while the navigators went to the other side of the narrow Strait of Messina to escape her, they were in fatal danger of being drawn down into the unfathomed whirlpool of Charybdis. We were in that Strait of Messina. We saw an Italian village that still bears the name of Scylla. For us the sea was smooth. The whirlpool has disappeared in the course of the ages, through the agency, perchance, of earthquakes.

Messina is a tempting port; a gateway into the most important island in the Mediterranean. Sicily is altogether about the size of Maryland. It is a gem among islands; teeming with classic associations, it figures prominently in ancient and mediæval history and has distinct and prehistoric vestiges. Sicily is fascinatingly attractive to all, and to the classic student, deeply interesting. Few Americans go there. We steered directly away from the Sicilian coast southeast, bound for Egypt. As night came on, we vainly sought to catch a glimpse of the light-houses on the Calabrian mountains whose promontories reach out to the southernmost end of Italy. The next land we saw was the Island of Candia, called in the Bible, Crete; a long, winding outline that seemed to be altogether a rugged mountain with two or three islets near by. It continued in sight nearly a whole day; giving us ample time to read in the New Testament how Paul sailed over the sea, and failed through tempestuous weather to land at the "haven of Crete, which lieth toward the southwest," but disembarked at one of the near islets where "the barbarous people showed no little kindness." It was here that out of the burning sticks came a viper that fastened on his hand but did no harm. Paul said to Titus, "I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldest ordain elders in every city;" from which it appears that Crete was then well populated. This Bible story learned at Sunday school, became very interesting, when read as we were sailing along near Crete. Crete, is the ancient name; Candia, the modern. It is about a hundred and fifty miles long, and six to thirty-five miles wide, and has a wonderful history.

Carrier pigeons flew from Candia to Venice with the news of the conquest of the island by the Venetians, several hundred years ago. The pet birds, lovely and tame, which to-day are fed by the municipal government in the principal square of Venice, are the direct descendants of those birds that bore the news to Venice. The poet Homer called Crete "Hecatompolis," *the hundred-citied.* There were cities on this island in the time of Ptolemy. Scarcely any part of Greece was more the subject of classic poetry. It abounds in localities familiar to every college man. Here was the Minotaur, a monster, confined in the famous labyrinth, out of which Theseus extricated himself by the clew of a thread given him by Ariadne; hence our expression, "a clew to the labyrinth." Here was Glaucus, smothered in honey; and a volume more

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of the most celebrated myths of antiquity.

All the books even the last edition of the accurate Baedeker, inform us that the arrival at Alexandria is attended with multiplied perplexities; that a Babel of natives clamor and shout at us in unknown tongues, and that unless we guard our luggage, it would be seized and scattered among the boats. Four of us carried no passports. Our fellow passengers thought that we might be remanded on board ship, to be returned to the port from which we came. When we cast anchor off the ancient home of Cleopatra, near the city that Zenobia of Palmyra came over to conquer, the harbor swarmed with boats, and several agile Arabs clambered up the side of the ship; but their hope of gaining the attention of the passengers, was suddenly cut short by lashings of the rope from the chief officer, not upon their unclad limbs, but upon the vessel's side, upon which they dropped down into the water. We consigned our luggage to the agent of our hotel, who alone came on board, we clambered down the stairs which swung on the outside of our ship landing into a small boat and were rowed to the Egyptian custom-house. One valise only the officials respectfully peeped into, glanced at two visiting cards, all in a moment, and almost with an apology; and the passportless walked freely into the ancient city of the Ptolemies. The formidableness of foreign travel disappears on facing it. It is not so confusing to land at the chief port of Africa, among a polyglot people, as it is to arrive in New York City. Since the quiet January day, when I found summer in Alexandria, her greatest wonder has been imported to New York City. Standing near the Metropolitan Museum, is Cleopatra's Needle, threaded with a very long yarn of history. War bombarded Alexandria last year; and pestilence has since covered the City of Cleopatra with a funeral pall.—*Selected.*

There is a future for every man who has the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.—*Bulwer.*

## THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

"AND it came to pass that I looked and beheld the whore of all the earth, and she sat upon many waters; and she had dominion over all the earth, among all nations, kindreds, tongues and people."—*Book of Mormon.*

NOT fewer than two hundred millions of the human race comprise the subjects of the kingdom of the Pope of Rome. His edicts more or less disturb the policy of the governments of England, France, Germany, Austria, and in fact the greater part of Europe. In America, also, his power is felt, while the uncivilized and semi-civilized races know in many ways the earthly power of the Roman See. This immense power has been steadily growing for eighteen centuries, until the power of the beast has been felt in all nations.

It is stated that Peter and Paul, soon after the crucifixion of Christ, preached in Rome, and that, as the result of their labors, a Church was established, over which Peter was consecrated Bishop in the year 42. Rome was then an arena wherein the despised Christians furnished amusement for the iniquitous multitude, who were delighted to see them torn to pieces by wild beasts, or crucified, burnt at night in the stead of torches, in the public streets or the gardens of Nero.

Persecution raged against the Church for upwards of two centuries, during which time the Christians not only maintained their ground, but added to their numbers until they became a powerful people. After the last great persecution, under Diocletian, had passed over, and Constantine was made emperor (A. D. 324), the Christians emerged from the catacombs wherein they had sought refuge, asserting their rights among men. It seems that the church, under

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the favor of Constantine, waxed proud and rich, built splendid edifices, and adorned them to excess, with images and pictures. It was now that the purity and simplicity of worship in the church was corrupted by the introduction of rites and ceremonies borrowed from the magnificent ritual of the Pagan temple, some of which are to be found in the Romish church of to-day. The Bishop of Rome was a prince surrounded by his priests of various orders. His position became an envied prize. From about the middle of the fourth century there continued a most unmerciful conflict as to who should occupy the bishop's chair. At one time the bishop was dragged through the streets of Constantinople. Parties fought desperately for supremacy, and the papal chair was sunk to a low state of degradation, from which it was recovered, however, by Gregory the Great, about the close of the sixth century.

It was not until about the middle of the eighth century that the temporal power of the bishop of Rome was established, notwithstanding the Patrimony of St. Peter was overshadowed by Church authority and sanctity. The political and religious relations of the people were in a state of constant vexation, one party rising and another falling. The Romish church alone was united in purpose, extending their religion from Rome in every direction, until over one-half of the Christian world were subjects of the Pope.

In order to perfectly maintain the *spiritual* power of the church, it was now deemed most expedient that *political* existence should be acquired, notwithstanding the bishop of Rome, with his army of priests, was then virtually a temporal prince, though not acknowledged. Even as early as the time of Gregory the Great, "whoever occupied the pastorate of the bishop of Rome was overwhelmed with business to such an extent as often to doubt whether he were a bishop or an earthly prince." However, the object was to have the power recognized among men as well in politics as religion. At this time a large part of Italy was incensed against Leo III, Emperor of the East, and the Romish church, seeing capital in the event, encouraged the rebellion. The worship of images, which had been introduced into the church as early as the days of Constantine, was firmly established before A. D. 600, and it was against this idolatry that Leo III made war. Encouraged and aided by the church, the Italians scoffed at the two edicts sent forth by Leo, when a bloody struggle ensued between Leo's armies and the populace while the former were removing the images from the churches, and encouraging every act that bore any semblance to iconoclasm. Correspondence was opened between Leo III and Pope Gregory III, in which the latter defended the worship of images, and stated that, as Leo was an ignorant man, he should first have inquired into the rightfulness or otherwise of the image worship, before he undertook to destroy things held sacred by the people. A perusal of one or more of the Pope's letters evidences that he himself was the more ignorant. For instance, in closing one of his letters to Leo, he compares the Emperor to the "impious Uzziah, who sacreligiously removed the brazen serpent which Moses had set up, out of the temple, and broke it to pieces!"

The insurrection, however, which was occasioned by Leo's militia destroying the images was finally suppressed. But the bishop of Rome encouraged the rebellion of the Italian provinces, in which instance the imperial cause was defeated. Such were the first steps towards the acquisition of the temporal power of the Popes, which were treason and rebellion against the lawful sovereign. And further, as idolatry (which was the actual cause of the revolt) is contrary to the second commandment, the Romish Pope set up his standard in opposition to the expressed will of Heaven. But still all this did not then place the Pope on a footing among the princes of the earth. He had no territory except the "Patrimony of St. Peter," a tract of land some one hundred miles in length, over which a great deal of

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sanctity was thrown. Spiritual war was declared against anyone impious enough to invade this domain.

The temporal power of the Popes dates from about the year A. D. 755, when Pepin, the Short, made his famous donation. The Lombards, who had steadily been gaining territory northward, advanced on Ravenna, the country now called Romagna, and then threatened the subjugation of all Italy. In this emergency the Pope sent an entreaty to Pepin, king of France, for assistance to maintain the Patrimony of St. Peter. Pepin came at the head of a powerful army and drove back the Lombards, and not only reinstated the church in what it had lost, but also gave to it the whole of Romagna, which he might have annexed to the government at Constantinople. He formally transferred the conquered territory to the bishop of Rome; and herein was the temporal power of the Popes first established.

Pepin did not confer this great favor on the Pope without hope of reward. At home, he was conniving to obtain a greater extent of power, which was granted him by the Pope as soon as events brought forth an opportunity of bestowing it. Thus we see the second step in the acquisition of territory was like the first—originated in greed and perfected by treason, both on the part of the Pope and Pepin himself, who was the means of overthrowing the government of his own country, and arrogating the power to himself.

Pepin was now about to return to France when the Pope entreated him to remain until all the ceded provinces had been properly turned over to the Holy See. But as the Frankish king had made the "Donation" on parchment, and had restored the Patrimony of St. Peter to the church, he satisfied himself by commissioning others to attend to other details. So he left Rome for his own country. Here was the church possessed of the presumably legal title to a number of provinces, but was totally without power to enforce submission from the inhabitants, whose lands had been fraudulently deeded over to the "man of sin." No sooner was Pepin again in his own land, than Astolph, at the head of a powerful army of Lombards, invaded the Holy See, and ravaged the surrounding country. They spared neither churches nor shrines, but desolated the land wherever they went.

Perplexed and sorely affrighted, the Pope sent an appeal to Pepin to return at once, "and take compassion on the Holy Church of God and St. Peter, and to put her in possession of all that, by your donation, you are firmly tied and bound to render her." "Think not," he wrote, "you will be permitted to keep your promise by mere words. Hasten rather to expedite the delivery of your donation that you may moan not your remissness to all eternity. * * * We therefore adjure you by Almighty God, by His mother, the everlasting virgin, by the blessed princes of the Apostles, Peter and Paul, and by the tremendous day of judgment, that you cause to be delivered up all towns, places and districts, hostages and captives unto St. Peter, and all that belongs to your donation, because for that purpose it was that the Lord, by my humility and the mediation of the blessed Peter, annointed you to be king that through you the church might be exalted."

To this entreaty, Pepin paid no attention, meanwhile, the Lombards continued their depredations, ravaging the defenceless Romans. Again the Pope dispatched letters for help to the King of France, sending noted and titled persons to strengthen the appeals. The miseries resulting from the siege of Rome and devastation of the lands were dilated upon, but for all the appeals of the Pope, through his ambassadors, Pepin refused to assist the church further. This was a most critical moment for the church, for as the Pope had encouraged the rebellion of the Italians, the Lombards, under their monarch, Astolph, had no pity for the Romans as an act of retaliation. The siege of Rome was urged with unabated vigor. Everything portended destruc-

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tion and annihilation of church authority. But the brains of the Pope and council were not idle. As a last resort, an artifice unprecedented in history was made use of to induce the careless Pepin to come to the assistance of the church. The Roman Catholic historian, Abbé Fleury, gives the following account of the appeal:

"The Pope, at last, in this extremity, made use of an artifice without example, either before or afterwards in the whole history of the church. He wrote a letter to the King (Pepin) and the French, in the name of St. Peter, making him speak himself as if he was still on the earth. The title was like that of the canonical epistles, and begins thus: 'Peter called to the Apostleship by Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God.' He makes the Virgin Mary, the angels, the martyrs, and all the other saints speak with him, and ask that the French might come at once to the assistance of the fountain of their regeneration and their spiritual mother.' 'I conjure you,' says he, 'by the living God, not to suffer my city of Rome, and my people to be any longer torn to pieces by the Lombards, that your bodies may not be tormented in eternal fire,nor the sheep of the flock which God hath entrusted to my care to be dispersed, lest He should reject and despise you, as He did the people of Israel. And afterwards, if ye obey me immediately, ye shall receive a great reward in this life; ye shall overcome all your enemies, enjoy long life, eat of the good things of the earth, and undoubtedly partake of eternal life. If not, be assured by the authority of the Holy Trinity, and by the grace of my apostleship, ye shall be deprived of the Kingdom of God, and of eternal life.'" (The greater part of this epistle was published in the CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. IV; p. 20.)

Pepin was completely conquered by this epistle, remarkable as it was, for he supposed it to be an actual revelation from heaven, penned by the Apostles. Being in his sublime ignorance, convinced of this, he immediately summoned a large army, and set out in the heart of winter for the plains of Lombardy and the States of Rome. Of course, Astolph not being able to cope with the French armies, was compelled to flee. Negotiations of peace were proposed and agreed to by both parties, the terms being that Astolph would indemnify his kingdom in certain ways, and "deliver up to the Pope all the lands, cities and districts enumerated in the treaty," and to give security for the performance of these contracts. These conditions were fulfilled by the Lombard monarch, and the keys of the ceded cities, and a new deed formally making over to "the Apostle Peter and the Holy Roman Church forever," all the ceded provinces were delivered to the head of the church at Rome. After the accomplishment of this, Pepin declared with an oath that he had not exposed himself in battles for any worldly consideration, but for the sake of St. Peter, and for a pardon of his sins.

Thus we have seen the first step to gaining the temporal power of the church at Rome was in encouraging a revolt against the lawful sovereign; the second, forcibly stealing lands against the will of the powerless inhabitants; and thirdly, forging a letter from St. Peter to maintain them when acquired.

When Charlemagne, son of King Pepin came to the throne of France, the Pope deemed it advisable to have the deeds given by his father confirmed by the illustrious son. To this end, on one occasion when Charlemagne was visiting at Rome, the Pope, intent on committing robbery, induced the King to confirm the deeds. While the King wrote, the Pope professed to read from the former deeds, but instead of following the text, included many cities, towns and districts not enumerated in the former donation. This gave the Pope nearly the whole of Southern Italy, the island of Corsica, and several other important districts. The King not suspecting deceit in so pious and holy a personage as Pope Hadrian, signed the papers, which he supposed was merely a nominal matter. Thus the fourth step in the acquisition of temporal power is marked with deception, robbery and crime.



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The foregoing, however, are not all their crimes to the same end, that history speaks of. No means was despaired of to gain more temporal as well as spiritual power. Forgery seems to have been a favorite scheme. Following the forged third epistle of St. Peter, of which we have spoken, comes three forged documents from Louis the Pious, Constantine the Great, and Otho I.

The donation of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, said to have been made about the middle of the fourth century, is often quoted as the foundation of the temporal power of the Popes. As the story goes, before Constantine became converted to Christianity, he fell very sick, and his physicians advised him to bathe in a tub of infants' blood as a last resort. When a large number of children were secured to be killed for this purpose, the piteous cries of their mothers so affected Constantine, that he refused to follow the prescription. As if to reward him for this gracious act, Peter and Paul appeared to him in a vision, and instructed him to send for the Pope (Sylvester), who would heal him immediately, on conditions that he would sustain and uphold the church. The marvelous cure was effected, and in return, Constantine issued a decree that "the most sacred See of blessed Peter should be gloriously exalted above the imperial and earthly throne, * * and the Pontiff thereof, be superior and prince over all the priests of the whole world." To the Pope, he turns over all the states and provinces of Italy and "the western regions" and pronounces "eternal damnation of hell fire, with the devil forever," on everyone who should disregard this decree.

This most ridiculous and oft exploded fable was inserted in the canon law, and is found there to this day. These forged grants were exposed during the fifteenth century, and since that time have not been quoted as authority, though it is stated by Roman Catholic writers that Constantine actually made the donation in question. Of this there is no proof.

The next grant obtained through forgery and deception, is that of Otho the Great, in 962. This king and his queen were crowned with great ceremony by the Pope at Rome, and as a matter of reciprocity, was induced to swear under oath, in writing, he would defend the Pope, etc., and "cause restoration to be made of all the lands and territories that might be found to have been taken from the Holy See." Not for forty years afterwards was the interpretation of this contract fully made known. It was contended this forgery conveyed (in some manner that never could be explained, as the clause does not specify anything in particular) a portion of King Otho's dominions, besides a larger extent of territory than had ever been before claimed.

When these claims were set up, the grandson of Otho I repudiated them, but to no avail. They were held to be genuine by the Romish Pontiff, whose assumption proved more effective than the official exposure of the forgery of Otho III.

The forged donation of Louis the Pious was much similar to that of Otho I, and was not paraded before the world until nearly forty years after it was said to have been made.

Again, in the twelfth century, the Pope, by the connivance and assistance of Gregory VII, the notorious Hildebrand, obtained most of the extensive lands owned by the Countess Matilda, with whom history informs us the Pope was on extremely intimate terms. When he could not get the estate by persuasion, and after Matilda had separated from her husband, son of the Duke of Bavaria, the matter was very unjustly adjudicated upon in favor of the Pope, who, as a matter of fact, had no shadow of claim to the inheritance.

In the thirteenth century, a series of robberies were committed by the popes, aided by the Emperor. Some were obtained by force of arms, some demanded as a species of remuneration before the Pope would confirm certain persons in positions they sought. Others were not confirmed until they had acknowledged all the claims (doubtful ones as well as others) of the Church.

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In this manner a vast amount of territory was acquired under Innocent III and Nicholas III.

The last conquest or robbery we will notice, of any consequence, occurred in the sixteenth century at the ascension of the "soldier Pope" Julius. Notwithstanding his age, and the enfeebled condition of his ill-used system, he marched at the head of his forces to conquer the territories of the Venetians as if he were merely a temporal prince, and forgetting his claim to being "the Vicar of Christ," the head of the Church upon earth. However, he was successful in obtaining plunder in lands and goods, and at length owned "from Placentia to Terracina, the loveliest of countries."

To summarize: We have shown that the temporal power of the papal kingdom was obtained, first, by encouraging and aiding a revolt against Leo III by his lawful subjects, when Leo was endeavoring to exterminate image worship. Next was the robbery by Pepin of Leo's lands and the receiving of the stolen provinces by the Church. Then to maintain these illgotten gains against an invading foe, the "Third Epistle of Peter" was forged with the desired success. Following we have noticed the forged donation of Constantine and "stuffed" deeds of Pepin and confirmed and added to in the grant of Charlemagne. To this was added numerous tracts by wholesale thieving committed by the Pope himself without reason or cause.

It is admitted by the Romish church historians (Baronius and Cardinal Perron) that the document known as the Donation of Constantine was forged by the Popes, but they endeavor to justify the act by the condition of the Church.

*E. E. Brain.*

## IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

V.

THE province of Munster abounds with scenes full of historical as well as scenic interest; and before leaving this part of the "Emerald Isle," a visit to Fermoy will bring back to the mind of the tourist many incidents of Irish character and Irish wit, indulged in by the "men of letters," who claim that historical town as their birthplace. Fermoy is situated about nineteen miles northeast of Cork City, and is connected therewith by railroad. It is a garrison town, and has two barracks—one for cavalry and one for infantry. It has a college and two convents and several churches. The inhabitants are chiefly Catholics. The river Blackwater runs through the center of the town and is spanned by a bridge of thirteen arches, built in 1689. This stream abounds with salmon and is a favorite resort for lovers of the piscatorial art. Its banks also are crowned with ruins of castles, abbeys, etc., that present a romantic appearance and recall the days of the Desmonds and the "Curse of Crumnell."

Sir Boyle Roche, of Roche and Fermoy, is thus described by his biographer, and it may serve as an index to the general character of Irish wits, of whom the gifted Sir Richard Steele said: "Their *bulls* may be attributed to climate, for if an 'Englishman was born in Ireland, he'd make as many.'" There is no doubt "bulls" are occasionally perpetrated by others than natives of Ireland, as in the case of the English viceroy who advised that, "the greatest economy was necessary in the consumption of all species of grain, especially of potatoes."

Boyle Roche represented several places in the Irish House of Commons, having successively been elected for Tralee, Gowran, Port Arlington and Old Leighton. He excused his absence from some engagement by assuring the House "no man could be in two places at once, barring he was a bird." He concluded a long speech with this peroration: "Why should we put ourselves out

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for posterity? What, I ask, did posterity ever do for us?" He said, in concluding a speech: "It would be better, Mr. Speaker, to give up not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole of the Constitution to preserve the remainder." Speaking of the invasion then expected from France, he styled the Marseillaise the "marshal law men, who, if they came would cut us into mincemeat and throw our bleeding heads on the table to 'stare us in the face;' but the best way to avoid danger was to meet it plumb." Besides these mentioned, many other amusing "bulls" are attributed to him: His moving in committee, on the bill then before the Commons, for the better regulation of weights and measures, that "every quart bottle should hold a quart;" that "every man should be his own washerwoman;" and his invitation to a nobleman, who spoke of visiting that part of the country over which Sir Boyle lived: "If ever you come within a mile of my house, my lord, I hope you'll stop there."

The names of Curran, O'Connell, Henn, O'Grady, and others, whose wit and wisdom have given zest to the humdrum toil of the "Irish Bar" on the Munster circuit, might be cited as fair samples of native wit and eloquence.

In passing from Munster to the metropolis, many places of interest may with profit be visited. Mallow Junction is a small town on the Blackwater, visited in summer by a great many people, on account of its mineral waters.

The Curragh of Kildare, a large camp occupied by several regiments of infantry and cavalry, is very attractive in the summer on account of the many and splendid military reviews and sham fights; as, also, for the races which constitute this race-course the "Newmarket" of Ireland. The County of Kildare is peculiarly rich in antiquities of nearly every historical period. It has five round towers and formerly had a stone circle (Druidical) similar to that at Stonehenge. There are also several castles of the Anglo-Norman period. The towns of Kildare, Naas and Athy, are old and contain several ancient edifices. The County of Dublin is replete with interest, and before we enter the city of that name, a visit to "sweet Dublin Bay" and the isle of Dalkey will prove worth the while spent there.

Dublin Bay is often compared to the "Bay of Naples," as it is similar in appearance and magnificence. Crescent in form and pacific, it affords a safe harbor for ships, and the magnificent docks are a constant scene of bustle and confusion. At the southwestern extremity of the Bay, separated from the main land by a narrow channel about four hundred and forty yards wide, is a small island called Dalkey Island. It does not contain more than twenty-five or thirty acres of land. There are many rabbits burrowing among the rocks and in the ruins of an old church. This venerable structure was dedicated to St. Benedict. A well, considered to have efficacy in curing blindness, is close to the church. Rude stone coffins are sometimes found close to the shore, showing the island was, in remote times, used as a burial place. The inhabitants of Dalkey Island are now a few artillery men quartered in one of the Martello towers,who serve a small battery of three twenty-four pound guns.

That Dalkey was a place of importance in the early days of Anglo-Norman rule in Ireland may be inferred from its charter of incorporation, and by an enrollment of Edward III, A. D. 1358: "The little harbor in Dalkey Sound appears to have been the port for arrival and departure of various dignitaries. An inscription on the Cullamore or great rock informs us 'that in 1414, Sir John Talbot, Lord Furnival, afterwards John, Earl of Shrewsbury, landed here to take upon himself the viceregal government of Ireland,' and in 1558 the Earl of Sussex embarked his forces here to invade the Scots, who had landed on the Isle of Rathlin, on the coast of Antrim."

The harbor of Dalkey no longer witnesses the arrivals or departures of the Queen's representatives in Ireland. At the close of the last century this island was annually the scene of much mirth and revelry, for a riotous feast was had

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here on the occasion of the election or rather re-election of King Stephen of Dalkey. A number of the "bloods" of Dublin would assemble on the island and proceed with the annual festivities. Mr. Armytage, of Dublin, a bookseller of some note and eminence, was the "King Stephen," and the ceremonies are thus described: "The titles borne by this monarch were, 'His Facetious Majesty Stephen the First, King of Dalkey, Emperor of the Muglins, Prince of Lamb Island, Duke of Lambay, Elector of Ireland's Eye, Protector of the Maiden's Rock, Statholder of the Hen and Chickens, Sovereign of the Illustrious Order of the Lobster and Perriwinkle, Champion of Cullamore, Respecter of All Men's Faith and Defender of His Own.'" He only held his sovereignty for a year, resigning it when the grand annual festival of electing the king took place, usually in June.

The king having been duly elected, at once proceeded, accompanied by his court, to the ruins of the old church, when the Archbishop of Dalkey preached a short sermon, limited to five minutes. Then the Lord Chancellor of Dalkey was presented with a pair of white gloves, for he had no causes on his list. The Lord Keeper was entrusted with the care of the Round Tower, with power to confine therein any unruly subject. The Poet Laureate then recited the coronation ode. The last poet laureate was Thomas Moore. The Lord High Admiral commanded the ferry-boats in which the king and his lieges crossed Dalkey Sound. The court then proceeded to the Rocking Stone, placed at the south entrance to Dalkey Island, and there the king created his knights. Charles Indedon, the celebrated singer, was known in these Dalkey revels as "Sir Charles Melody;" Thomas Moore was "Knight of Castalia." The hospitable Dublin solicitor, Tom O'Meara, was one of the office-holders, and the following anecdote is related of him:

"When the Irish Government, towards the end of the last century, grew alarmed at the spread of French principles in Ireland, conceiving the *fêtes* at Dalkey were coverts for hatching treason, they resolved to inquire into the proceedings. The Lord Chancellor, Earl of Clare, being aware that Mr. O'Meara, who was well known in the convivial circles of Dublin, attended these re-unions sent for him, and the following dialogue is related to have taken place:

Lord Chancellor.—I believe you hold an office in connection with the kingdom of Dalkey, Mr. O'Meara?

Mr. O'Meara.—Yes, my lord.

Lord Chancellor.—What are you?

Mr. O'Meara.—I am Duke of Muglins and Commissioner of the Royal Revenue.

Lord Chancellor.—Have you any perquisites from your office?

Mr. O'Meara.—I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheads duty free.

Lord Chancellor. — Indeed! Hogsheads of what?

Mr. O'Meara—Salt water, my lord.

"The Knight of Innishower," a poem in *Temple Bar*, well illustrates these festivities.

The City of Dublin is noted for its beautiful streets and squares, and grandeur of its public buildings. Sackville street, one hundred and twenty feet broad and seven hundred and twenty yards long, is the principal street, and contains many fine buildings, and the stores on each side are so arranged as to constitute this street the centre of a vast retail trade. At the north end stands the Rotunda, with Rutland Square; in its centre the beautiful Ionic portico of the General Post Office and Nelson's Monument (one hundred and thirty feet high). At the south end is Carlisle Bridge, a fine piece of masonry crossing the Liffey. Among the principal squares the largest is Stephen's Green; it occupies an area of nearly twenty acres, and is about a mile in circuit. Next in size is Merrion Square, containing about thirteen acres. The park and squares of Trinity College are also very extensive. The Four Courts, a massive structure, has a very imposing effect, as also have the Bank of Ireland, Trinity College and the Custom House. The castle is shorn of any architectural

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beauty it may possess, from its dusky appearance and situation being hemmed in by close streets and the irregularity of the buildings that surround it. The principal monuments are: one of William III in College Green; of Lord Nelson in Sackville street, and of the Duke of Wellington in Phœnix Park; the latter is very fine, and stands on a pedestal, the base of which is approached by a number of steps on each side. It was near these steps that Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke met their death, a short time ago, at the hands of assassins. In the cool summer evenings these steps are the favorite resort of loungers of all kinds and both sexes may be found here keeping the lover's tryst.

The river Liffey runs east and west through the city, and is crossed by nine bridges—its banks are well walled with granite, and on each side is a broad and well paved street called the Quay; the parapets are also of granite and well built. From Carlisle Bridge to the Docks is the Quay proper, although it is all called the Quay as far as Island Bridge. There are also two canals, called the Royal and Grand, the former connecting Dublin with the North Shannon and the west of Ireland, and the latter with the south portion of Shannon and the south.

Dublin is headquarters for the military; the Royal Barracks, Linen Hall Barracks, Portabello Barracks and Pigeon House Fort being generally occupied to their fullest capacity, besides detachments at the castle and several other points.

Phœnix Park is a favorite resort for pleasure seekers. It contains nearly two thousand acres, with a large amount of timber and brushwood. It is used extensively for military reviews; and the Zoological Gardens attract a great many visitors. The Viceregal Lodge is a fine building in the northwestern part of the park, also the magazine, and the barracks for the constabulary. There is also a cavalry barracks near the south entrance to the park and near to Island Bridge, and called Island Bridge Barracks.

The environs of Dublin are very beautiful and fraught with much interest to the student of history. Glasnevin is especially worthy of note as being the dwelling place of the poet—Tickell, of Addison, Steele, Parnell, Swift, Sheridan and many other celebrated men; besides the cemetery holds the remains of Curran, O'Connell and Tom Steele. Rathmines is also a very beautiful retreat and the abode of a great number of Dublin's merchants.

Dublin as a city is one of the handsomest and most delightful capitals of Europe, and will well repay the time spent by the tourist in visiting its attractions. Outside of the "Liberties" (which is a dirty and degraded locality), the streets of Dublin are broad, well paved and lighted, and withal cleanly, and the buildings are well constructed and tastefully designed, and will compare favorably with cities of much greater pretensions.

*Robt. S. Spence.*

## THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

It is not intended in this article to give a history of the magnetic needle or its construction; but to point out and correct several popular errors in regard to it, which seem to be almost universally entertained by those not accustomed to its use.

For instance, most persons think that the magnetic needle, as used in compasses, theodolites or transits, points due north and south. On the contrary, it never does except on a certain line passing in a zigzag northwesterly and southeasterly direction through Ohio, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, which is called "the line of no variation." A compass set on this line will point due north and south, but will not do so any where else. East of this "line of no variation" the north end of

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the needle will point west of north; west of that line it will point to the east of north, with a greater or less inclination as the compass is a greater or less distance east or west from that line. At this time, a compass set in Maine will point 18° west of the true north, while at the same time one at Fort Yukon in Alaska will point about 36° east of north; so that if ten thousand instruments were simultaneously set on a line running across the continent, no two would point in exactly the same direction, but would converge to a point in the north like a letter "A." making a difference in courses, between extreme points east and west, of fifty four degrees.

Another error, entertained even by some surveyors, is that this variation of the needle remains the same from year to year. This is not the case; for the variation referred to in the preceding paragraph is constantly changing; east of the "line of no variation" it is now gradually becoming less, and west of that line it is increasing. Ignorance of this fact has been productive of great injury in Utah and adjoining Territories, in consequence of incompetent surveyors endeavoring to retrace surveys made several years previously without making proper allowance for this change, without which allowance a correct re-survey cannot be made by the magnetic needle. In some cases inexperienced surveyors, wishing to re-establish lost government survey lines and corners, have made re-surveys with their instruments set for the variation marked in the original field notes, the original survey having been made some twenty years or more previously, and as a matter of course all their lines were wrong. Since the United States survey of Utah, the variation has increased about one degree and thirty minutes; therefore in running a mile north from his starting point, the surveyor would locate a corner 2.10 chains, or over eight rods too far east of its true position, an error of eighty four rods in a distance of ten miles. Running westward from the last named point, with the same instrumental error and the same distance, would bring the relocated corner nearly in the center of a quarter section tract, instead of its proper place. Inasmuch as government title to land is based on the original government survey; and further, that nothing short of a special Act of Congress would authorize any change of those lines, the importance of a correct understanding of the subject becomes very manifest. After the field notes and plat of a survey have been accepted by the department in Washington, no change can be made in it even if serious mistakes are subsequently discovered in the orignal survey, for this would render everything uncertain to holders of land, and make them fear to make valuable improvements upon their claims.

It is remarkable that this yearly or "secular change" of variation is not so rapid in one place as in another not far distant, as for instance, New York and Philadelphia. On the Atlantic coast the yearly change of variation is from two minutes of a degree to five, while on the Pacific it is only from one minute to three.

At present the "line of no variation" is slowly moving westward, and will continue until it reaches its maximum; it will then slowly move eastward for about one hundred and twenty years till it reaches its extreme eastern limit, thus requiring two hundred and forty years to reach its starting point again. The cause of this pendulum-like motion is unknown—we simply know it exists. In the United States the yearly change of variation is from one minute of a degree to five and a half minutes, as an average.

Another error relative to the magnetic needle is, that it points in the same direction throughout the day. In addition to its yearly or "secular variation," it has also a *daily variation.* About sunrise the north end of the needle points considerably east of the true magnetic meridian, then begins to move westward, reaching its extreme westerly variation at about one o'clock p.m. after which it oscillates eastward again. The average of this daily variation, called the "*mean diurnal variation*" is

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reached about 6 o'clock p. m., when the needle points in the true mean magnetic meridian, but not to the true north and south. But this daily change is not regular, being greater in summer than in winter, and greater at one part of the day than another. The "daily variation" in summer is from one minute to five; in winter from one minute of a degree to three. It thus appears that if a compass or transit be set up in any place, remaining undisturbed for a year, its needle will change its direction every hour in the day and every day in the year, although the yearly change is so small as not to be appreciable from one to another.

There is another variation of the needle caused by mineral attraction in the ground, which often produces error in surveys, if not detected and corrected in time. This attraction is usually not suspected by the surveyor until he finds his work is not coming out right; and then it is sometimes quite difficult to determine the precise location of the disturbing influence, without going over his entire work. But if, as he should do in running lines by the needle, he uses flags both in front and rear, he will usually discover this disturbing influence as soon as he meets it. The writer has detected an error of two and a half degrees, due to local attraction, in a distance of half a mile, which would cause an error of seven rods in that distance.

Another very common misunderstanding is the idea that if a compass be set pointing truly north and south, that by turning it to a right angle it will give a true east and west course, running an indefinite distance in either direction. This is not true, from the fact that while a true north and south line is *straight*, a true east and west line is not straight but *curved*. For a short distance this curvature is not perceptible to the eye, but at the distance of half a mile or more becomes sufficient to lead an inexperienced person into difficulty if not taken into account; the difference between the true and apparent courses increasing rapidly as the length of the course run increases. Thus, in Lat. 42°, a flag set by the needle one mile east will be a little over seven inches two far south of the true point; at ten miles distant it will be about sixty feet in error; at twenty miles, about two hundred and forty feet too far south of its true position; and if prolonged sufficiently the line would finally run to the equator. It is therefore impossible to run a true east and west course by the magnetic needle without computing the error and making the proper correction for curvature. This is not strictly an error of the needle but consists in trying to apply a straight line along a curve—a thing obviously impossible to do.

All north and south lines or meridians, however far apart at the equator, meet at the poles, thus causing what we term a square piece of land to be narrower along its north boundary than on its south side, in the northern hemisphere;—a difference of about sixty-five links or forty-three feet in a U. S. Township six miles square. Therefore while the angles of its boundary lines at its north east and north west corners will include more than 90°, those of the south east and south west corners will be *less* than a right angle.

Another common error is in the supposition that all magnetic needles point in the same direction when set up at the same time and place. On the contrary, if any number of compasses or transits—all first class instruments—be set up side by side it will be found no two point in the same direction; and unless some standard be at hand with which to compare them, no one can tell which of them, if any, is correct. In fact it will usually be found that all are incorrect. On one occasion five first class transits were set up side by side in Salt Lake City for experiment, and were found to disagree from a quarter of a degree to more than two degrees; and the owner of each believed his to be most nearly correct. In view of these facts the Government requires all instruments used in making surveys of the public lands or mining claims to be tested by an official standard before they can be used; and a record is kept

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in the U. S. Land Department, Washington of the kind of instrument used, and the amount of its magnetic error. In addition to this every public land surveyor is required, frequently, to test his compass in the progress of his surveys, by observation on the polar star, to make sure that it is not getting out of adjustment. Also, in making return of any public survey, the U. S. Deputy or mineral surveyor must testify upon oath before a competent legal officer that *none* of his lines have been run by the magnetic needle. If they have been, all his work is liable to be rejected. With all these precautions, serious errors are sometimes discovered subsequently. What then must be the case when no such care is exercised?

The question now arises—if the magnetic needle is so unreliable and uncertain, what is it good for? We answer that in the hands of one who understands its deficiencies and errors and knows how to correct them, it becomes of considerable value, giving a close approximation to a true course, and serving to check the reading of horizontal angles on the compass or transit used.

A true north and south line may be attained by observation on Polaris,(the north star), or by using a solar compass. If the first method be adopted, the instrument is directed to the polar star when it is exactly north, which occurs twice in twenty four hours as the star revolves around the true north point; the exact time for observation being given by tables prepared by authority of Government. The details of the observation will not be given here, but may be seen in any work on surveying.

If the latter method be adopted, a solar compass is used, which gives a true meridian or course at any hour of the day when the sun shines,—not by its needle, but by the position of the sun. The instruments must first be adjusted to the latitude of the place, the sun's declination at the hour when the instrument is used, and allowance made for difference of longitude between Greenwich Observatory, England and the place of observation; also for error of atmospheric refraction and the instrumental error. To use the solar compass, therefore, it is necessary to have a Nautical Almanac at hand, published by the American or English Government; and as the sun's declination sensibly changes every hour, and the latitude, with every mile run north, great care and skill is necessary for its successful employment. This is the instrument which the government requires to be used in the public land surveys, though in certain cases other instruments may be used in making subdivisions. *James H. Martineau.*

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Dr. Abernethy was famous for laconic speeches to patients, and many of his witty sayings are still current. Knowing that he was master of his profession, and that they were in greater need of his services than he of their patronage, he resented any attempt to encroach on his independence.

Once, when summoned in urgent haste to attend on his Majesty George the Fourth, he sent back the impertinent reply, "I will attend upon the king when my lecture at the hospital is over."

His most famous encounter, however, was with Wellington, and for once the Iron Duke found a match who compelled him to retreat. The Duke called to consult him in office hours. His name was sent in to the doctor, and he was shown into the waiting room with other patients. As many of them belonged to the lower classes, and were admitted to the consulting room in their turn before his Grace, the Duke became impatient, and forced his way in, without being summoned. The doctor, who was busy with a patient, looked up with surprise, exclaiming: "How did you get in, sir?" "By the door," was the impassive reply. "Well, sir," said the doctor, "I recommend you to make your exit the same way." There was no alternative. The conqueror of Napoleon was compelled to retreat by a city doctor.

The occurrence was creditable to neither party. Each ought to have apologized for ungentlemanly conduct.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL, 1884.


## STATISTICAL REPORTS.

THE absence of statistical reports at the Young Men's Conference this spring was to be regretted. Not only because it was a neglect of duty by the officers who should have supplied them, but for the reason that at no previous time in the history of the associations could so good a report have been rendered. The increased interest which was manifested early last season in getting the associations started for the winter was maintained quite generally throughout the Territory. As a result an increase of members, more meetings and interesting exercises have followed and a greater work has been done than in any season before. We are enabled to make this gratifying statement from observation at the quarterly conferences, which have been held in nearly every stake, and very numerously attended by the young people.

These conferences are getting to be more interesting each season. Where a full day is occupied by them—and at least that much time should be—the opportunity is given for competitive exercises, to hear reports, attend to the necessary business and receive instructions. The two meetings frequently present such a variety of exercises as to make them exceedingly entertaining and popular. Indeed, in some stakes they are considered by old and young to be the most interesting meetings held. This is especially noticeable where the young people's conferences are held regularly, the adjournment being taken from one quarter to the next, and appointments made accordingly. Under such circumstances the officers are encouraged to exert themselves in making them as profitable as possible, with the very best results. But where no regularity prevails and there is no certainty of another conference following the one being held, the same interest cannot be maintained, nor the same amount of good done. We believe that every superintendent will have discovered this and it should cause them to be unremitting in their efforts, until the young men's conferences shall be as thoroughly established as any other, upon given dates, to which all the young people may look forward confidently, expecting the day to be devoted to them and the institutions which they are engaged in. We look forward to the time when this will be the case universally in the stakes of Zion and when Superintendent Woodruff's observation relating to the general conference of the young men, when he said we ought to have two days time, will be realized. At present the quarterly conferences in the stakes are more regular and, we heard one of the superintendents say of his own stake coference, more interesting than the general conference

There is one difficulty in the way of the young men occupying a whole Sabbath day for their conferences: it is the objection made by the Sabbath school superintendents to closing their schools on such occasions. They say, and we think justly, that the frequency of conferences interrupts the regular work of the Sunday schools and has a very demoralizing effect upon the classes, causing the absence of teachers, even when not demanding the closing of the school. It is said that sometimes conferences, first of the stake, then of the relief societies, then of the young people have followed each other so rapidly as to take three Sundays in one month. Of course that would injure any Sabbath school, however perfect its organization.

So far as the young men's conferences are concerned, this difficulty need not exist and can easily be obviated and

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should be wherever it exists or causes complaint. By occupying the afternoon and evening we will get as much time, and better time as a general thing, for the purpose, than the morning. We will find our Sunday evening meetings will be very popular and there are many reasons why our conferences should take that time instead of the morning.

That we are entitled to one day four times a year for conferences, considering the magnitude of our organization and the interests it embodies, cannot be denied; and if we pursue the proper course and conform to the most convenient arrangements circumstances will admit of it appears to us that each stake superintendent will be able to secure suitable dates and get his quarterly conferences etablished. When this is done he should notify the general superintendent and appointments will always be made for some one to attend.

During the past winter associations have had greater opportunities to labor with the class of young men that especially needs their attention than usual. There being no railroading to take them away and the winter season being longer than usual are causes which have brought scores of members into the associations, and the requirement made to report non-members has also had a similar effect. We were astonished to learn the proportion of the membership to the whole number of young men in Cache stake. It is about eighty-five per cent., and may be that in other stakes. The reports, had they been forwarded in time, would have contained this item, for the first time, and it would be interesting to know how we stand numerically as an association to that part of the population we represent.

It is our belief that seventy-five per cent. of the young men of Utah are enrolled in the Improvement Associations, and their sentiments are expressed in the work of the associations. What a power we would wield if we were doing all that is expected of us with such backing! We could set the fashions, prescribe the moral status that would be required of members of good society and almost regulate the social intercourse and entertainment of the community.

Let us preserve and strengthen our organization. Get our exercises regulated upon the most approved and progressive system, our conferences established, missionary work under wise supervision and see that our reports, in the future, are complete, accurate and supplied in the time required. In this connection secretaries who have not forwarded their reports for the last season yet, are requested to do so. For though too late for the conference yet our general records should show the condition of the work and a summary can be published at any time. We therefore urge the proper officers to see that the reports are sent in even though they are late.

Who lives with cripples learns to limp.

## THE HABIT OF GRUMBLING.

HALF the misery and trouble experienced in this world comes from the imagination of the sufferer. There are some people on the earth who are continually grumbling, who can see nothing that suits them, who have always what they call "bad luck." If we were to believe them, they would impress us with the idea that nature really has given to them a greater share of the ills of life than to other more fortunate individuals. In a certain sense they are right; but nature has not given it to them, they have brought is upon themselves, which is the same in result. The person who is thus disposed sees no blessing that is not mingled with a curse. It is true, every rose has its thorn; but why should we pass by the beauty and finer fragrance of the flower to mourn and fret among its stinging thorns? Why grope and weep in darkness when God has

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given us the smiling sunlight? Why grieve over the somber scenes of approaching night, when we have the ascending sun of morn to cheer and light our pathway?

A person thus disposed will always look at the ills of life, no matter how thickly his path may be set with the pearls of peace, pleasure and good. Do you not know such men? Have you not heard them wherever you have gone? If the winter is very cold and disagreeable, a person of this class worries because he sees signs of disaster; if the winter is mild, the spring will be late; if he raises a good crop, it will all go to pay his debts; if he has been prosperous, he sees where he might have failed; if Heaven grant that a boy be born to him, he desires a girl; yet if he receives a girl, his one wish is that it might have been a boy. Show him the virtues of your friend, and he will recall his failings and parade his faults before you; show him the beauties of the fresh lake and rippling stream, and he points to you the sloughs and slums. How can such a man enjoy life, how can he be good company and a blessing to his race?

Give us rather the man who in all adversity can still see a glimmer of sunshine, who in the darkest night of trouble can still show you the hope that leads to day. There is but little trouble in the world except what we make. We do not mean to carry the idea that there are not times when men will be tried. Clouds will show themselves and hang darkly over the earth even if they have silvery linings. So also will the clouds of sorrow hang over men, dark hours will appear, deep troubles will come; yet in all these a bright side may be found if only search is made, and it is the man who can turn even the worst disasters to serve a cheerful disposition that will live the longest, enjoy life the most, and crown at last his efforts with brilliant victory. Hence, can we not exclaim with Douglas Jerrold:

"Were it not worse than vain to close our eyes
Unto the azure sky and golden light,
Because the tempest-cloud does sometimes rise,
And glorious day must darken into night?"

By all means enjoy life while its bright side appears, and when its hours of darkness come with its weariness, its partings, heartaches, and woes, seek for the brightest spot and find pleasure in the search.

We need not be wild and careless of the sorrows and trials of our fellow men, but it should be remembered that even as "the drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore," so has a cheerful word, spoken with a pleasant spirit, more of soothing joy than volumes of despondent grumbling.

Men should seek joy in their labors, find joy in their religion, and bring it into their homes,

"That it may wave over the childern its silk-woven wing,
And dimple their cheeks like the roses of spring."

The Spirit of God delights to dwell in the heart that is buoyant with hope, and men delight to be in the company of the cheerful. The grumbler and the discontented will neither merit the mercies of God nor the approbation of his fellowmen. *E. H. Anderson.*

## TRINITY CHURCH.

TRINITY Church, an imposing structure, and attractive to the residents of New York City, as well as visitors, is situated on Broadway, directly opposite to Wall Street, of which I propose to give a brief sketch. There are but few persons, at all familiar with the city, but take more or less interest in "Old Trinity." Its history and associations have been intimately connected with New York for more than two centuries. Under King George and under the republic, it has been revered as a temple of honor, and a monument of devotion to the Christian religion.

When Trinity Church was first built

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on this site, it was considered on the northern boundary of the city, it is now nearly on the extreme southern boundary, the city having extended to the north end of Manhattan Island. In this vicinity, Broadway is crowded from morning till night with business men, who with anxious countenance and hurried step are intent upon their engagements as brokers, bankers, merchants, etc. On the Sabbath its chimes in the lofty steeple send forth enlivening peals, inviting the weary stranger to enter its iron gates, and participate in divine worship. It is a fine gothic pile of brown sandstone, and its doors are usually open so that one may in a few seconds abandon the noisy traffic and bustle of Broadway, and the pandemonium of the Stock Exchange which is not more than twenty rods distant, and immerse himself in the interior of this stately building, where a sudden calm, serenity, and solemnity seem to steal over you, whatever may be your creed or profession.

The oaken pews have flowers and scrolls carved upon them, and the groined roof is supported by colonnades of sandstone. The altar and surroundings are cut out of white and red marble, which combined with carn stone, mosaics and cameos, give a chaste appearance, and produce an elaborate effect. The light is softened here, or enriched there as it radiates through its richly stained glass windows, producing in the *tout ensemble* a mellowness of atmosphere that is felt in the Episcopal and Catholic churches and Cathedrals of London, Paris, Rome, and other places.

Trinity Church as a corporation, has the reputation of being the richest corporation in the city, which however is scarcely borne out by the facts. It has enjoyed facilities, there is no doubt, of becoming fabulously rich, whereas its total annual income from all sources does not exceed five hundred thousand dollars per annum, all of which is extended annually in its support and that of seven other churches and chapels it has built, and in contributions to eighteen others, and to various philanthropic and industrial missions.

Soon after the province of New Amsterdam was ceded to the British, which was in the year 1674, the Church of England in America, as the Episcopal denomination was then called, finding the little chapel near the battery too small, solicited of the king a grant of land for church purposes, and in 1697, the fifth year of the reign of William and Mary, a royal grant was made of a parcel of land, then described as "in or near to a street without the north gate of the city, commonly called Broadway." The title given with the grant was "The Parish of Trinity Church." This was supplemented by a further grant in 1705, of "Queen Anne's Farm" a tract of land that extended from Vesey street to Christopher street. The buildings and property now comprised within said limits are now of enormous value; it is questionable if any other real estate of the same extent in the world would equal this in value at the present time, although of but small value at that time, and Trinity Church had need of money, and so parceled it out from time to time, until its real estate, other than its churches and chapels and other charitable institutions is not extraordinarily large.

The first church built upon this site was one hundred and forty feet long, and seventy-two feet broad. The steeple was one hundred and seventy-five feet high, and records of the times say, the interior was "ornamented beyond any other place of worship in the city." This was burned down in the year 1776—just prior to which one hundred and fifty armed men marched into the church with muskets loaded, bayonets pointed, and drums and fifes playing. This was done while Dr. Auchmuty was officiating, who persisted in offering the usual prayer for the king, although he had been loudly cursed and threatened in the streets. The women in the congregation screamed and fainted, at seeing the gleaming weapons enclosing the pulpit of old Trinity, but the parson was a brave man, and was not to be intimid-

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ated or swerved from what he held to be his duty. Death was of less account to him than a cowardly submission to the threatening mob, and he did not omit one word of the objectionable ritual, but he sought the Lord to behold with favor "Our gracious sovereign King George." And the courageous pastor was not molested. But this church was soon after burned down, the rector's house, and the charity school also sharing the same fate.

The church was rebuilt on the same site in 1778, and pews were reserved for the President, the Governor of the State, and members of Congress. In 1839 this church was found to be unsafe, and was pulled down, and the present structure—the third on the site was completed in the year 1846.

Dr. Morgan Dix, the present incumbent is the ninth rector of Trinity Church. The Doctor created some excitement two years ago by his lectures, in which he lifted gently the curtain, and showed some of the follies and sins of what is called genteel society; the sight was so appalling, its flavor so nauseating, and the protests so threatening, that he dropped it suddenly; but the demoralizing practices are continued, while the chimes in the high steeple of old Trinity send forth their melodious proclamation of peace, peace, when there is no peace for the wicked.

The visitor to Trinity Church should not fail to visit the tomb of Alexander Hamilton who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, on the west bank of the Hudson River. It is a credit to the age in which we live, that this barbarous practice has been put down by more just and wise public sentiment, when more rational and humane methods have been devised to vindicate wounded honor. *James H. Hart.*

## THE NAME OF AMERICA.

THE geographies tell us that the name of this continent was derived from that of one of the navigators who followed Columbus—Americus Vespucius. His real name, however, was Vespucci, and Vespucius is the Latinized form of it, just as Americus is supposed to be the Latin for Amerigo. But why should this continent have been called America? If it had been called after Columbus, it would have been named not Christopheria, but Columbia. Why not, then, if Columbus was to be robbed of his honor, call the land Vespucia? And was Vespucci's name Amerigo? Mr. Charles Mackay maintains that it was not. He has seen a very rare volume, published in Milan only nine years after the death of Vespucci, describing his voyages and discoveries, in which his name is given as Albertatio.

Of course it is possible that this was a misprint, though such an error would be unlikely to occur on a title page in those days of careful printing. But Mr. Mackay has not been able to discover when the name America was first applied to this continent. He has a theory that it was not derived from Vespucci's name at all, but came from a Celtic word *imrich*, which means to emigrate, or to go to another country. The idea is a fanciful one; yet there have been stranger formations of names than this would be.

However the name may have been derived, it is certain to stand. The whole world, except France, calls the country America, and spells the name one way. This uniformity is true of no other great country. Deutchland is Germany to the English and Allemagne to the French. England is Angleterre to the French and Inghilterra to the Italians. France is Frankreich to the Germans and Francia to the Spaniards. España is Ispagna to the Italians and Spain to the English, and so on. But America is America. with the same pronunciation to all the world, except France, where it becomes Amerique, and America it will always be.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom better than any other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be.—*Carlyle.*

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# ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

## SEMI-ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The Semi-Annual Conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations was held in the Assembly Hall Friday evening, April 4th. General Superintendent Wilford Woodruff presiding.

The meeting was largely attended and the several stakes fairly represented by their respective superintendents or other officers. Remarks were made by Superintendent Woodruff, who was gratified with the large attendance, and the apparent interest taken by the young people in the cause of improvement. He called upon the following stake superintendents, who reported the condition of the associations of their respective stakes as thriving and better than ever before: H. S. Woolley, Bear Lake; Wm. G. Brough, Morgan; J. F. Allred, San Pete. Junius F. Wells represented that the associations generally had been very prosperous during the past season; that conferences had been quite generally held and largely attended in the various stakes. He regretted that through the failure of certain stake officers to forward their reports it would be impossible to render a statistical report at the present conference.

R. C. Badger expressed the pleasure he realized in laboring among the associations, saying he thought they were doing good in extending the knowledge of the Truth and securing testimonies to the young.

President Woodruff said that he was disappointed in not having a full report presented at this conference. He thought that our interest should be kept up, and predicted that it would get so great in the work in which we are engaged that the time would come when we would not wish to take vacation in the summer, but hold our meetings continuously the whole year round. He blessed the young people and admonished them to faithfulness.

President George Q. Cannon delivered a very impressive brief discourse in which he especially dwelt upon the great advantages of methodical reading. He believed that everybody could find time to read, were they to pursue the proper course, always having a volume near them to take up at odd moments, but pursuing, even under such circumstances, a careful, methodical habit of observing as they read and noting that which would be of interest or use.

President Joseph F. Smith was very much gratified with the work the associations are doing. He observed that the missionary fields were largely supplied from the ranks of the associations and that generally those who have been attentive members make the best missionaries. He asked that the blessings of the Lord might continue to abide with the young people of Zion.

Apostle Moses Thatcher made a few remarks, wisely recommending the officers and members of the associations to read the writings of believers in God, in which they would find more reason and better thoughts than in the works of infidelity—which are designed to corrupt and do injury.

The congregation sang the doxology and the conference was dismissed. Prayer by Apostle Brigham Young.

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## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

1. The early history of China is enshrouded in mystery. The evidences which historians could be justified in accrediting, indicate that the Chinese were originally a nomadic people, having wandered from the region to the south-east of the Caspian Sea along the Yellow River, and settled in the fertile plains of the modern province of Shan-se.

The ancient belief of Chinese writers was that a period of two million two hundred and sixty-seven thousand years had elapsed between the time of creation of man, as the possessor of Chinese soil, and Confucius. This afforded them opportunity to divide that enor

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mous period into a series of epochs and to fill them with the fabulous legends which have been the wonder of historians and students of mythology. The Chinese, however, are of the Mongolian race and are doubtless descended from the universal father Adam, through the lineage of Shem.

2. The book of History, which escaped the universal destruction of books throughout China by order of the Emperor Che Hwang-ti in the year two hundred and twenty-one B. C., having been buried in the walls of the house of Confucius, was discovered when it was pulled down in the year one hundred and forty B. C. It takes us back to about the time of Noah, and consists of a number of records of the Tu, Hea, Shang and Chow dynasties embracing a period from the middle of the twenty-fourth century B. C. to seven hundred and twenty-one B. C. This may be said to be the earliest record the Chinese possess.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY: The progress of Tullidge's Quarterly Magazine is almost phenomenal. It possesses characteristics that distinguish no other periodical in America. It is claimed by the proprietor to be the largest quarterly issued in the Union and certainly none have a greater variety of attractive contents. It may be said, to the credit of this magazine, that since its first issue it has presented an unequalled amount of authentic historical matter which has been lavishly illustrated with the finest steel engravings. In the matter of portrait engraving, Tullidge has done more than any one in the west to preserve in the most artistic and durable style the likenesses of the pioneers of the west, whose names and faces will be revered in generations to come.

The enterprise exhibited by Mr. Tullidge in issuing in connection with his magazine, a history of Salt Lake City, will win for him the gratitude of the community for years to come. He is laboring indefatigably to gather into concise, readable form every item of value or general interest, which should be found on the pages of an authentic history. The two parts already published indicate that his success in this labor will be artistic, thorough and satisfactory to the community. Every family in Salt Lake City ought to read its history. No more useful lessons can be learned by the citizens of the present day, than those taught by the courageous valor, industry, frugality and honesty of those whose devoted lives were consecrated to the founding and building up of a city of refuge in these vallies of the Rocky Mountains.

CRAM'S FAMILY ATLAS OF THE WORLD: An atlas of convenient size, containing authentic tables of statistics and general information is a necessity in the library of every teacher, student, professional person and almost of every family, especially where there are children attending school. To get such an atlas at a reasonable price has been a difficulty in Utah, in times past, but need not be in the future. The above work is one of unusual excellence. It is simple in its arrangement and very complete; containing numerous pages of valuable statistical tables, illustrations and astronomical maps. It contains several maps of the world, full page maps of every country and every State and Territory in the Union, besides comprehensive diagrams, designed to exhibit the comparative sizes of the countries of the world, their population, area, religion and races, products, wealth and commerce, railroads and telegraphs.

We were pleased to peruse the unqualified recommendation of this work by Dr. John R. Park. The agent for Utah is Mr. G. B. Bartley, a gentlemanly canvasser, who is meeting with success in introducing this work to the people of Utah. Parties at a distance can procure the Atlas, postage free, by addressing Mr. Bartley, Salt Lake City, and remitting the price, four dollars.

Good and clean fatherhood is as essential to the highest development of the race as good and clean motherhood.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. MAY, 1884. No. 8.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

### THE DISCOVERY OF THE RECORDS.

JOSEPH SMITH, the youth whom God honored by making him the instrument in His hands of restoring these precious records to the knowledge of mankind, was born in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, on the 23d of December, 1805. When about ten years old his parents, with their family, moved to Palmyra, in the State of New York, in the vicinity of which place he lived for about eleven years; the latter portion of the time in a village called Manchester. Joseph helped his father on the farm, hired out at day-work, and passed his years very much after the manner common to young men in the rural districts. His advantages for obtaining anything beyond the rudiments of education were exceedingly small; he could read without much difficulty, write a very imperfect hand, and had but a very limited understanding of arithmetic. These were his highest attainments. He appears to have been a good-natured, companionable but thoughtful youth, with little or nothing, except perhaps his superior muscular strength, to distinguish him from the lads of the neighborhood. He was a good worker and fond of a frolic, but never attracted any particular attention from the world until it was rumored that he had been visited by an angel; then he became a marked man, an object of hatred, scorn and persecution from the uncharitable, the unbelieving, and the corrupt.

It is perhaps rather difficult for the youth of to-day, surrounded by all the wonders of steam and electricity, and the developments of modern science, to realize the condition of a large part of the people of the United States at the time of the discovery of the Book of Mormon. They mostly lived in houses unpainted, unplastered and altogether devoid of what we should call comfort. A well fed fire in the chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth; the inmates "were roasting on one side while freezing on the other." The household furniture consisted of a few wooden chairs, a plain table, and a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none, or at most very few. The kitchen dressers were adorned with a shining row of pewter plates, and the farmer ate with a buck-handled knife, and an iron or pewter spoon; while the utensils for cooking were a dinner pot, tea kettle, skillet, Dutch oven and frying pan. The people of those times sat in the evening in the glow of a pitch-knot fire, or read by the flickering light of a tallow dip. Then, if the fire went out, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tinder. Only the well-to-do could afford a clock, the rest guessed the hour, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight towards the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor. About the only reading matter in most houses was the Bible, an almanac, and a few school books. Pictures were very rare, and pianos and organs unknown, except in the mansions of the wealthy or the sacred precincts of the sanctuary, —reed organs were, in fact, not invented



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until 1850. Such were the circumstances of the masses of the American people at the time of which we write, and such, no doubt, in its general aspects, was the home in Manchester in which the Prophet Joseph spent his early life.

The circumstances attending Joseph's first vision in the early spring of 1820, when he saw the Father and the Son, have been so often published, and must necessarily be so familiar to our readers, that with this bare reference to the fact we will pass them by. It is sufficient for the purposes of our present research to know that this marvelously important event did happen. Then and there the corner stone was laid of the vast fabric to God's glory of which Joseph was the master builder, when mortal beings alone are considered. This revelation to him of God's actual existence had a marked effect on his after life, still it caused him to arrogate to himself no powers, no authority, nor airs of superiority above his fellows. He continued his labors on his father's farm, nothing of special import occuring; though he suffered serious opposition and persecution from his religious acquaintances who had heard, but did not believe, that which the Lord had done for him.

On the evening of the 21st of September, 1823, he retired to his bed in a serious and contemplative state of mind. He shortly betook himself to prayer to the Almighty for a manifestation of his standing before him, and endeavored to exercise faith in the precious promises of Scripture. We will continue in his own words; he says: "On a sudden a light like that of day, only of a far purer and more glorious appearance and brightness, burst into the room, indeed the first sight was as though the house was filled with consuming fire; the appearance produced a shock that affected the whole body; in a moment a personage stood before me surrounded with a glory yet greater than that with which I was already surrounded. This messenger proclaimed himself to be an angel of God, sent to bring the joyful tidings, that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel was at hand to be fulfilled, that the preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the Gospel, in all its fulness, to be preached in power unto all nations, that a people might be prepared for the millennial reign. I was informed that I was chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about some of his purposes in this glorious dispensation. I was also informed concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, and shown who they were, and from whence they came; a brief sketch of their origin, progress, civilization, laws, governments, of their righteousness and iniquity, and the blessings of God being finally withdrawn from them as a people, was made known unto me. I was also told where there were deposited some plates, on which were engraved an abridgment of the records of the ancient prophets that had existed on this continent. The angel appeared to me three times the same night and unfolded the same things." This angel was the ancient prophet Moroni, now resurrected, who still held charge and custody of the records committed by his father, Mormon, into his care.

The next day Joseph was very much fatigued through the events of the night, and could scarcely work. By the angel's command he told his father what had happened to him. His father believed his testimony and charged him not to fail in attending strictly to the instruction which he had received from the heavenly messenger. Soon after, that is on the same day that Joseph had this conversation with his father, he repaired to the place where the plates were deposited; for the angel had shown him in vision the hill Cumorah and the spot where the sacred records lay concealed.

We will now give a somewhat detailed description of the events that followed, taken from the pen of Joseph's fellow laborer, Oliver Cowdery; and written and published at a time when, had there been any errors, Joseph was alive to

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correct them. What follows originally appeared in *The Latter-day Saints' Messenger and Advocate* in a series of letters addressed by Brother Oliver Cowdery to his friend Elder W. W. Phelps.

"You are acquainted with the mail road from Palmyra, Wayne County to Canandaigua, Ontario County, New York, and also, as you pass from the former to the latter place, before arriving at the little village of Manchester, say from three to four, or about four miles from Palmyra, you pass a large hill on the east side of the road. Why I say large, is, because it is as large perhaps, as any in that country. To a person acquainted with this road, a description would be unnecessary, as it is the largest and rises the highest of any on that route. The north end rises quite sudden until it assumes a level with the more southerly extremity, and I think I may say an elevation higher than at the south a short distance, say half or three-fourths of a mile. As you pass towards Canandaigua it lessens gradually until the surface assumes its common level, or is broken by other smaller hills or ridges, water courses and ravines. I think I am justified in saying that this is the highest hill for some distance round, and I am certain that its appearance, as it rises so suddenly from a plain on the north, must attract the notice of the traveler as he passes.

"The hill of which I have been speaking, at the time mentioned, presented a varied appearance: the north end rose suddenly from the plain, forming a promontory without timber, but covered with grass. As you pass to the south you soon came to scattering timber, the surface having been cleared by art or by wind; and a short distance further left, you are surrounded with the common forest of the country. It is necessary to observe, that even the part cleared was only occupied for pasturage, its steep ascent and narrow summit not admitting the plow of the husbandman, with any degree of ease or profit. It was at the second mentioned place where the record was found deposited, on the west side of the hill, not far from the top down its side; and when myself visited the place in the year 1830, there were several trees standing; enough to cause a shade in summer, but not so much as to prevent the surface being covered with grass—which was also the case when the record was first found.

"How far below the surface these records were placed by Moroni, I am unable to say; but from the fact that they had been some fourteen hundred years buried, and that too on the side of a hill so steep, one is ready to conclude that they were some feet below, as the earth would naturally wear more or less in that length of time. But they being placed toward the top of the hill, the ground would not remove as much as two-thirds, perhaps. Another circumstance would prevent a wearing of the earth: in all probability, as soon as timber had time to grow, the hill was covered, after the Nephites were destroyed, and the roots of the same would hold the surface. However, on this point I shall leave every man to draw his own conclusion, and form his own speculation, as I only promised to give a description of the place at the time the records were found in 1823. It is sufficient for my present purpose, to know, that such is the fact: that in 1823, yes, 1823, a man with whom I have had the most intimate and personal acquaintance, for almost seven years, actually discovered by the vision of God, the plates from which the Book of Mormon, as much as it is disbelieved, was translated! Such is the case, though men rack their very brains to invent falsehoods, and then waft them upon every breeze, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

"First a hole of sufficient depth, (how deep I know not,) was dug. At the bottom of this was laid a stone of suitable size the upper surface being smooth. At each edge was placed a large quantity of cement, and into this cement, at the four edges of this stone, were placed, erect, four others, *their* bottom edges resting *in* the cement at the outer edges of the first stone. The four last named, when placed erect, formed a box, the corners, or where the edges of the four

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come in contact, were also cemented so firmly that the moisture from without was prevented from entering. It is to be observed, also, that the inner surface of the four erect, or rather side stones was smooth. This box was sufficiently large to admit a breast-plate, such as was used by the ancients to defend the chest, etc., from the arrows and weapons of their enemies. From the bottom of the box, or from the breast-plate, arose three small pillars composed of the same description of cement used on the edges; and upon these three pillars was placed the record of the children of Joseph, and of a people who left the tower far, far before the days of Joseph, or a sketch of each, which had it not been for this, and the never failing goodness of God, *we* might have perished in our sins, having been left to bow down before the altars of the Gentiles and to have paid homage to the priests of Baal! I must not forget to say that this box, containing the record, was covered with another stone, the bottom surface being flat and the upper, crowning. But those three pillars were not so lengthy as to cause the plates and the crowning stone to come in contact. I have now given you, according to my promise, the manner in which this record was deposited; though when it was first visited by our brother, in 1823, a part of the crowning stone was visible above the surface while the edges were concealed by the soil and grass, from which circumstance you will see, that however deep this box might have been placed by Moroni at first, the time had been sufficient to wear the earth so that it was easily discovered, when once directed, and yet not enough to make a *perceivable* difference to the passer by."

It appears as Joseph wended his way to the hill Cumorah many conflicting thoughts and fancies passed through his brain. The Evil One tempted him with the suggestion of great gain. His poverty and that of his father's family was presented before him, and, on the other hand, the wealth that would be theirs by obtaining the treasures that the hill concealed. "After arriving at the repository, a little exertion in removing the soil from the edges of the top of the box, and a light pry, brought to his natural vision its contents." He essayed to remove the record but the angel Moroni appeared and stayed his hand; the time for their removal had not yet arrived, Joseph had not yet learned all the lessons necessary to fit him for the peculiar and responsible duties that would attend the custody and translation of the plates. Brother Cowdery continues:

"At that instant he looked to the Lord in prayer, and as he prayed darkness began to disperse from his mind and his soul was lit up as it was the evening before, and he was filled with the Holy Spirit; and again did the Lord manifest His condescension and mercy: the heavens were opened and the glory of the Lord shone round about and rested upon him. While he thus stood gazing, and admiring, the angel said, 'Look!' and as he thus spake he beheld the prince of darkness, surrounded by his innumerable train of associates. All this passed before him, and the heavenly messenger said, 'All this is shown, the good and the evil, the holy and impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you know hereafter the two powers and never be influenced or overcome by that wicked one. Behold, whatever entices and leads to good and to do good, is of God, and whatever does not is of that wicked one: It is he that fills the hearts of men with evil, to walk in darkness and blaspheme God; and you may learn from henceforth, that his ways are to destruction, but the way of holiness is peace and rest. You now see why you could not obtain this record; that the commandment was strict, and that if ever these sacred things are obtained they must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world: they were sealed by the prayer of faith, and because of the knowledge which they contain they are of no worth among the children of men, only for their knowl-

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edge. On them is contained the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to His people on this land, and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it, and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the fold of their Redeemer by obeying it also. Those who kept the commandments of the Lord on this land, desired this at His hand, and through the prayer of faith obtained the promise, that if their descendants should transgress and fall away, that a record might be kept and in the last days come to their children. These things are sacred, and must be kept so, for the promise of the Lord concerning them, must be fulfilled. No man can obtain them if his heart is impure, because they contain that which is sacred; and besides, should they be entrusted in unholy hands the knowledge could not come to the world, because they cannot be interpreted by the learning of this generation; consequently, they would be considered of no worth, only as precious metal. Therefore, remember, that they are to be translated by the gift and power of God. By them will the Lord work a great and a marvelous work: the wisdom of the wise shall become as nought, and the understanding of the prudent shall be hid, and because the power of God shall be displayed those who profess to know the truth but walk in deceit, shall tremble with anger; but with signs and with wonders, with gifts and with healings, with the manifestations of the power of God, and with the Holy Ghost, shall the hearts of the faithful be comforted. You have now beheld the power of God manifested and the power of Satan: you see that there is nothing that is desirable in the works of darkness; that they cannot bring happiness; that those who are overcome therewith are miserable, while on the other hand the righteous are blessed with a place in the kingdom of God where joy unspeakable surrounds them. There they rest beyond the power of the enemy of truth, where no evil can disturb them. The glory of God crowns them, and they continually feast upon His goodness and enjoy His smiles. Behold, notwithstanding you have seen this great display of power, by which you may ever be able to detect the Evil One, yet I give unto you another sign, and when it comes to pass then know that the Lord is God and that He will fulfil His purposes, and that the knowledge which this record contains will go to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people under the whole heavens. This is the sign: When these things begin to be known, that is, when it is known that the Lord has shown you these things, the workers of iniquity will seek your overthrow: they will circulate falsehoods to destroy your reputation, and also will seek to take your life; but remember this, if you are faithful, and shall hereafter continue to keep the commandments of the Lord, you shall be preserved to bring these things forth; for in due time He will again give you a commandment to come and take them. When they are interpreted the Lord will give the holy Priesthood to some, and they shall begin to proclaim this Gospel and baptize by water, and after that they shall have power to give the Holy Ghost by the laying on of their hands. Then will persecution rage more and more; for the iniquities of men shall be revealed, and those who are not built upon the Rock will seek to overthrow this Church; but it will increase the more opposed, and spread farther and farther, increasing in knowledge till they shall be sanctified and receive an inheritance where the glory of God will rest upon them; and when this takes place, and all things are prepared, the ten tribes of Israel will be revealed in the north country, whither they have been for a long season; and when this is fulfilled will be brought to pass that saying of the prophet: 'And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord.' But, notwithstanding the workers of iniquity shall seek your destruction, the arm of the Lord will be extended, and you will be borne off conqueror, if you

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keep all His commandments. Your name shall be known among the nations, for the work which the Lord will perform by your hands shall cause the righteous to rejoice and the wicked to rage; with the one it shall be had in honor, and with the other in reproach; yet, with these it shall be a terror because of the great and marvelous work which shall follow the coming forth of the fulness of the Gospel. Now, go thy way, remembering what the Lord has done for thee, and be diligent in keeping His commandments, and He will deliver thee from temptations and all the arts and devices of the wicked one. Forget not to pray, that thy mind may become strong, that when He shall manifest unto thee, thou mayest have power to escape the evil, and obtain these precious things.'"

Another writer, Joseph's own mother, says:

"The ensuing evening, when the family were all together, Joseph made known to them all what he had communicated to his father in the field, and also of his finding the Record, as well as what passed between him and the angel while he was at the place where the plates were deposited."

Sister Smith states that the next evening "Joseph commenced telling us [his father's family] the great and glorious things which God had manifested to him; but, before proceeding he charged us not to mention out of the family that which he was about to say to us, as the world was so wicked that when they came to a knowledge of these things they would try to take our lives; and when we should obtain the plates, our names would be cast out as evil by all people.

"I presume our family presented an aspect as singular as any that ever lived upon the face of the earth—all seated in a circle, father, mother, sons and daughters, and giving the most profound attention to a boy, eighteen years of age, who had never read the Bible through in his life: he seemed much less inclined to the perusal of books than any of the rest of our children, but far more given to meditation and deep study."

It was probably to meetings such as these that Dr. John Stafford, of Rochester, New York, referred, when interviewed by two gentlemen from Michigan regarding Joseph Smith and the family. The interview runs thus:

"'Joe was quite illiterate. After they began to have school in their house he improved greatly.'

'Did they have school in their own house?'

'Yes, sir; they had school in their house and studied the Bible.'

'Who was their teacher?

They did not have any teacher; they taught themselves.'"

*George Reynolds.*

Let no man complain of the shortness of life, until he has measured the full capacity of a day. Discontent with your gifts destroys the power of those you have, and brings no others.

## MAKING A HOME.

One of the most important duties that devolves upon every civilized human being is to make a home, and the first consideration in making a home should be its healthfulness. For it is in the home that the greater portion of lifetime is passed. Next to its healthfulness comes the consideration of convenience, by this I mean the arrangement of all parts of the home so that the necessary work in it can be done with the least unnecessary labor. Other things are to be governed by the taste and means of those who are to live in the home. Healthfulness should not be sacrificed for any consideration.

In writing on this subject it must be assumed that all have it in their power to make an ideal home, though such is not the case, still all should aim to come

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as near to it as possible. The first thing to be decided upon is the locality. The soil under and near the house should be as dry as possible. Gravelly and free from all organic matter. For this reason ground that is "made ground" is liable to be bad as it may contain more or less organic matter. We frequently see persons fill up uneven ground around their houses with rubbish, which is a dangerous thing to do; for the reason that it decomposes and fills the ground with gases that may be injurious, and they are drawn into the house during cold weather. Every house in the winter acts as a flue and draws into it the air that is under the ground near the house. For this reason it is desirable that there should be a cellar under all the house, well lighted and well ventilated, and the cellar should have a cement floor, and the walls and ceiling should be plastered and should be whitewashed twice a year, and no decomposing animal or vegetable substance ever allowed in the cellar. The fruit and vegetable cellar should be separate from the dwelling.

The house should be so situated and built that every room in it will at some time in the day receive the sunshine. If houses were built, as they might be, with their corners to the cardinal points of the compass, instead of their sides, as is now the case, it would be much easier to arrange them so the sun would shine into every room at some time of each day. It makes little difference how the house is built as long as its inmates continue to shut out all air and sunshine, as they now do, with curtains, for fear the light will take the color out of the carpet and put the color into the cheeks of the inmates of the house.

The kitchen is the most useful and generally the most used room in the house, especially in the winter. It should be a large well lighted room and well ventilated by a hood over the cook stove which runs into a flue along beside the smoke flue to carry off all the gases and vapors made in cooking, that they may not be disseminated through all the house as they so generally are. It is in the kitchen that nearly all the unpleasant smells of the house are generated and they generally find their way through the whole house and help to destroy the happiness and health of the inmates, besides informing visitors that cabbage and onions have lately been a part of the bill of fare. The kitchen should be separated from the rest of the house as much as possible.

The bedrooms should be large and so they can be well ventilated all night, and as few persons sleep in a room as circumstances will permit. It is frequently the case that a number of persons are crowded into one room, particularly in cold weather; it should never be done, as that is one of the most prolific causes of diphtheria, colds, etc. The room which is of the least use is the parlor, and it is generally the best room in the house, and used mostly for show and funerals. If the parlor were more often used, as in many houses it should be, for a bedroom, instead of crowding so many into one room, it would not be so frequently required for the purpose for which it is now too often used. If there is a hall it should be as well heated and ventilated as any of the rest of the house, now it generally contains "dead" air, which is unhealthful and offensive, and the hall is cold so that it is unpleasant to go into, and through, from the rooms which are heated.

There is no reason, except for looks, in having the ceilings higher than the top of the door and windows. It makes an unoccupied space to be warmed in each room, which is a waste of heat. There should be pivoted transoms over every door in the house. The windows, which should be double glazed, if the cost can be afforded, as it is through the window that the heat escapes and the cold comes in, should be hung on weights so they can be easily opened and retained where wanted. The mode of warming should be by open ventilating grates, as they bring in a constant stream of pure, warm air, and carry off all the bad air, no stoves except the cook stove.

If the house while building is planned for the ventilating grate there will be but little extra expense, and that should

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not be considered, for the health and comfort they give far outweigh all consideration of extra expense. The flues should be separate, straight, and smoothly plastered inside that there may be no obstruction to the draft. The most perfect system of heating and ventilating now known is the indirect, low pressure steam heating system. The next is the ventilating grate.

The object of the house is protection from the weather, and the house that gives the most even temperature all the year round with plenty of pure air and sunshine gives the most perfect protection and is the most perfect home. Curtains are objectionable because they shut out the sunshine and they catch the dust and any germs of disease that may be floating in the air and hold them to be knocked off to be breathed by any one going near them.

In a city the question of plumbing has to be considered, and it is a most serious question, for the most perfect house that human skill and means can make may be made a veritable pest house by faulty plumbing; and it is one of those things only an expert can determine, until the harm is done. When a job of plumbing is done by contract, as is usually the case, and by the lowest bidder, it is done by the one who can think of the poorest material and the cheapest work, and in such a case no wonder that the job is poorly done. This way of doing is always wrong. Plumbing should be done by the safest and best way that science and experience can teach and according to the latest improvements, and on honor by reliable and competent workmen, and should be paid for accordingly. This way is much cheaper and better in the end, both in regard to actual expense of means and health.

The first, and last consideration in making a home should be ventilation which means health, as lack of ventilation means sickness, and no house that is so built that the inmates cannot live in it and be healthy is worthy of the name of a house, and is not what I am writing about—a healthful home.

*H. J. Richards, M. D.*

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A party of friends who were boarding at a hygienic establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing?" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this I'll eat beef three times a day!"

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## THE POWER OF SONG.

The sun had sunk in the distant west,
And tinged the floating clouds with gold;
Which threw an air of coming rest,
O'er canyon deep, and mountain bold.

Suspended there the twilight seemed,
Upon that crowded, tented spot;
On all around its lustre beamed,
As if to question, but could not.

Upon the heights which frowned on high—
On every jutting point arrayed;
Were batteries, breastworks, much that I
Deemed for a sure destruction made.

And all upon the tented ground,
Were bristling arms of deadly power;
Which glistened as the camp-fires round,
Danced up that solemn sunset hour.

Men's forms were flitting far and near—
The groups could here and there be seen;
What brings those countless warriors here?
Did conquest, power, or glory's dream?

Have they been drawn from happy homes
By force or fraud of kingly reign?
By laws enrolled in ponderous tomes?
I ask the question yet in vain.

But hark! Upon the listening ear,
Borne on the gentle evening breeze;
Come strains that savor not of fear,
Of bloodshed, or inglorious ease.

Stirring the fountains of the heart,
By its harmonious solemn swell;
Ah—well, the listener now may start
And captive be to that sweet spell!

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For that is one of Zion's songs—
One of the brightest, richest, best;
Which to her worship now belongs
Within the chambers of the west.

Be still my heart—my pulse, be still,
And drink of that seraphic strain;
Which now increased would bind my will,
And memory with its golden chain.

Come bless the bard by God inspired,
To tell of scenes so long ago;
Or by prophetic impulse fired,
Of home, when done with Time, below.

* * * *

The interest deepens of that hour,
As darkness veils the roseate sky,
And twinkling stars mark Father's power—
Those gems which deck the dome on high.

Ah, still that music 'round me floats,
Now echoed as by mountains bound,
Distilling from its richest notes,
The peace of God, as snowflake 'round.

Above that congregated host,
The angels bent a listening ear;
For to my contemplation, most
'Twas as the gate of heaven near.

* * * *

The hymn has ceased, but yet its spell
Seems fastened on each spirit there;
Deep silence reigns, but mark it well,
In glistening eye, and falling tear.

More precious these than sculptured urn,
Or monument of marble rare;
Than obelisk at every turn,
Such as the world's great heroes share.

Enshrined within the heart of hearts,
Of thousands of earth's noblest, best;
The deepest homage freely starts,
Throughout the vallies of the west.

Ah, millions more now scattered wide,
Through every land shall come and bow
In Zion's courts to swell the tide
Of song, as sing those warriors now.

The mystery then, is solved, and more—
The question answered—I'm content—
These legions and the arms they bore,
Are not for blood or plunder meant.

They are not in the canyon's shade
The "reign of terror" to extend,
Nor are they by proud monarchs made
Through peaceful nations war to send.

But in the noblest cause they stand,
Defence of home and blood-bought right;
Greater than any Spartan band
Enrolled on history's pages bright.

These are the warriors God hath raised,
No man-invented sign they bear;
No national feeling now is raised,
Obedience is the watch-word there.

'Tis by its power a kingdom grows
To revolutionize the world;
Its standard, Truth, will not its foes
To utter nothingness be hurled?

God's Prophet leads—a chosen man—
Ordained a king and priest to reign;
So Israel leads the daring van,
Man's great redemption to obtain.

* * * *

The song that stirred the listening ear,
That angels brought in hosts around;
That fired the heart of each one near,
And sank in reveries' depths profound.

Was "Oh, my Father," which when felt,
Chains not alone the common man,
But bids the sturdiest heart to melt,
*This*, through the "hosts of Israel" ran.

Invincible the legions are
Who sing such strains with one accord
They quail not at the din of war,
But fighting, pray, and serve the Lord

They hail the time to come when one
Shall chase his thousand, bid them flee,
And two shall make "ten thousand" run—
The power of God so strong shall be.

By Priesthood men shall rule and reign,
Its influence wield from sea to sea;
Earth's myriads shall their rights regain
From tyrants and oppressors free.

* * * *

Oh, had I that poetic fire
Which stirs the pulse and binds the heart;
Which as one man can hosts inspire,
In worship or in war to start.

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I'd barter crowns, or emperors sway,
  Care not for glory, trump of fame,
Content to live my common day,
  And with the humblest have my name.

Yet I would weave a wreath of song,
  Would twine a chaplet of the bay,
And bring "Forget-me-not" along,
  To crown the poet day by day.

For I have felt her spirit-spell,
  To it my heart doth freely bow,
And duty, pleasure, bids me tell
  Thine honored name—Eliza Snow.

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

## RESPONSE TO "THE POWER OF SONG."

I hear a voice—'Tis rich and sweet;
  I feel its charm and list to hear;
As when luxuriant breezes meet,
  Its music falls upon the ear.

Whence comes it? From the spicy grove
  Where nymphs and swains delight to stray;
From arbors with gay flowerets wove,
  Where cascades flow and streamlets play?

Or comes it from the rich saloon,
  Where steaming cup and sparkling bowl,
Impart the invigorating boon,
  T' inspire the heart and cheer the soul?

Or comes it from the blazing hearth,
  Where wives and children smile around?
O, no; it comes from wintry dearth,
  Where life's choice comforts are not found.

Speak not of Ida's towering height,
  Nor of Parnassus' glowing fires;
They're in the shade. Celestial light;
  The hearts of Israel's hosts inspires.

The Muse's attic numbers swell,
  Poetic strains sublimely flow;
Where tented groups of warriors dwell,
  Amid the mountain's frost and snow.

'Tis not for carnage—not for blood—
  'Tis not to practice stealth or fraud—
'Tis not on others rights to intrude,
  That Zion's troops are found abroad.

The will of God, those brave men know,
  And from His will they dare not swerve;
Their hearts are set on peace—they go
  The peace of Zion to preserve.

They serve the God of battles, and
  Th' insignia of the truth they wear;
By Prophet's word they move or stand,
  "Obedience is the watchword there."

That single line expresses more,
  The tactics of the Gods on high,
Than all earth's military lore
  For scores of centuries gone by.

While union and obedience reign
  In Israel's camps, we need not fear,
For Zion's warriors will maintain
  Our rights, our peace, our safety here.

To them, O Father, e'er dispense
  The gifts of Thy protecting care;
All those who stand in her defence,
  Will Zion's future glories share.

Not in their proudest, manliest hour,
  Could Ilion or Ionia boast;
So much of Godlike union's power
  As reigns in Zion's princely host.

And yet a test—a test is near,
  The Saints' integrity to prove;
How blest whom neither hope nor fear,
  Nor life, nor death hath power to move.

* * * *

That song—all truthful songs are given
  For Zion's sake, the Saints to cheer—
To lift the heart to home and heaven
  While toiling pilgrim strangers here.

The spirit which at first inspired
  "That song" inspires whene'er 'tis felt,
That Spirit with devotion fired
  And caused those warriors hearts to melt.

Not unto us—but to the Lord,
  Each tribute and all praise belongs,
For each effusion of the bard,
  For all of Zion's sweetest songs.

*E. R. Snow.*

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# THE JEWS.

THE Jews are an astonishing people; I never meet them in society, or on the thoroughfare even in a menial employment but a feeling of veneration and awe predominates in my mind; not as regards the men, but the moral association connected with them; they are the literal descendants of Abraham, bearing the physique and features of their great and good prototype. They are found in every country upon the habitable globe, often plodding their weary way, yet with patience and endurance, in meekness and humility that is most exemplary, interfering with no one, yet alas! how awfully they have been maltreated! "Scattered and peeled," a mark for every inhuman shaft in every land; deprived, not only of their birthright inheritance, but often robbed of their hard earnings for which they have so persistently labored! As serfs have they toiled, truly in the sweat of their brow, and in every form of menial employment; but on, on they toil, silently, perseveringly—as though they saw plainly the object of their pursuit, and where and when to lay their hands upon it.

Seeing them thus, the thinking mind runs back, as a spark along the electric chain of memory, in its thousand links in their national history, summed up in the descendants of Abraham! Take a glance at their marvelous history: Abraham—Egypt—the Red Sea; pause for a moment amid the thunderings of Mount Sinai—when the voice of the Almighty was heard, as He passed in His burning glory, when the mountain shook at His presence; cross the Jordan, and compass the wall of Jericho; follow them to Jerusalem, view Solomon in all his glory and "the Temple on Moriah's brow." Then turn to the dust and ashes of the once mighty Babylon, the city sitting solitary, she that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces! Listen to the weeping among the willows by Babel's streams—See them restored again, the tribeship and the legislative power, and their genealogy distinct through all, though, alas! debased. Behold from its obscurest city, out of one of two remaining tribes, and meanest family, a Deliverer stands forth in the person of Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary and the Son of God! And what then? Why, pass over the labors, the journeyings—the watchings, the miracles, the endurings, the persecutions, the meekness and the might, the glory and the sufferings, and the shame of Him, who "thought it not robbery to be equal with God;" yet in the form of a servant He labored, committing His way unto Him who hath exalted Him, giving Him a name above every name! Let us try and realize, if we can, the scene of that eventful morn, when the living tide rolled through the portals of Jerusalem, when prince and beggar, soldier and Pharisee—the young and the old, the bond and the free—the nation's furious multitude, all crying for His blood! No, we cannot realize the doings of that awful, that tremendous day—"It was the earth's consummate hour!" It is a troubled retrospect too deep for tears! the mind feels paralysed in the contemplation: no language can convey the vast destinies affected by that awful day and hour!

"Worlds upon worlds—eternal things,
Hang on Thy anguish, King of Kings."

The destruction of Jerusalem, the dispersion of the people, their miseries over, a cycle of nearly twenty centuries, are sweepings of the storm from the bolt that burst on Calvary; but who is the thorn-crowned martyr? at the voice of whose words the earth quakes, the rocks rend, the graves open and yield up their dead. Who is He? Behold it is written in the superscription of His accusation, He is a King! and "*King of the Jews!*"

Surely a deep mystery rests under that superscription, written by a heathen, who wist not that an Almighty power guided his hand and confirmed the eternal purposes of God! Yes, King of the Jews. And not all the scepticism and misinterpretation among the Gen-

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tiles, or the rejection of Him by the Jews, can annul that emphatic claim, demanded before the great council of the nation and not disallowed by the wavering heathen who inscribed it, that among the nations and rulers of men there is still a peculiar people to be exalted, in due season, for a blessing to the earth—the seed of Abraham, after the flesh—and that the throne of the kingdom of this people is preserved for one King, called King Jesus!

Poor Jews! chronicle and epitome of the glory and degradation of man! Would that the day of your redemption were arrived; for, in the lifting up of your dead what momentous, what mighty consequences are made to depend! True it is, the just judgments of an offended God are accomplished in the bitter experience of this guilty people, even by the wrath of men; but will this justify those who are made a scourge, in the day of His appearing? Will it palliate the sin of any portion of the Christian Church which treats lightly the appointments of God's wisdom and infinite love? The pages of history proclaim the mysterious fact, that the instruments, whether persons or nations, who have been used to chastise this people, have been made signal examples of the vengeance of heaven. God is a wise and unerring Judge, a tender and jealous Parent, a holy and just God! His judgments are just and past finding out. If He hath been faithful in His judgments, will He not be much more so in His mercies? Especially when He recalls the promise He made to Abraham, that "in His seed should all the nations of the earth be blest." This blessing was conferred upon him by his obedience in offering up his son Isaac according to the command of God, and his whole life was one scene of obedience to the mind and will of God!

Paul, in his masterly exposition of the standing of the Jews to the Church of Christ, exclaims, "What shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" And like as he doth award indignation, and wrath, tribulation, and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; so doth He bestow glory and honor to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

*Hannah T. King.*

False modesty is the last refinement of vanity. It is a lie.—*Bruyere.*

## THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

II.

"There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still quiring to the young eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls.
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

THE power of the invisible should control, not the visible. The latter is evanescent and changeable, the former enduring as eternity. Worlds, systems and men live, die and decay, for the fiat from eternity's King has gone forth, and death claims them; but intelligence and faith, which formed, moulded and controlled them, continue on in their endless cycle. The course of God is "one eternal round," and each successive change is significant of wonderful things. They point from mortality to immortality, from earth to heaven. They enforce investigation, they compel hope, and reason follows with faith. But too often the divine truth is forgotten, that "earthly things are typical of heavenly things." The earthly takes too much attention, the heavenly is forgotten, and a lesson of nature unheeded.

"The works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being."

An unseen influence, different from

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any yet noticed, has often been observed and remarked. We refer to the subtle, powerful bond often existing between two or more persons, who, though miles intervene, influence each other to a remarkable extent. The absent husband and father has a vague uneasiness, an undefined feeling that all is not well at home, and, impelled by this feeling, returns to find some member of the family dangerously ill. Husbands and wives, separated from each other, have unmistakably known when the absent one was suffering or in danger, and when wounded unto death, the one surviving has been able to tell the place and manner of the accident and the wounds which proved fatal before the least intimation had been received that anything was wrong. We have imputed this power to a harmonious bond existing between the persons themselves, but it may be a higher power gives the feeling and cognizance each has of the other. Whatever the cause, the effect is known and the strength of one more invisible chain is shown.

Not less noticeable is the influence which every person more or less exerts upon companions. The naturalist would explain this as caused by eclectrical, chemical or some other affinity. This may and undoubtedly does explain some phases of the subject, but far from all. A person living a moral life —a man of God—has an appearance vastly different from an abandoned, immoral individual, and a person capable of feeling spiritual influences can readily appreciate the influence which has moulded the exterior of each as differently. One who is morally degraded has an influence upon the pure and virtuous similar to what a snake or viper would have, while none fall so low but they have unacknowledged respect for innocence and purity, and involuntarily reverence the possessor thereof. These views are not mere brain fancies, but facts in life which experience has caused many people to entertain. Little can be said in favor of materialism in the sense generally used. All the visible material can easily be changed into the invisible material. The hardest substance may become an invisible vapor. The force of heat above mentioned is an invincible power in changing even adamant into vapor and gases, and a popular scientific theory explains the evolution of the solar system in its present form from a gaseous and partly invisible condition. If it was so once, it may become again in its former state when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

On all sides is the materialist bounded. He can hardly fail to entertain the agnostic view that,

"At the end of every road there stands a wall,
Not built by hands—impenetrable, bare.
Behind it lies an unknown land, and all
The paths men plod lead to it and end there."

The visible is restrained with an insurmountable barrier. Its circuit is bounded, its horizon marked and its power circumscribed. To become stronger, it must become invisible. The transcendent power of life and intelligence has but a modicum of force, "whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly clothe it in." But even though thus confined, it may, in the unseen realm, where "Reason is king and Love is queen," increase its horizon and catch an occasional glimpse of the hazy, misty beyond. By living more in that realm, life will be ennobled and take a higher plane. Sense ministers to passion, and passion is the child of mortality, and its refractory whisperings can only be chided by the voices of Inspiration and Reason. The subtle bond between the infinite and finite will become stronger and the celestial harmony from immortal souls will be wafted to the understanding through mediums more refined than the organs of sound.

Mind is the sovereign, matter the serf. The unseen commands and the seen obeys. The visible must pay court to the invisible and augment its power. "My heart is moved within me when I think of the great miracle which still goes on in *silence* around me." In silence the orbs of heaven whirl along their course. Noiselessly worlds and systems accomplish their stupendous tasks. Harmoniously quiescent nature acknowledges

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the artistic hand of the Supreme Ruler. Who would rule wisely must first govern himself. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

*J. L. Robison.*

The earnest men are so few in the world that their very earnestness becomes at once the badge of their nobility; and as men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who seems eager to force himself through it, so the way is made open to one who rushes zealously toward some object lying beyond the crowd.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his character.—*Emerson.*

## QUEBEC AND MARITIME PROVINCES.

FROM Montreal to Quebec is a journey of one hundred and eighty miles. On either side of the river are populous towns, well cultivated farms and beautiful landscapes; but as the river is now several miles wide, the ordinary passenger is apt to take but little notice of these. If, however, he is of a mechanical turn of mind, he will not fail to notice the surpassing strength, swiftness and symmetrical beauty of the iron steamers which leave Montreal daily for Quebec, Charlottetown, Sidney and Newfoundland. Already thousands of Americans, as well as Canadians, destined for Europe prefer the St. Lawrence route; making close connections at Halifax or St. Johns with the Atlantic steamers plying between New York and Liverpool.

The approaching completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway is already increasing the prosperity of Quebec and the gulf ports. When that great commercial thoroughfare shall be opened to the public, passengers from China, Japan or British Columbia, going to Europe, will find the St. Lawrence route from three to five days shorter than any American route via New York. St. Johns, Newfoundland, it should be remembered, is more than twelve hundred miles northeast of New York, and only eighteen hundred distant from Liverpool. It is thus easily to be seen that St. Johns holds an intercontinental position, and will play an important part in the commerce of the near future.

The voyage from Montreal to Quebec is usually made in fourteen hours; and as the intelligent traveler for the first time gazes on the promontory and citadel of Quebec, what a crowd of historical associations throng his memory! There, on the open space just west of the city, was fought that memorable battle of "The Plains of Abraham," where the armies of the two greatest nations of modern Europe contended for the dominion of the Western Continent; nay, more, it determined the future policy of France and England, and paved the way for American independence. There, near the centre of the battlefield, are seen two monuments; the one commemorating the death of Wolfe, the English general; the other that of Montcalm, the French general, and governor of Canada. It is deserving of mention that both of these were men of exalted private character—worthy representatives of the noble races who there contended. There, just above the city, is seen that rugged and nearly precipitous rock, on whose southern face may be seen a few straggling juniper bushes, similar, no doubt, to those which grew there when the brave and hardy Highlanders, under General Wolfe, climbed that perilous steep, on the night before the battle.

The fortifications of the city, though of large dimensions, appear diminutive in comparison with the massive and frowning precipice on which they stand. But what mean those black spots or holes in the face of the rock, and not far from the top? Ah, that is the question; for its

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answer gives the key to England's Canadian policy. These dark spots are simply portholes from which may be fired some of the heaviest missiles known to modern artillery. Behind these portholes are vast chambers excavated in the solid rock, in which are stored not merely munitions of war, but likewise provisions, capable, it is said, of supplying a garrison of seventy thousand men for a whole year; or ten thousand men for seven years. By means of a shaft, or well, the garrison is supplied with water from the bed of the St. Lawrence; and the whole arrangement of the fortress is such as to give it the name of the Gibraltar of America.

At the foot of the cliff, and close to the water's edge, is a row of buildings consisting of warehouses and shanties; the latter being the dwellings of boatmen and those connected with the lumber trade. When coming down the river, it is only when we are fairly past the fortress that the city becomes visible. There, in a little valley or cove nearly two miles in length and half a mile in breadth and facing the east, is nestled the ancient capital of Canada, or New France, as it was then called. The high hills to the west and north protect it from winds, and were it not for the rigors of the winter season, the lovely bay of Quebec, or St. Charles, as it is generally called, might rival that of Naples in picturesque beauty. As it is, it is beautiful in summer; on the eastern side are many fine suburban residences, and, with the Isle of Orleans immediately in front, forms a commodious harbor, where half the shipping of the world could safely ride at anchor.

The city itself is decidedly peculiar. Tall antique buildings of Norman architecture are mingled with those of more modern design; the streets, as a rule, are narrow; those running parallel to the bay are well paved and comparatively level; but those crossing them at right angles are so steep that it is necessary to have steps on the sidewalks, by which to ascend them. On the streets you will scarcely see a genuine American costume once in a fortnight, while the tall-capped British grenadiers, the swarthy heavy-bearded fur-traders of the North, and the nervous frisky French-speaking people make up a street scene more easily remembered than described.

In sailing down the Gulf of St. Lawrence the most important island lies near the southern shore. It is named Prince Edward Island, is one hundred and forty miles in length and thirty-four in breadth. Had this country been settled when Sir Thomas More wrote his romance of Utopia, we might fancy that it was from this place that he derived his model. This little country is unique in many particulars. Though possessing an area of less than three thousand square miles, it has a well organized local government, an independent railway, telegraph and postal system; a system of common schools, internal revenue and coinage of its own. The features of this country are softer than those of its neighbors; there are no mountains, but gentle and fertile undulations, clothed to the water's edge with valuable woods and rich verdure. The north shore is very beautiful; there are many cheerful villages, and broad stretches of farming land, with small lakes, shady harbors and numerous streams to diversify its scenery. Charlottetown, the capital, is beautifully situated near the head of Hillsborough bay, in the south-east part of the island. It contains a population of nine thousand inhabitants, the tiny Parliament and other government buildings, besides extensive docks for shipbuilding. The population of the island is upwards of one hundred thousand; the schools number more than two hundred and the churches proportionately. The governor is appointed by the English crown and the internal government is similar to other provinces of the Dominion. Ten or a dozen papers are published on the island and at times its society is convulsed with a mustard-pot storm of politics. Prince Edward Island is more favored in climate than any other section of Canada. It has neither the extremes of heat and cold as in Quebec, nor the fogs of Nova

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Scotia and Newfoundland. The air is dry and bracing, and fevers and consumption are almost unknown.

The other maritime provinces are New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. All of these are deeply indented with arms of the sea, and are therefore adapted for the home of a seafaring people. Shipbuilding, fisheries and foreign commerce are the characteristic employments of the people. Nova Scotia possesses the most extensive coal fields; Newfoundland excels in fisheries; Prince Edward Island boasts the finest climate, but New Brunswick takes the lead in shipbuilding. The vast forests of oak and elm, beech and maple, birch, larch and spruce trees which this province contains, furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of materials for the construction of vessels of all dimensions. It is by these facilities that the maritime provinces have raised the Canadian marine to its present importance. So high has the reputation of New Brunswick shipbuilders risen that their vessels are in great request even in England, and an agent of Lloyd's establishment resides permanently in the province to watch over its shipbuilding interests. The climate of these regions is salubrious, though sometimes unpleasant, especially on the shores of Cape Breton and Newfoundland, by reason of the extensive fogs which there prevail. The people are generally healthy and robust and the age of one hundred years is often reached in vigor of mind and body. The population of the maritime provinces numbers less than a million. Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, is beautifully situated on the south-east coast, and strongly fortified both by nature and art. It possesses one of the finest harbors in the world, and is the rendezvous for the British navy in the Western Hemisphere. *J. H. Ward.*

The sadder the singers that sweep the keys,
The sweeter will be the strain.

## NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

If you should see, for the first time, the brokers in the New York Stock Exchange (founded near the close of the last century), as you may easily do, by stepping up a single flight of stairs from Wall Street into either of the two galleries, you would be excusable for believing yourself in a mad-house. The great room, or hall, about one hundred by forty feet, with walls and lofty ceiling handsomely frescoed and decorated, does not look in the least like a lunatic asylum; but the crowd of men on the marble floor below you certainly act like maniacs.

There are hundreds of them, all nicely and fashionably dressed, shouting, gesticulating, moving rapidly, nervously about, most of them with pencils or stylographic pens and small books in their hands, dashing down something every few seconds, and then lifting their arms and voices again, as if to add to the general confusion and uproar. Not a word, although they scream, is intelligible to you or to anybody else in the galleries; you could hardly be persuaded that they are bawling except for the sake of bawling. If they really wish to be understood, they must either be using a language you are unacquainted with, or talking a kind of gibberish peculiar to the Exchange. Can they be serious or sane? They are very serious, and they think themselves the sanest of the sane. They are doing their regular business, buying and selling stocks. They are Bulls and Bears; the Bulls being those trying to put prices up, and the Bears those trying to pull prices down.

What sounds in the gallery so meaningless to you, and to every outsider, is perfectly clear to the men on the floor. They are calling out One hundred, New York Central; Three hundred Burlington and Quincy; Two hundred Michigan Southern; One thousand Western Union; Seven hundred Northern Pacific Pre-

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ferred, or Ten thousand United States Currency sixes. When a broker wishes to buy or sell, he lifts his arm to attract attention, and names the kind and amount of security. Bids are made by shouts; when any of these is accepted, the broker nods in a certain way, and the matter is settled. The buyer makes a rapid memorandum of the transaction; the seller does the same, and the security, whatever it may be, is delivered either at the close of bank hours, or at the time agreed upon.

From the beginning to the end of the year, all transactions are conducted in this manner. Hundreds of millions of dollars change hands with nothing more than a gesture, a shout and a nod. You would suppose that mistakes must constantly be made. But this scarcely ever happens. The brokers are used to the din, and practice has made them perfect in the difficult art of doing business in the midst of this apparent chaos.

The exchange has a membership of eleven hundred, about six hundred members being active. The rest are either old or elderly men who keep their seats (it is styled a seat, probably, because a broker very seldom sits down), though partly retired, or men of ample means who live or are traveling abroad. The active members are mostly young or youngish, very few of them being beyond middle age. They certainly behave like big boys, just released from school, so full are they of frolic and fun. Dignity or repose is the last and least thing they care for or esteem. Indeed, they are opposed to anything like the assumption of either. Often when some distinguished stranger is introduced upon the floor, they ridicule him, and play jokes at his expense, even fastening papers with derisive phrases, to his coat-tails, or hustling him rudely, or knocking his hat over his eyes. And the more distinguished a stranger is, the more boisterous and impertinent they are apt to be.

Their sportiveness is particularly shown at Christmas time, when hundreds of the brokers, some of them fifty years old and more, appear on the floor blowing whistles and tin trumpets, winding rattles and beating toy drums—often presents for their children—after the manner of street urchins. As very little is done, usually, during the holidays, they then give themselves extraordinary license, and so, perhaps, relieve their minds from the strain they are generally under while at the Board. The scenes there at Christmas-tide are curious to witness. Nowhere else in civilization, it may be safely asserted, do solid men of business, a good proportion of them millionaires, behave so ridiculously.

Another day of amiable riot is what they style White Hat Day—in early September—when they call in, as they put it, the white hats. The summer having then fairly passed, they show their knowledge and appreciation of the fact by knocking off and trampling on every white hat worn by any of their brother brokers at that date. No white hat is seen there but comes to immediate grief. It is struck off, trodden on, kicked around, so battered and marred that, after passing the severe ordeal of the Board, it would not bring five cents in any second-hand shop in Chatham Street. Naturally, some of the owners of the forbidden and broken hats get angry at their treatment, although they might have been prepared for it; but the brokers do the mischief so rollickingly, with such an overflow of spirit, that, the vexation soon dispelled, they in turn become the uncompromising enemies of their associates' white hats. Fun, even when boisterous and violent, is contagious, and after a few minutes of this horse-play, the frowns of the gravest brokers yield to sympathetic laughter.

The price of membership, or a seat at the Board, as it is generally called, varies greatly, though as a rule it steadily advances. Many years ago it was only a thousand dollars. Recently it was thirty-five thousand dollars; but the long dulness of the stock market has caused a decline from that figure of ten thousand or twelve thousand dollars. The latest sale reported was at twenty-eight thousand dollars. When a broker owns a seat he cannot be deprived of it except



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by dismissal from the Exchange for violation of its rules. Otherwise, it belongs irrevocably to him, and to his heirs, in case of death. This is a fortunate provision; for when brokers fail so badly that they cannot resume business, they still have their seat, the sale of which will give them something to live on, if deprived of other income.

Brokers are continually failing, as they must, with the endless changes in the market and the risks they are always taking. At a particularly excited period they are in constant danger, and may be forced to suspend any hour. Wall street is as uncertain as the wind. When a broker has been honorably unfortunate, no matter what his losses, his fellows are willing and glad to come to his aid. They will accept almost any compromise he is justified in offering; they not infrequently cancel obligations due them in order to get him started again. Such cancelings are seldom taken advantage of but for a time of stress. When the broker fully recovers himself, he is pretty certain to pay his creditors dollar for dollar, with interest. Much as the brokers are misrepresented and abused, they are noted for their delicate financial honor, and they are generous to a fault. Their pocket-books are ever open to every appeal for assistance or charity. They give away more money than any other body of men in New York, or in any city under the sun; and yet they make no profession of benevolence. They are inclined to be cynical in speech, but their cynicism rarely reaches their hearts.

The hours of the Board are from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., daily, Sundays and legal holidays excepted. To a stranger all its meetings seem tumultuous and frenzied; but they are very different. A trained eye sees at a glance when things are dull. The sales are sometimes enormous—more than one million of shares daily, representing one hundred million dollars. It often happens that they are too numerous to be recorded. They average, perhaps, two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand shares, though they are occasionally as small as one hundred and fifteen thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand.

When Wall Street is excited, when the Bulls or Bears have control of the market, the galleries are crowded, as is the floor likewise. Nearly every broker then appears to be wholly frantic. The Exchange looks like a mass of whirling arms and jerking heads; a press of bodies sways to and fro; the din echoes and re-echoes from the walls and roof; the roar is deafening; hundreds of throats are clamoring shrilly or hoarsely in their wild hunger for gain. Babal is revived and intensified. The swinging doors of the main entrance in Broad Street, and those leading to New Street, are ceaselessly banging, as the human tide ebbs and flows. The telegraph instruments, if you could hear them, are all clicking like mad, as they ought to do, to agree with the madness raging around them. The telegraph messengers, being little fellows, make their way mysteriously through the packed throng, creeping under men's legs, and climbing almost over their backs, to deliver their dispatches telling of success or disaster, and enjoying the hurly-burly which they blindly increase.

The delirium of speculation is at its height. Scores of men are selling large amounts of stocks that they do not own, and buying heavily what they have not the money to pay for. What does that matter? Speculation is the greed of gold that is hoped for. Click, click, click! Bang, bang, bang! Yell, yell, yell! Roar, roar, roar!

The president waves his handkerchief to a boy, who observes the signal and beats a gong vigorously. It is heard above the crash and strife and noise. The hand of the big clock above the desk is exactly at the point of three; the chairman pounds fiercely with his gavel, and a sudden comparative hush descends upon the exchange. The brokers seem to return to their senses. The transition is almost startling. Speculation, with all its hopes and fears and anxieties, its terrible temptations and its numberless woes, is over—until tomorrow.—*Youth's Companion.*

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# VACATION.

THE question now presenting itself for consideration, is the following: "Is it profitable to adjourn all Association meetings for the summer?" I claim that as members of Mutual Improvement Associations and members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints we have no time for vacations. Is there anyone among us that can acquire so much information in six months pertaining to the things of God and of the way that leads unto eternal life and salvation, that he can afford to remain idle for the other six months in the year? I believe there are none of this class belonging to any of our associations, as we all need to be continually both studying and practicing to become proficient in those things which pertain to our religion; therefore, I claim that it is not profitable to adjourn our meetings for the summer months. We all know from experience, that if we miss a meeting, we begin to lose interest in them at once, and not unlikely, shall stay away from the next, and the next, until we finally lose the good spirit that we once possessed, and we shall be sure to find some other way of spending our evenings that will not be of as much benefit to us. Whereas, if we attend to our meetings regularly (during the summer as well as in the winter), endeavoring to learn, and performing every exercise that is allotted us, to the best of our ability, we shall very soon manifest such an interest, and gain the Spirit of the Lord to such an extent, that we would not miss a meeting for any consideration, that is, if it were possible for us to attend. How much more then will all those who are earnest in their endeavors to improve themselves and their associates miss their meetings if they are discontinued all through the summer months!

I believe that in the fall, when the time comes for recommencement, it will be a hard matter to get the members together again, and the greater number will be out of practice, and feel just as though they were beginning anew. As a natural consequence, it would take some time again to get over that bashfulness and diffidence, which comes in standing before an audience. Whereas, if meetings are continued through the summer, the members will keep on improving and increasing in knowledge, wisdom and understanding, and in fitting themselves for every duty that may devolve upon them as members of our Heavenly Father's Church and Kingdom, which He hath again established "never more to be thrown down, nor given to another people." The young and rising generation will undoubtedly have a great and mighty work to perform in the last days, that is if they prove faithful to their covenants. Let them not therefore lay aside, for one-half their time, the best school ever established for improving and educating them in the understanding of those everlasting truths which lead and guide unto eternal life and salvation. We are told to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good;" now, if the Mutual Improvement Associations have not proven themselves to be a good thing, also a blessing and salvation to the youth of Zion, then I do not know anything that has. In consideration of these things, let us hold fast to the meetings all the year round, and never for a moment entertain the thought of adjourning for the summer.

Those of our young men who are compelled to go away from home during that season to gain a livelihood, should endeavor, while absent, to conduct themselves as becomes servants of God and members of His Church and Kingdom. If they go out in companies to work on the railroads, or to work in the mountains, they should take along some good and instructive books, so that, in the evenings after their day's work is finished, and they are gathered around their camp fires, they can spend their spare moments in reading, and discussing the subjects about which they have been reading; and by so doing, they can improve themselves, and keep up their studies to

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some extent while away from meetings of every kind. How much better would this be than to sit down and play cards, or go to the nearest saloon, and there spend half the night in gaming and in drinking what they may have earned during the day. I understand some of our young men fool away their time in this manner when away from home, but I trust they are not members of our associations who so disgrace themselves. These young men should never omit to pray, morning and evening, to their Heavenly Father, and ask Him for His Holy Spirit to lead and guide them in the ways of truth and righteousness, and to enable them to resist temptations with which they are brought in contact while away from their friends and home, and they should also ask Him to keep them from all harm and danger, seen and unseen, and enable them after their summer's work is over, to return to their homes and families in health and good spirits.

Those of our members who labor in the fields, and who are (comparatively speaking) their own masters, should by all means, spare an hour or two each day or evening for reading and storing their minds with useful knowledge, and where it is possible, they should talk over what they have read with their fellow laborers in the field, and thereby interchange views and ideas with each other, or if they are laboring alone, as is very often the case, they should endeavor to call to mind what they read the evening before, and to think, ponder, and study upon the subject or subjects, and by so doing, impress it more fully upon their minds, and of course, improve themselves thereby. They can surely, also, spare one evening out of each week to attend the meeting of the Mutual Improvement Association; for these and other reasons I am assured that all those who have the interests of this great work at heart would much prefer to have the meetings carried on continuously.

A great many of those who work in shops, such as shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, harness makers, and many others, can just as well talk as not while they work; and why not talk upon the different principles of the Gospel and other subjects of interest, and thus gather much useful information, calculated to improve themselves and each other during every favorable opportunity. These are instances where it is possible to labor and study and think upon other subjects at one and the same time. Those of our members who are clerking or working in stores, have a splendid chance during the dull summer months, when trade is quiet, to read or study any exercise they may be appointed to deliver in the associations to which they belong, and they might as well be reading some good book or else learning some exercise, in preference to standing around waiting for something to turn up, or in idling away their time, neither doing themselves or anyone else any good.

In regard to members from the settlements who sometimes have to go to town on business, to attend meetings, or for any other cause, might it not be said to all such, do try and conduct yourselves as becomes men in your high and holy calling; do not disgrace yourselves and the associations to which you belong by visiting saloons and playing billiards, pool, or other such games that will only lead you into worse habits, all of which are "things wherein there is no profit." This same council will apply to members of associations in town who are in the habit of visiting such places. If young men who commit these wrongs will only turn from the error of their ways, and resolve to do that which is right at all times, it would be a step in the best direction, and would lead to such an improvement that they would soon become an honor to their associations. I think that most have a better chance to improve themselves at home than at any other place, and there we should at all times conduct ourselves with a view to individual improvement, as well as for the improvement of those by whom we are surrounded. Home is also of course the best place for reading and for study, and as members of Improvement

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Associations, we should endeavor, in all our actions, to set a good example before our brothers and sisters, or, if having families of our own, we should be so much more careful to set our children a good example, by being honest and upright, by trying to keep the commandments given unto us of our Heavenly Father, by living humbly and prayerfully before Him, for in so doing, we shall surely gain His approbation. There are a great many vocations in life where it is possible to labor and study at the same time, that is, we can perform bodily labor, and at the same time, study and think upon different subjects with our whole mind and will. Then there are other positions in which some of us are called to labor, such as book-keeping, invoicing, corresponding, or clerking in banks, and other positions that require brain work, and to which we have to give our whole time and attention, so that in such cases it is impossible to labor and study at the same time. But as the actual working hours of this class are comparatively short, they have plenty of spare time for study, either before or after business hours. As the number of members that cannot possibly attend meetings during the summer are very few compared with those who can and will attend, I trust that all those who are interested in the great cause of improvement will lend their influence and best efforts in endeavoring to have meetings convene all through the summer, so that each member may continue in well doing, and be enabled to "make hay while the sun shines."

*H. W. Naisbitt, Jr.*

## SCHUBERT THE COMPOSER.

THE great masters of the last century tried their hands in the domain of song with only comparative success, partly because they did not fully realize the nature of this form of art, partly because they could not limit the sweep of the creative power within such limits. Schubert was a revelation to his countrymen in his musical treatment of subjective passion, in his instinctive command over condensed epigrammatic expression. This rich and gifted life, however quiet in its exterior facts, was great in its creative and spiritual manifestation. Born at Vienna of humble parents, January 31, 1797, the early life of Franz Schubert was commonplace in the extreme, the most interesting feature being the extraordinary development of his genius. At the age of fourteen he had made himself a master of counterpoint and harmony, and composed a large mass of chamber-music and works for the piano. His poverty was such that he was oftentimes unable to obtain the music-paper with which to fasten the immortal thoughts that thronged through his brain. It was two years later that his special creative function found exercise in the production of the the two great songs, the "Erl-King" and the "Serenade," the former of which proved the source of most of the fame and money emolument he enjoyed during life. It is hardly needful to speak of the power and beauty of this composition, the weird sweetness of its molodies, the dramatic contrasts, the wealth of color and shading in its varying phrases, the subtilty of the accompaniment, which elaborates the spirit of the song itself. The piece was composed in less than an hour. One of Schubert's intimates tells us that he left him reading Goethe's great poem for the first time. He instantly conceived and arranged the melody, and when the friend returned after a short absence Schubert was rapidly noting the music from his head on the paper. When the song was finished he rushed to the Stadconvict school, his only *alma mater*, and sang it to the scholars. The music-master, Rucziszka, was overwhelmed with rapture and astonishment, and embraced the young composer in a transport of joy. When this immortal music was

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first sung to Goethe, the great poet said: "Had music, instead of words, been my instrument of thought, it is so I would have framed the legend."

The "Serenade" is another example of the swiftness of Schubert's artistic imagination. He and a lot of jolly boon-companions sat one Sunday afternoon in an obscure Viennese tavern, known as the Biersack. The surroundings were anything but conducive to poetic fancies; dirty tables, floor, and ceiling, the clatter of mugs and dishes, the loud dissonance of the beery German roisterers, the squalling of children, and all the sights and noises characteristic of the beer-cellar. One of our composer's companions had a volume of poems, which Schubert looked at in a lazy way, laughing and drinking the while. Singling out some verses he said: "I have a pretty melody in my head for these lines, if I only had a piece of ruled paper." Some staves were drawn on the back of a bill-of-fare, and here, amid all the confusion and riot, the divine melody of the "Serenade" was born, a tone-poem which embodies the most delicate dream of passion and tenderness that the heart of man ever conceived.

Both these compositions were eccentric and at odds with the old canons of song, fancied with a grace, warmth, and variety of color hitherto characteristic only of the more pretentious forms of music, which had already been brought to a great degree of perfection. They inaugurate the genesis of the new school of musical lyrics, the golden wedding of the union of poetry with music.

For a long time the young composer was unsuccessful in his attempts to break through the barren and irritating drudgery of a schoolmaster's life. At last a young dilettante, Franz von Schober, who had become an admirer of Schubert's songs, persuaded his mother to offer him a fixed home in her house. The latter gratefully accepted the overture of friendship, and thence became a daily guest at Schober's house. He made at this time a number of strong friendships with obscure poets, whose names only live through the music of the composer set to verses furnished by them; for Schubert, in his affluence of creative power, merely needed the slightest excuse for his genius to flow forth. But, while he wrote nothing that was not beautiful, his masterpieces are based only on the themes furnished by the lyrics of such poets as Goethe, Heine and Rückert. It is related, in connection with his friendship with Mayrhofer, one of his rhyming associates of these days, that he would set the verses to music much faster than the other could compose them.

The songs of the obscure Schubert were gradually finding their way to favor among the exclusive circles of Viennese aristocracy. A celebrated singer of the opera, Vogl, though then far advanced in years, was much sought after for the drawing-room concerts so popular in Vienna, on account of the beauty of his art. Vogl was a warm admirer of Schubert's genius, and devoted himself assiduously to the task of interpreting it—a friendly office of no little value. Had it not been for this, our composer would have sunk to his early grave probably without even the small share of reputation and monetary return actually vouchsafed to him. The strange dreamy unconsciousness of Schubert is very well illustrated in a story told by Vogl after his friend's death. One day Schubert left a new song at the singer's apartments, which, being too high, was transposed. Vogl, a fortnight afterward, sang it in a lower key to his friend, who remarked: "Really, that *Lied* is not so bad; who composed it?"

This great composer, from the peculiar constitution of his gifts, the passionate subjectiveness of his nature, might be supposed to have been peculiarly sensitive to the fascinations of love, for it is in this feeling that lyric inspiration has found its most fruitful root. But not so. Warmly susceptible to the charms of friendship, Schubert for the most part enacted the *rôle* of the woman-hater, which was not all affected; for the Hamlet-like mood is only in part a simulated madness with souls of this type. In early youth he would sneer at

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the amours of his comrades. It is true he fell a victim to the charms of Theresa Gröbe, a beautiful soprano, who afterward became the spouse of a master baker. But the only genuine love-sickness of Schubert was of a far different type, and left indelible traces on his nature, as its very direction made it of necessity unfortunate. This was his attachment to Countess Caroline Esterhazy.

The Count Esterhazy, one of those great feudal princes still extant among the Austrian nobility, took a traditional pride in encouraging genius, and found in Franz Schubert a noble object for the exercise of his generous patronage. He was almost a boy (only nineteen), except in the prodigious development of his genius, when he entered the Esterhazy family as teacher of music, though always treated as a dear and familiar friend. During the summer months, Schubert went with the Esterhazys to their country seat at Zelész, in Hungary. Here, amid beautiful scenery, and the sweetness of a social life perfect of its kind, the poet's life flew on rapid wings, the one bright, green spot of unalloyed happiness, for the dream was delicious while it lasted. Here, too, his musical life gathered a fresh inspiration, since he became acquainted with the treasures of the national Hungarian music, with its weird, wild rythms and striking melodies. He borrowed the motives of many of his most characteristic songs from these reminiscences of hut and hall, for the Esterhazys were royal in their hospitality, and exercised a wide patriarchal sway.

The beautiful Countess Caroline, an enthusiastic girl of great beauty, became the object of a romantic passion. A young, inexperienced maiden, full of naïve sweetness, the finest flower of the haughty Austrian caste; she stood at an infinite distance from Schubert, while she treated him with childlike confidence and fondness, laughing at his eccentricities and worshiping his genius. He bowed before this idol, and poured out all the incense of his heart. Schubert's exterior was anything but that of the ideal lover. Rude, unshapely features, thick nose, coarse, protruding mouth, and a shambling, awkward figure, were redeemed only by eyes of uncommon splendor and depth, aflame with the unmistakable light of the soul.

The inexperienced maiden hardly understood the devotion of the artist, which found expression in a thousand ways peculiar to himself. Only once he was on the verge of a full revelation. She asked him why he had dedicated nothing to her. With abrupt passionate intensity of tone Schubert answered, "What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you!" This brink of confession seems to have frightened him, for it is said that after this he threw much more reserve about his intercourse with the family, till it was cut off. Hints in his letters, and the deep despondency which increased after this, indicate, however, that the humbly-born genius never forgot his beautiful dream.

He continued to pour out in careless profusion, songs, symphonies, quartettes and operas, many of which knew no existence but in the score till after his death, hardly knowing of himself whether the productions had value or not. He created because it was the essential law of his being, and never paused to contemplate or admire the beauties of his own work. Schubert's body had been mouldering for several years, when his wonderful symphony in C major, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of orchestral composition was brought to the attention of the world by the critical admiration of Robert Schumann, who won the admiration of lovers of music, not less by his prompt vindication of neglected genius than by his own creative powers.

In the contest between Weber and Rossini which agitated Vienna, Schubert, though deeply imbued with the seriousness of art, and by nature closely allied in sympathies with the composer of "Der Freischütz," took no part. He was too easy-going to become a volunteer partisan, too shy and obscure to make his alliance a thing to be sought after. Besides, Weber had treated him with great brusqueness, and damned an

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opera for him, a slight which even good-natured Franz Schubert could not easily forgive.

The fifteen operas of Schubert, unknown now except to musicians, contain a wealth of beautiful melody which could easily be spread over a score of ordinary works. The purely lyric impulse so dominated him that dramatic arrangement was lost sight of, and the noblest melodies were likely to be lavished on the most unworthy situations. Even under the operatic form he remained essentially the song-writer. So in the symphony his affluence of melodic inspiration seems actually to embarrass him, to the detriment of that breadth and symmetry of treatment so vital to this form of art. It is in the musical lyric that our composer stands matchless.

During his life as an independent musician at Vienna, Schubert lived fighting a stern battle with want and despondency, while the publishers were commencing to make fortunes by the sale of his exquisite *Lieder*. At that time a large source of income for the Viennese composers was the public performance of their works in concerts under their own direction. From recourse to this, Schubert's bashfulness and lack of skill as a *virtuoso* on any instrument helped to bar him, though he accompanied his own songs with exquisite effect. Once only his friends organized a concert for him, and the success was very brilliant. But he was prevented from repeating the good fortune by that fatal illness which soon set in. So he lived out the last glimmers of his life, poverty-sticken, despondent, with few even of the amenities of friendship to soothe his declining days. Yet those who know the beautiful results of that life, and have even a faint glow of sympathy with the life of a man of genius, will exclaim with one of the most eloquent critics of Schubert:

"But shall we, therefore, pity a man who all the while reveled in the treasures of his creative ore, and from the very depths of whose despair sprang the sweetest flowers of song? Who would not battle with the iciest blast of the north if out of storm and snow he could bring back to his chamber the germs of the 'Winterreise?' Who would grudge the moisture of his eyes if he could render it immortal in the strains of Schubert's 'Lob der Thräne?'"

Schubert died in the flower of his youth, November 19, 1828; but he left behind him nearly a thousand compositions, six hundred of which were songs. Of his operas only the "Enchanted Harp" and "Rosamond" were put on the stage during his lifetime. "Fierabras," considered to be his finest dramatic work, has never been produced. His church music, consisting of six masses, many offertories, and the great "Hallelujah" of Klopstock, is still performed in Germany. Several of his symphonies are ranked among the greatest works of this nature. His pianoforte compositions are brilliant, and strongly in the style of Beethoven, who was always the great object of Schubert's devoted admiration, his artistic idol and model. It was his dying request that he should be buried by the side of Beethoven, of whom the art world had been deprived the year before.

Compared with Schubert, other composers seem to have written in prose. His imagination burned with a passionate love of Nature. The lakes, the woods, the mountain heights, inspired him with eloquent reveries that burst into song; but he always saw Nature through the medium of human passion and sympathy which transfigured it. He was the faithful interpreter of spiritual suffering, and the joy which is born thereof. The genius of Schubert seems to have been directly formed for the expression of subjective emotion in music. That his life should have been simultaneous with the perfect literary unfolding of the old *Volkslied* in the superb lyrics of Goethe, Heine, and their school, is quite remarkable. Poetry and song clasped hands on the same lofty summits of genius. Liszt has given to this composer the title of *le musicien le plus poétique*, which very well expresses his place in art.—*Selected.*

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# MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND MUSICAL CULTURE.

THE feeling or sentiment for music is deeply and broadly planted in human nature. The rudest people of whom we have knowledge furnish some sounding accompaniment to their dance or song. The clapping of hands for encouragement or applause is likewise of early origin and wide use. The striking of sticks and bones together, the beating of skins strained above a hollow cylinder, forming a drum, and the scraping of a notched stick by another bit of wood —the original thought of a violin or guitar—are all primitive devices for an instrumental accompaniment to the singing voice or the agile foot.

In Africa, Australia, China, Japan, the Indies, Europe, and among our own native races, the feeling for music has been more or less developed from the earliest days of which we have any fair record. And this feeling has been shown and perpetuated by instruments of various sorts, from the most rude clappers, drums, flutes, guitars, harmonicons, and virginals, to the grand pianos, organs, and varied orchestral instruments of to-day.

The simplest device for marking rhythmical sound is the clapper of bone or wood, held between the fingers and struck together by a peculiar, jerking motion of the wrist, as played by minstrels. Two, three, or more pieces are used according to the taste of the player. Another form of clappers in use among the Asiatics is made by stringing together several bits of sonorous wood which jingle and rattle by shaking. A farther development of the same idea is the rattle made with pebbles and seeds shaken about in dried gourds. This is in use in Africa, among the native Mexicans and the Alaska Indians.

The tambourine and the drum are universally used among both savage and civilized peoples. The former consists of a skin stretched upon an oval band of wood and generally hung with rattles, the skin being that of human being, of snake, of dog, of sheep, or antelope. They are carried about in African desert journeys and Indian jungle marches; the Turk beats them with lazy fingers, the Chinese make them of many sizes, and the African of Tunis, the Nile, and the Gold Coast dances his wild nature out to the sound of their monotonous jangle.

The Hoopah Indians of North America make a drum by drawing two wolf or dog skins tightly over a square frame; it is beaten with a stick. The Mexicans of Cortez's day covered their drums with snake skins. The Chinese, Japanese, Turk, African Egyptian, Siamese, East Indian and New Zealander, all use the drum in various forms, showing the same general design and purpose.

Bells have been as widely used as drums. The simplest form of a bell is a hollow, metal disk having a clapper suspended within. Bronze bells were in use in Mexico and Peru before the Spanish conquest, and Layard found small bronze bells with iron clappers at Nimroud. Bells were made in ancient Egypt, Europe and Asia. The great bell of Russia has been widely celebrated. During the Middle Ages in Europe there were many bells cast, and ladies often gave gold and silver ornaments to be melted in the mass of iron or bronze, thinking to make the bell-metal more melodious in tone. They were frequently named, and always bore some inscription. The "great bell Roland" of Ghent was celebrated in verse and prose. In the old North Church of Boston, Mass., is a chime of eight lovely bells (each bearing an inscription), which were cast in 1774. They are the oldest bells in America.

In China bells are struck; they have no clappers. It is thought the idea of chimes is shadowed forth by their instrument, made of metallic plates fastened in a frame and arranged in a regular order of musical tones. From these rude beginnings have developed the magnificent chimes whose lovely tones haunt forever the heart and dreams of one who feels their charm.



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Clappers, drums and bells did not satisfy the musical taste of the more advanced races, and other instruments were invented. One, named the wood-harmonicon, is made by binding together several pieces or slats of wood by thongs made of ox-hide into a single instrument designed to be struck with a mallet. They are used in Africa and Asia, and consist of ten bars of wood a foot in length, notched near each end, and held in place by the thongs which, passing around the notched ends, hold them together. This mat of wooden bars is about three feet long. The left-hand bars are narrow and gradually increase in size, the smaller giving the highest sound, which gradually pass into graver tones upon the right. The shape and size of these bars determine the pitch. At the back of the instrument, along the middle, runs a wide piece of wood having in it a row of square holes, one behind each bar, to which is fastened a box or calabash to hold and intensify the sound. Now, if one can fancy this strip of bound slats and row of boxes at the back struck with two wands tipped with some soft material, one in each hand of the performer, he will have an idea of the *maramba*, or wood-harmonicon. These instruments are sometimes suspended by a thong fastened at each end, and somtimes set in an elaborate frame. Some of them, it is said, are turned to the diatonic scale, in its simplest form of C major. But usually the pentatonic scale is used, which drops the fourth and seventh tones of the diatonic, giving a peculiar, wild, mournful force, as heard in early Scotch music. The maramba contains in a rude form the germ of our piano-forte, in which graduated wires take the place of the graded bits of wood, and the sounding-board performs the office of the sound-boxes at the rear of the ruder instrument.

The guitar is thought to have been suggested by the twang of the bow-string when drawn to wing the arrow. The guitar with one string, as used by some North American Indians, is held in the teeth and played by the right-hand fingers while the left hand slides along the string to vary the tone. A similar instrument is used among the natives of the Gold Coast and the Upper Nile, in Bengal, and throughout the Indies.

The native Alaskan plays a two-stringed guitar; the Siamese a two-stringed fiddle, as do also the Chinese and the Moors; the main distinction between the guitar and fiddle being the playing with the fingers or with a bow. The Chinese, Turk, Japanese and Moor also use three and four-stringed instruments of this class, some having strings of hair, some of silk, of flax, or of gut, either used separately or in combination, to vary the tone. Many of these embryo violins have frets, and oval or round bodies covered with parchment; some are very rude, others quite ornate. The Chinese, Japanese and Turk have lutes or harps arranged with silken or brass or gut strings, played with the fingers. Some African lyres are said to resemble those of ancient Greece. Lowell has arranged the legend of the origin of the lyre into the pleasing poem of which we give a part:

"There lay upon the ocean's shore,
What once a tortoise served to cover
A year and more, with rush and roar
The surf had rolled it over.

* * * * * *

"So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it:
'Why, here,' cried he, 'the thing of things,
In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings, and, lo it sings,
A wonderful invention!

"So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained, a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered."

The simplest wind-instruments were made of bone or reeds. A whistle would invariably be invented by the boys of any tribe or people to blow for amusement, to entice birds, or to call companions. The next step would be to the flute. The Indian-American tribes, the Mexicans, Peruvians, Africans,

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Chinese and Hindoos have various forms of this pleasing little instrument.

From blowing hollow reeds, bamboo, and palm, to the use of animals' horns, was a step easily taken; accordingly we find them employed in every land, now made of elephants' tusks, then of buffalo, ox, or antelope horns, also of conch shells. From this beginning grew the metal horns, trumpets, and clarions in use among civilized peoples.

It is said the idea of the pipe-organ was caught by a Russian from a wind-instrument of the Chinese, called "Cheng." It consists of several bamboo pipes of varying lengths inserted uprightly in an oval-shaped wooden receptacle, having a tube for a mouth-piece at one side near the bottom. The pipes have finger-holes near the insertion into the oval body. To catch more clearly the idea of this "Cheng," take an ordinay china bowl with straight sides and set a row of reeds of different lengths all round upon the inside, pack something in the bowl to hold them firmly, then if you can make a hole near the bottom of the bowl at one side, and insert a tube for a mouth-piece having a connection with every hollow reed or pipe, you will have an imitation Chinese "Cheng." The pitch is determined by the length of the pipe; the sound comes from the vibration of a metallic tongue in each pipe.

Although the Hindoos near them use a diatonic scale, the Chinese employ the pentatonic. All the members of a band play the melody only, as they make no effort at harmonizing different tones. They have attained about the state of musical culture prevalent in Europe until the tenth century, when first slight attempts at harmony were made by using, in similar motion, the fourth, fifth and octave, whilst the instruments played only the vocal score until the fifteenth century, when musicians began to vary orchestral effects by composing separate parts for different instruments.

In music, as in other branches of scientific and æsthetic culture, the European and his descendants take lead. No Asiatic or African people have as yet attained the grade of development reached by the European and American. Many ascribe this difference between peoples to the influence of climate in unfolding the intellect and sensibilities through the greater material needs of Northern races. But this will not suffice to explain the matter, for Asia is mainly within the same degrees of latitude as Europe, and her most cultivated classes do not equal those of the same class of Europeans. Probably the difference is mainly caused by the homage given by their respective religions. The high character of the Jehovah of the Hebrews, and the beautiful ideal exhibited by Jesus of Nazareth, with the exquisite purity and simplicity of his teachings and creed, have by degrees elevated the Christian disciple and freed him from the weight of the superstitious beliefs and observances of the Pagan, the Buddhist and the Mohammedan. The human mind, thus released from the bondage of gods many, and prophets many, and thousands of cumbrous acts of devotion, has had time and scope to observe the beauties of nature and the joyousness of musical sounds.

The birds taught mankind singing-notes, and the rippling brook, the soughing wind, the twanging bow-string, and the murmuring shell suggested the instrumental accompaniment. From these wild sounds and the rude beginnings of savage man has grown the music of to-day. Little by little the pianoforte and the noble organ have gained their present perfection. Step by step the fine effects of harmonized parts and harmonized instruments have been attained. In addition to this, poetry and music, at first rudely joined, have become so closely united that each adds to the charm of the other, and their united influence in moulding, cheering and renewing human nature is something incalculable. From deep and true musical culture, we may expect the highest results in æsthetic growth. Even superficial musical attainments are better than none, and the systematic study of harmony and choral effects promotes intellectual as well as emotional growth.

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The masses of mankind are not bettered or influenced in nearly so great a degree by that which appeals to the intellect as by that which moves the feelings and excites the emotional nature.

Fine musical results can only be attained by long-continued and thorough study commenced in early youth. The reduced cost of instruments and teaching ought to give us a great musical growth as a nation during the coming years. Wide-spread knowledge and appreciation of the songs of Schubert and Schumann, the sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven, and the oratorios of Haydn and Handel would be a musical blessing. If ever we could live to see the masses gather to entertainments of the music of these masters, as they now gather to hear the purient play, the cackle of the circus clown, or other rude pastime, we shall feel that we have been present at the day-dawn of the millennium. *Phren. Journal.*

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin;
He's armed without who's innocent within.
—*Pope.*

## TIME'S REVENGES.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

THIS, like many things which appear above the signature hereunto attached, is a truthful recital—exceedingly so.

Deuteronomy Briggs was a schoolmate of mine. We attended the Des Moines River Academy, situated in a pleasant town in Missouri, when we were innocent little boys, which means a long time ago. Briggs was the most conspicuous person in the academy; not because of his size, for he was not large; not because of his attainments, for he was seldom at the head of his class; and not because of his beauty, for he had red hair and his face was like that of a young gourd just blooming into ripeness. It was because he was the unluckiest mortal that ever lived. In our snowball and other contests, the side that he was on always lost; whenever he went skating, the ice invariably broke and he went under; when he got a new suit of clothes, something always occurred to reduce it to a shameful condition of dilapitude the first day's wearing; he always had some kind of ache, and was never entirely free from contusions, abrasions and incisions of one kind or another. He was an ardent admirer of the prettiest girl in school; so was I; and notwithstanding the fact that I was not even so good-looking as he, some awkward accident invariably took place just about the time of his expected triumph by means of which he was forced from the field in the deepest humiliation. Now it is pretty well understood that the female department of the genus man generally experience pity for absolute misfortunes, and, under favorable conditions, pity may ripen into affection; so that Briggs had me on the hip there. But it is also known that the fair ones can never forgive an absolute failure or defeat, so I had the better of him on that score.

Our treatment of each other became very bad, and we came to blows one day; pugilistic etiquette was dispensed with for this occasion, and we reached for each other wherever there was a chance of getting in damaging work. We clinched and struggled, and just as I was on the point of yielding, his foot slipped, he fell, and I was on top. He lost the fight, the girl, and would have lost the gate money if there had been any; he didn't lose his head—he got a new one. That was the kind of luck the poor boy had all the time.

The end of the term was approaching, and valuable prizes were to be given to those having the most head marks in their respective departments. Briggs had managed to keep tolerably well along with the rest of us in one of the classes, perhaps because he and the others had been alike indifferent. Now the competition began; he went to work

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like a Trojan within the walls of Troy; the fact that he was even, or nearly so, with the others seeming to inspire him a new hope. He studied and so did I. Other things were neglected in the pursuit of this particular object. By this means he and I soon distanced our friends, and in spite of my utmost endeavors he was actually gaining on me. It did seem as though the tide had turned sure enough. The end of the last week but one found him five points ahead, and I must gain every mark during the last week or lose. I didn't sleep and ate but little, but studied as I never did before and hardly expect to again. Monday morning came. My lesson was so firmly lodged in my head that a battery of mitrailleuse could not have driven it out. The class was called, and Briggs failed to respond. Then came a little boy with a note from my rival's father, stating that his son had a dangerous attack of chills and fever, and would not be able to attend any more that term. I got the prize and have it to this day.

At last the war broke out. Briggs was then only eighteen years old, and his experience had been such that he didn't seem to care about being any older, so he enlisted and went to the front. I was years his junior and therefore under military age and couldn't go; besides, I didn't want to. In time of war, there is no place like home. Most of the boys in our class went, and a majority of them failed to return. It is almost superfluous for me to say that Briggs was among the latter. Whether he was dead or not, we couldn't find out—he was missing, that was all. It was my private belief, however, that as he wanted to die and would have looked upon death as the only fortunate occurrence of his life, he was not gratified and was a prisoner somewhere, receiving the worst kind of treatment. He fought with desperation —and a gun; but I couldn't be made to believe that he had lost his life any more than he had ever lost anything else that he wanted to lose. It would not be in keeping with his characteristic ill luck.

About this time the writer migrated to the wide west, and located where he now is. New faces, new incidents and a gradual advance into that phase of respectability which never comes prior to the first symptoms of a moustache, gradually rendered events long agone more or less oblivious. Among those whose names were no longer mentioned was Deuteronomy Briggs; he and his misfortunes had blended with the mighty past, a seldom-recurring thought being all that ever brought his name or person for a brief moment from out the misty shades of antiquity.

A few days ago, while looking over the columns of a local paper, among the hotel arrivals, I read, "D. Briggs and wife, St. Louis." Need I say that at once all the past arose before me, the differences which had separated us in youth were all forgotten, and with no meaner thought than to revive the incidents of our school days and press the hand—providing he had a hand—of my old playmate, I rushed to the hotel. I expected to find him minus a leg, both arms, and with a large assortment of scars, cuts and bruises everywhere. I asked the clerk for Mr. Briggs, and was paralyzed on the spot by receiving a civil answer; Mr. Briggs was sent for and came. I didn't know him; he didn't know me. He had a full beard, a manly carriage, and every limb and member was in its place, while I—well, no matter about me. One or two questions brought us together in as hearty a greeting as ever was seen. Then came a talk over what had taken place on both sides; he had been, as I suspected, taken prisoner, and was confined for several months; was then exchanged and made a colonel. After the war he went into business and had become independent; had married the wealthiest and handsomest girl in the country, and was now on his way to the Pacific Coast for pleasure merely. I accompanied the happy pair to the depot when they left; and as the train bore them away, a tear fell upon the half dollar which I had just borrowed from him, and I said to myself, "What hath time wrought?" *Essay Caigh.*

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# LIFE ON THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

I.

THE degradation of the Indians is the effect of departing from the counsels of the Lord given to their forefathers. More directly it is attributable to their licentiousness—the almost universal immorality which has for ages prevailed among them. Never, until visiting them in their crowded camps on some of the reservations, was the fact that they are almost wholly ignorant of virtue so forcibly demonstrated to us. We have been taught from infancy the true origin of the Indian races, and have, because of that knowledge, respected them more than white people generally do. The promises made to their forefathers of a day of redemption from their fallen state are familiar to us, and we are therefore glad to discover aught of a redeeming character in them, and willing to overlook many of their inherent weaknesses and sins. But with the most charitable sentiments toward the poor red man, the fact is too conspicuous to be ignored that he is fallen because of sin, and remains in his fallen state because of immorality, the utter neglect of sexual purity and ignorance of marital honor. We have heard and read the stories of the noble red men, whose outraged honor has been the cause of many a bold, fierce warfare of vengeance; but in the light of living facts, these heroic conflicts must be generally attributed to the unrestrained passions of jealousy, bloodthirstiness and the baser motives of men, excited by the low, degraded habits of life to which they are, both hero and hero's enemy, addicted.

To properly consider the work the United States government is doing among the Indian tribes, it is necessary that the above facts be remembered. For the reason, more especially, that the reservation system which has been adopted is ostensibly intended to combine, with police surveillance, moral forces for the regeneration of the aboriginal race. The policy of feeding the Indians rather than fighting them, we believe to be the correct one, and that it should meet the approval of right thinking people. To this extent and for the purpose of carrying out this policy, gathering the various tribes upon reservations is justifiable, and no doubt facilitates the work, and makes it possible to dispense the necessary provisions of food and clothing that could not otherwise be divided among them. But there are many abuses practiced by those whose duty it is to feed the Indians. A familiar and amusing story in this connection is told:

At one of the Indian agencies, it was the practice of the agent, when provisions were to be distributed, to step out on the doorstep, and, counting the lodges, order his aids to deliver a sack of flour to each. This method very soon disposed of the flour, but the justice of the distribution, considering the difference in the number of occupants of the several lodges, was not apparent. At least an old patriarch of the tribe could not see it, and frequently complained that he was not allowed a just share of the rations, that his neighbors had more than enough, and he was always in want. It appears that his complaints were not heeded by the agent, who considered him a fault-finder and chronic grumbler. After awhile an inspector of agencies came along, and the old Indian determined to make his complaint before that officer. When he applied for an interview at headquarters, he was refused admission, but the inspector, hearing the altercation with the guard, ordered him to admit the Indian, who immediately began to recount the abuses he suffered. He narrated, with many gesticulations and great emotion, the many oft repeated slights and insults heaped upon him, and expressed the unbounded contempt he felt for the method the agent had of distributing supplies, saying: "I have one lodge, me, my wife, three papooses, my uncle and aunt, my wife's father and mother and my mother and sister—eleven people—all in one lodge. Next lodge to mine got only one buck and

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one squaw; next lodge on other side, one buck, one squaw and one very little papoose, the agent sends one sack flour to each lodge, man next to me on both sides has plenty of flour to last till it comes again and some to sell; but in my big lodge one sack of flour lasts d—n quick!" The inspector suggested that the agent make a more just distribution in the future, and the old Indian went away much comforted.

The manner of dispensing rations cannot be correctly inferred from the above circumstance. At those agencies which we have visited, the patriarchal authority of chiefs is still to some extent recognized, and in bestowing the supplies government pays for, it is frequently done through the chiefs, though the disposition of the agents is to break up the native order of chieftains and to treat all Indians alike. This, however, will be the work of time, for it is a custom dear and venerable among them to look to the chief either for counsel in domestic matters or for direction on the war path or in the chase. We witnessed an example of this feeling, while at the Crow Agency. On the day we left there, word was brought in that a party of Piegans had made a raid upon the Crow's range, and driven off a band of horses, some seven hundred head. The camps were at once thrown into great commotion as this news was spread among the tents; young bucks were soon mounted, riding hither and thither, adding to the general confusion. The agent gave directions to send word to the troops stationed at Stillwater, eighteen miles distant, and the chiefs of the tribe were seen giving directions, and taking the lead in the movement about to be made. One quite distinguished looking chief, bearing the significant cognomen Two-belly, was particularly alert; his actions being quick and authoritative, securing immediate attention of those he commanded. He was a splendid specimen of the best type of Crows, standing six feet six inches in his moccasins, powerfully built, large boned and sinewy limbs, with massive head, and weighing two hundred and eighty pounds. He looked every inch a chief and commander. There are in this tribe about twenty-five such chiefs, not physically, though they are a large finely formed race, but that number who exert more or less authority over their respective followers.

The reservation Indians depend almost entirely upon the bounty of the Great Father at Washington for supplies. At the Crow reservation where there are about three thousand five hundred Indians, nearly one hundred thousand dollars are expended annually for provisions. From thirty to forty head of beef cattle are killed per week, and large quantities of bread stuff and clothing are given out. Of the materials supplied for shelter and clothing, there is great waste. It appears as though the dispensing officers feel that their duty is done when they measure out the rations to each, without attempting to use even advisory power to prevent waste or loss. Thus cotton and woolen fabrics are taken from the storehouse, and torn into shreds for a fantastic horse blanket, tent lining, or other unsuitable purpose. Very rarely are the goods used properly. A most common article of apparel is a cotton blanket, made of calico or white cloth, thrown round the shoulders loosely, affording neither protection nor warmth. A small degree of art, easily taught, would fashion such materials into garments, that would both protect from the elements and develop a taste for better and more suitable clothing among the Indians.

The encampment has the general appearance of poverty, the absolute indolence of its inhabitants having a most depressing influence. Look about the agency, and see the few whites leisurely performing the nominal duties of their respective offices, the crouching Indians idling about the houses, huts or wigwams, the dirty, lazy dogs, lean and hungry, the filth everywhere, and the sullen uninteresting aspect of every thing you meet on the premises, and the impression is forced upon you, that the conquered, driven, crushed people of the plains are gathered into quarters and

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placed under the watchers to die. There is every suggestion of decay, waste, annihilation and death; but very little that promises regeneration, progress or life. *De Vallibus.*

## ROYAL SAXON.

EDMUND IRONSIDES, brother of Edward the Confessor, had a son known as Edward the Outlaw, who was banished from the Saxon kingdom, and sent for execution to Sweden. He was, however, spared his life, and took refuge at the Hungarian court, where he, in time, espoused Agatha, a relative of Emperor Henry. From this union sprang Edgar Atheling, so called to indicate his right to the Saxon throne, the name signifying Prince Royal, and two daughters, Margaret and Christiana. At the invitation of Edward the Confessor, the Outlaw and his family finally returned to England. He, however, died soon after. On the death of the Confessor, Edgar, who was lawful heir to the throne, set up his claim therefor. However, owing to his extreme youth, and the adverse claims of Harold, son of the Earl Godwin, and William of Normandy he was entirely deprived, and on the latter finally conquering the nation in 1066, his mother took him and his two sisters to Scotland, for safety. Here they were welcomed by Malcolm III, who was the elder son of Duncan, the same that was assassinated by Macbeth, 1039, in the sixth year of his reign, and who had, on the death of that usurper, attained his father's crown. Margaret, contrary to her inclinations, which were strongly to a conventual life, was prevailed upon to marry Malcolm. She was a most beautiful, accomplished and exemplary queen, doing much to improve the morals, manners, and condition of her adopted people; her sister Christiana entered a convent. It is through this Saxon princess that the descendants of the Norman kings reunited the most ancient royal blood. Robert Bruce was descended on his mother's side from Malcolm III and Margaret and his granddaughter, Margery Bruce, married Walter Stuart. Their son became the first of the Stuart kings of Scotland as Robert II. Later, Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII of England, married James IV of Scotland, who was a descendant of Robert II, and in one hundred years after this marriage, James IV of Scotland ascended the English throne, thus restoring the ancient Saxon blood to the royal family of that kingdom.

## FEDERAL JUDGES OF UTAH.

ON the twentieth of September, 1850, the first federal appointments for the Territory of Utah were made, with the advice and consent of the Senate, by President Millard Fillmore.

The judiciary was named as follows: Chief justice, Joseph Buffington, of Pennsylvania; associate justices, Perry E. Brocchus, of Alabama, and Zerrubbabel Snow, of Ohio. Mr. Buffington, however, declined the office of chief justice, and Lemuel G. Brandebury, of Pennsylvania, was appointed in his stead.

These officials arrived in the Territory in July, 1851, and succeeded very soon in rendering themselves extremely unpopular. They remained, with the exception of Justice Snow, but a few months, and, together with the secretary, B. D. Harris, of Vermont, "folded up their tents and silently stole away." The precipitation of their departure won for them the appellation, "the runaway judges," by which they are familiarly designated to the present day. Brandebury and Brocchus were succeeded in 1852 by the appointment of Lazarus H. Reed, of New York, as chief justice, and Leonidas Shaver, of Missouri, associate; both of whom died while in office, the former during a visit to New York.

A new set of judicial officers was appointed, and arrived in 1854, as follows: Chief justice, John F. Kinney, of

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Iowa; associates, George P. Stiles, of Iowa, and W. W. Drummond, of Illinois. The latter took the oath of office July 31, 1855, and faithfully, during the period of his stay, violated it. He did all he could to bring upon the people the most serious distresses instead of administering impartial justice according to the obligations of his oath. His memory is held as execrable and should be so handed down to the generations of Utah's children.

In 1857 it became necessary to fill up the vacancies that had been created by the expiration of the terms and abandonment of the official posts of the above, and appointments were accordingly made, as follows: Chief Justice, Delaney R. Eckles, of Indiana, arrived May 15, 1858; after spending the winter and early spring in the mountains with Colonel Johnston's army. Associates, Charles E. Sinclair, of Virginia, and John Cradlebaugh, of Ohio.

In 1860, John F. Kinney, of Iowa, was re-appointed chief justice. He had won the respect of the people of Utah in his previous term, especially in heading the petition to President Pierce, in 1854, asking for the re-appointment of Governor Brigham Young. The associate justices appointed in 1860 were Henry R. Crosbey, of Washington Territory, and R. P. Flenniken, of Pennsylvania.

On the twelfth of August, 1863, Chief Justice John Titus, of Pennsylvania, who had been appointed in the previous year, took the oath of office. His associate justices were Charles B. Waite, of Illinois, and Thomas J. Drake, of Michigan. The latter served a full term, and was re-appointed March 20, 1866. During the time Judge Titus presided, Solomon P. McCurdy, of Missouri, was also one of the associate justices. He was appointed April 1, 1864.

Charles C. Wilson, of Illinois, was appointed chief justice and took the oath of office September 11, 1868. Enos D. Hoge, of Illinois, was appointed associate the same year, taking the oath of office August 25th. On the nineteenth of April, 1869, Cyrus M. Hawley, of greater renown in Utah as a Methodist parson than upright judge, was commissioned associate justice. Obed F. Strickland, of Michigan, was appointed associate justice about the same time, taking the oath April 27, 1869.

James B. McKean, of New York, was appointed chief justice June 17, 1870, and re-appointed June 2, 1874. He prostituted the high dignity of that office by the most arbitrary and infamous persecution of the people for nearly five years. He was, however, overtaken in his sectarian zeal by summary removal from office in March, 1875. It has been justly recorded in the language of a well-known historian, that he was removed, "solely by reason of his violation of the law, and of equity and good conscience, * * and with him fell a system of judicial tyranny the like of which never before disgraced the annals of American jurisprudence."

Philip H. Emerson, of Michigan, was appointed associate justice March 10, 1873, taking the oath of office April 17 of that year. He has served longer than any other United States judge in Utah, having been three times re-appointed—on the 29th of March, 1877, on May 10, 1881 and again this year. He is the present incumbent, occupying the bench of the First Judicial District, sitting alternately at Ogden and Provo.

Jacob S. Boreman, of West Virginia, was appointed associate justice March 30, 1873, and re-appointed April 11, 1877.

On the removal of Judge McKean, David P. Lowe, of Kansas, a gentleman of eminent ability, was appointed chief justice. His commission was dated March 19, 1875, and he occupied the bench about one year, being succeeded by Michael Shaeffer, of Illinois, who took the oath as chief justice, May 29, 1876.

The present chief justice, Hon. John A. Hunter, of Missouri, was appointed in 1879, taking the oath of office August 13. He is in expectation of re-appointment though his term expired in August last. Stephen P. Twiss, , associate justice and judge of the Second Judicial District, was commissioned May 10, 1881, taking the oath of office June 6th of that year.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY, 1884.


## SUMMER ADJOURNMENT.

IN the present number, the subject of vacation is presented in a prize essay, read at an Association meeting in Ogden. The view taken by the writer is emphatically in favor of summer meetings, and there is no doubt some virtue in the argument he makes. That continuous meetings, if the interest could be maintained, would be of great advantage, especially where systematic work is being done, cannot be denied. The programme of progressive exercises carried through the entire year, would take the studious members far on the way to proficiency in whatever the study might be. In the Scriptural exercises, it was calculated that when the subjective lectures, as published in the CONTRIBUTOR, were followed, it would take about two years to go through the Bible and Book of Mormon; this, with a summer's vacation intervening. Were the meetings not adjourned during the summer, one year's session would be time enough.

That the interest in meetings depends very much upon constant attendance is everywhere observed, and this fact is used as an argument both in favor of and against continuous meetings throughout the year. Those who favor adjournment maintain that the circumstances of the members are such that it is impossible for them to attend, regularly, during that season of the year, many being away from home, others engaged until late hours in the day at field work, and the majority indifferent to intellectual occupation, while pressed so heavily with physical employments as the summer always forces upon them. For these reasons, those who, in the winter, are constant attendants would appear but seldom if meetings were held in the summer, and even then without preparation or interest. The consequence would be general weariness and lethargy, the meetings would be considered tedious and dry, and when members at last stopped going, it would be with thoughts of dreary hours and poor entertainment characterizing the meetings, which once away from they would not soon care again to join. On the other hand, those who believe in the practicability of summer meetings, say that their interest should not vary with the seasons. If the spirit of improvement is uppermost, it will be a disappointment to the members to adjourn, just when they are getting down to profitable work; that there are always some who, as soon as spring comes, will consider every other duty as of more consequence than going to an Association meeting, but there are many others whose winter's progress is so agreeable to them that they dislike the thought of breaking up and would make an extra effort to keep their Associations going all summer if it were the general practice.

Our observations have in the past led us to look upon the proposition to hold meetings all the year round as impracticable. While there are many reasons to be urged in favor of the results of continuous meetings, could they be maintained, the rule is, with but few exceptions, that interesting, lively meetings cannot be kept up after spring work fairly begins. And because of this, it has been deemed wiser to adjourn while the interest was alive and keen, rather than plod along until it should fade away, leaving only disagreeable thoughts. This feeling has been expressed in this way: "It is easier to awaken a sleeping body than to resurrect a dead one."

We have, however, felt that it would be an excellent thing to continue the active season of the Associations for a time after the first of April, say for two months, closing on the first of June, and then taking vacation until October. This

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would afford a longer time in each year when exercises could be carried on, and while, very frequently, preliminary meetings and delays of various kinds prevent the Associations getting well at work for several weeks after the first of October, once started, it has appeared to us that they might be continued until June. Should this plan meet with favor, no doubt the the general conferences of the Associations could be arranged to conform to it; reports be required for the year or season of eight months, and the exercises be brought to a close with a suitable programme, which would leave pleasant memories with the members, and cause them to feel well with the labors of the past season and eager for the commencement of another.

We look forward to the time when the commencement and closing of a season of the Associations will be observed and felt in the community. The latter occasion could be made one of general interest by designating the first day of June as the time, and making that day a holiday, to be observed and appropriately celebrated. It was in June that the organization of the Associations was inaugurated by President Brigham Young. As that fact will become a matter of history and President Young's connection with it, as with the commencement of so many of the everlasting institutions of Zion, will always be remembered, it would not be out of place to designate his birthday as the time when our meetings should close for vacation, with suitable jubilations in honor both of the successful conclusion of an active season of the Associations and of the man who caused them to be organized. We call attention to this suggestion, and leave it for the consideration of the officers and members. In the meantime, we hope that wherever the Associations are continuing their regular meetings throughout the year, they may be prosperous and successful, and that those who are interested in the welfare of the Associations will make it a point to note the general results of the two plans, with a view of arriving at that which will prove the most satisfactory.

## A WORD IN TIME.

At the end of each volume of the Contributor, we have been requested, by those wishing to bind them, to supply extra numbers to replace numbers lost or destroyed. It has afforded us pleasure to do this, so far as we have had extra numbers that could be used in that way. But owing to the supply being necessarily limited, we deem it timely to call the attention of the subscribers who contemplate having the magazine bound at the end of the year, to the necessity of taking care of the numbers as they are issued. A little special attention to this subject may be necessary now, owing to the irregularity in issuing some of the numbers of the present volume. We regret that this is the case, but respectfully request the forebearance of our readers, and assure them that the numbers hereafter will be issued as regularly as possible. The present volume of the Contributor promises to far exceed any previous one in the amount of interesting matter it will contain, of a character that is desirable to preserve. Subscribers will therefore do well to keep the numbers clean and intact, that when they shall be bound together, with the fine engraving of The Three Witnesses for a frontispiece, the volume may be one which every owner will be proud of.

## THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

Day dawned: Within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed: A child had seen the light;
But for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose: The lady's grave was green;
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.

Years fled: He wore a manly face,
And struggled with the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—he died: Behold, before ye,
Humanity's poor sum and story;
Life—death—and all that is of glory.

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# BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THIS sculptor had an eventful life, and the story of it, written by himself, is one of the most interesting books of its class in existence. He was born in Florence in 1500, and died in 1571. He gives a very interesting though improbable account of the origin of his family, which is that "Julius Cæsar had a chief and valorous captain named Fiorino da Cellino, from a castle situated four miles from Monte Fiascone. This Fiorino having pitched his camp below Fiesole, where Florence now stands, in order to be near the river Arno, for the convenience of the army, the soldiers and other persons, when they had an occasion to visit him, said to each other, 'Let us go to Fiorenza,' which name they gave to the place where they were encamped, partly from their captain's name of Fiorino, and partly from the abundance of flowers which grew there; wherefore Cæsar, thinking it a beautiful name, and considering flowers to be of good augury, and also wishing to honor his captain, whom he had raised from an humble station, and to whom he was greatly attached, gave it to the city which he founded on that spot."

When the child was born, his father, who was quite old, named him Benvenuto, which means welcome, and, as he was passionately fond of music, he wished to make a musician of this son. But the boy was determined to be an artist, and his time was divided between the two pursuits until he was fifteen years old, when he went as an apprentice to a celebrated goldsmith. We must not forget that to be a goldsmith in the days of the Renaissance meant in reality a designer, a sculptor—in short, an artist. They made altars, reliquaries, crucifixes, caskets, and many sacred articles for the churches, as well as the splendid services for the tables of rich and royal patrons; they made weapons, shields, helmets, buttons, sword-hilts, coins, and many kindred objects, besides the tiaras of popes, the crowns, scepters, and diadems of sovereigns, and the collars, clasps, girdles, bracelets, rings, and numerous jeweled ornaments then worn by both men and women. So exquisite were the designs and the works of these men that they are now treasured in the museums of the world, and belong to the realm of art as truly as do pictures and statues.

Benvenuto was of so fiery a temper that he was early involved in a serious quarrel and fled to Sienna, and then to Bologna. When he dared, he returned to Florence and resumed his work, but soon again became angry because his best clothes were given to his brother, and walked off to Pisa, where he remained a year. Meantime he had become skillful in the making of various articles, and not only his execution but his designs were so fine that in some respects he has never been excelled.

When Cellini was eighteen years old, the sculptor Torregiano—who had given Michael Angelo a blow upon the nose which disfigured the great sculptor for life—returned to Florence to engage workmen to go with him to England to execute a commission which he had received. He desired to have Cellini among the number, but the youth was so outraged by Torregiano's boasting of his disgraceful deed, that he refused to go, in spite of the natural desire of his age for travel and variety. Doubtless this predisposed Michael Angelo in his favor, and led to the friendship which he afterward showed to Cellini.

During the next twenty-two years he lived principally in Rome, and was largely in the service of Pope Clement VII, the cardinals, and Roman nobles. The Pope had a magnificent diamond—for which Pope Julius II had paid thirty-six thousand ducats—and he wished to have it set in a cope button. Many artists made designs for it, but the Pope chose that of Cellini. He used the great diamond as a throne upon which sat a figure representing God; the hand was raised to bless, and many angels fluttered about the folds of the drapery,

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while various jewels surrounded the whole. The other artists shook their heads at the boldness of Cellini and anticipated a failure, but he achieved a great success.

Cellini, according to his own account, bore an active part in the siege of Rome, May 5, 1527. He claims that he slew the Constable di Bourbon, the leader of the besieging army, and that he also wounded the Prince of Orange, who was chosen leader in place of Bourbon. These feats, however, rest upon his own authority. Cellini entered the castle of St. Angelo, whither the Pope retired for safety, and he rendered such services to the cause of the church that the Holy Father pardoned him for all the "homicides he had committed, or might commit, in the service of the apostolic church." But, in spite of all his boasted bravery on this occasion, Cellini acted a cowardly part a few years later, when he was called upon for the defense of his own city: he put his property in the care of a friend and stole away to Rome.

In 1534, Cellini committed another crime in killing a fellow goldsmith, Pompeo. Paul III, was now the pope, and because he needed the services of Cellini he pardoned him, but the artist felt that he was not regarded with favor. He therefore went to France, but returned at the end of about one year, to find that he had been accused of having stolen certain jewels, the settings of which Clement VII, had commanded him to melt down, in order to pay his ransom when he was kept a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo. Cellini's guilt was never proved, but he was held a prisoner for nearly two years.

In 1540, his friend Cardinal Ippolito d'Este obtained his release on the plea that Francis I, king of France, had need of his services. He remained five years in France, and received many gifts and honors. He was made a lord and was presented with the Hotel de Petit Nesle, which was on the site of the present Hotel de la Monnaie. The story of his life in France is interesting, but we have not space to give it here, and he never made the success there which he merited as an artist, because Madame d'Étampes and other persons who had influence with the king were the enemies of Cellini. Francis I really admired the sculptor, and on one occasion expressed his fear of losing him, when Madame d'Étampes replied that "the surest way of keeping him would be to hang him on a gibbet." A bronze nymph which he made for the Palace of Fontainbleau is now in the Renaissance Museum at the Louvre, and a golden salt cellar, made for King Francis, is in the "Cabinet of Antiques" in Vienna; these are all the objects of importance that remain of his five years' work in France.

At length, in 1545, Cellini returned to Florence, never again to leave it for any considerable time. He was favorably received by Duke Cosimo, and received a commission to make a statue of Perseus to be placed in the Loggia dei Lanzi. When Cellini heard this, his ambition was much excited by the thought that a work of his should be placed beside those of Michael Angelo and Donatello. The Duke gave him a house in which to work, and a salary sufficient for his support. Nine years passed before this statue was in place and uncovered. Meantime the sculptor had suffered much from the hatred of his enemies, and especially from that of Baccio Bandinelli. In one way and another the Duke had been influenced to withhold the money that was necessary to carry on the work; but at last the time came for the casting; everything was prepared, and just at the important moment, when great care and watchfulness were needed, Cellini was seized with so severe an illness that he was forced to go to bed and believed that he should soon die.

As he lay tossing in agony, some one ran in and exclaimed, "Oh, Benvenuto! your work is ruined past earthly remedy!" Ill as he was, he rushed to the furnace and found that the fire was not sufficient and the metal had cooled and ceased to flow into the mold. By superhuman efforts he remedied the disaster, and again the bronze was liquid; he prayed earnestly, and when he saw that his

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mold was filled, to use his own words, "I fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart, after which I ate a hearty meal with my assistants, and it being then two hours before dawn, went to bed with a light heart, and slept as sweetly as if I had never been ill in my life." When the statue was at last unveiled, it was as Cellini had predicted: "It pleased all the world excepting Bandinelli and his friends," and it still stands as the most important work of his life. Perseus is represented at the moment when he has cut off the head of Medusa, who was one of the Gorgons and changed every one who looked at her into stone. The whole story of what he afterward did with this dreadful head before he gave it to Minerva to put in her breast-plate you will find one of the most interesting in mythology.

After the completion of the Perseus, Cellini visited Rome and made a bust of Bindo Altoviti, concerning which Michael Angelo wrote: "My Benvenuto, I have long know you as the best goldsmith in the world, and I now know you as an equally good sculptor, through the bust of Messer Bindo Altoviti." This was praise indeed. He did no more great work, though he was always busy as long as he lived. A marble crucifix which he made for his own grave he afterward gave to the Duchess Eleanora; later it was sent to Philip II of Spain, and is now in the Escurial.

We have spoken of his autobiography, which was honored by being made an authority in the Accademia della Crusca on account of its expressive diction and rich use of the Florentine manner of speech; he also wrote a valuable treatise upon the goldsmith's art, and another upon sculpture and bronze casting. He takes up all the departments of these arts, and his writings are of great value. He also wrote poems and verses of various kinds. But his association with popes, kings, cardinals, artists, men of letters, and people of all classes, makes the story of his life by far the most interesting of all his literary works.

His life was by no means a good one, but he had a kindly spot in his heart after all, for he took his widowed sister with six children to his home, and treated them with such kindness that their dependence upon him was not made bitter to them. When he died, every honor was paid to his memory and he was buried in the Church of the Annunziata, beneath the chapel of the Company of St. Luke.

## THE ESQUIMAUX.

PERHAPS there is no people extant of whom there has been such a diversity of statement and opinion expressed as the Esquimaux or Innuit, as they call themselves. By the majority of writers, these people have been stigmatized as dirty, gluttonous and untruthful, and as weak and indolent; while a smaller number of observers have found in them traces of character of a high order, such as are rarely found in savages. Much of this difference of opinion arises from the season of the year in which they have been seen and the locality where they live. True, those of Greenland and the west shores of Davis Strait and Baffin Bay cannot be said to be particularly clean at any season of the year, as they become so badly smoked in their half underground winter dwellings. However, during the short summer of the Arctic regions, the Esquimaux are not seen to advantage, as they then wear their oldest and worst clothing. But this is not all. On a coast line of fully five thousand miles from Behring Strait to Labrador, there is a diversity of the modes of life and a variety of character which cannot be accounted for only by circumstances, as they are evidently all of the same stock. Approximate identity of language is certainly a great evidence of this, as the tribes of East Malne and Labrador are found to be able to communicate freely with those at the mouth of the Mackenzie's river.

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three or four thousand miles away. The Esquimaux have a tradition that they came from the setting sun, and that they crossed water. They most certainly give evidence of having enjoyed a far more civilized condition, according to Mr. Rae. They treat their wives and children kindly, and they are grateful for kindness. This they showed in a very pleasant way to the party of the gentleman named, by sending seal's fat when it was needed, and taking no pay, as they said that the party had been kind to some of their old people when they were away hunting. When sitting in another's tent, if they saw preparations for eating, they would immediately get up to go away, and would only remain on being formally invited. The old folks left in the care of the party were never known to beg; indeed, it was not until a servant was sent to their tents that it was discovered that they were out of food. During two long seasons the value of a sixpence was never stolen from them, and they considered it perfectly safe to leave their tents in charge of some of the older people. Nor did they see any instances of the huge eating so often attributed to them. People are apt to forget that a mixed meal of bread and meat will be quite as satisfying as twice the weight of meat alone. Sir John Richardson was surprised to observe that some of his men—Esquimaux—consumed only seven and a half pounds each per day, the full ration being eight pounds of venison.

We are accustomed to read that the Esquimaux are a diminutive race, but Mr. Rae declares that after studying the true Londoner, as he has done, he is inclined to think, without actual measurement of either, that the Esquimaux are as tall as the natives of his city, and much heavier. When sitting they do not appear so short; the defect of stature is probably due to the shortness of the lower limbs. Prof. Flower, of the Royal College of Surgeons, states that of three Esquimaux skeletons he examined, two of them had an additional bone in the vertebral column of the back, that is twenty-five bones instead of twenty-four.

The Esquimaux women, when young, are pleasant looking, almost pretty little creatures. They are extremely solid and compact, with small feet and hands and well formed limbs.

On one occasion some of Mr. Rae's men having occasion to lift some of these young women out of a boat (the latter not wishing to wet their feet) declared that they were the heaviest things they had ever carried, and but for very shame they would have dropped them to the ground. They had taken them up as they would a little child, hence their mistake.

Unlike most of the other tribes of this region, the Esquimaux of the Mackenzie River are said always to have shown hostility to the whites. This is accounted for by the fact that they are always at enmity with their neighbors the Loucheux, who, in their bartering with the whites, obtain weapons which they use in warfare with them, hence the white people sustain the position of being friends to their enemies.

These Indians are described as a wild looking and powerful race. On all the coast line east of the Mackenzie, the white man has ever been received and treated as a friend. Some may think it quite as ridiculous as novel to assert that the Esquimaux are scientific. But they may be surprised when they hear an account of some of the results of their philosophical genius. The goggles which they have invented to protect their eyes from the glare of the sun, with their narrow slitttings to admit only a small amount of light, the blackened inner surface of the lenses and their projection (like the tip of a cap) are all but perfect. Their iced sledge runners enable them to draw double loads; their *Lanak* is as complete a model for speed as the most perfect racing boat, and the Esquimaux is the only canoe-man known who can capsize his boat and, without changing his position, right her again. Their spear for taking salmon is the most excellent our explorer had ever seen, and their harpoon is so formed that, as the whalers say, "it can't possibly draw." Their mode of building their snow huts, too, with walls only

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six inches thick, would puzzle an architect or an engineer.

Ask ten persons how they would kill frostbite; perhaps eight out of the ten will say rub with snow. Very well, but the Esquimaux understands that this is right when the frozen person is in a warm room, but wrong if he is exposed to a low temperature. Prof. Rae relates a lesson he was taught one very cold day by a little Esquimau woman. She observed his cheek white, when she immediately applied her warm hand to the part, pressed it softly and gently moved the skin over the bone beneath. The circulation was immediately started and the natural color restored. This our adventurer calls science and common sense; yet, not all that he encountered among them, led him to a very good opinion of that peculiar people. *F. E. Barker.*

## STUDY OF NATURE.

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language."

THE work of nature, written within and without by the finger of God, is a great unsealed book. Its pages contain the truths of eternity written in beautiful and simple language. Moral and devine lessons can be learned from its sacred pages. The author of this book is the father of the human race. We are his children and we have all received our birth-right from him; we have an inalienable right by our presence here, to enjoy the rich feasts that are always spread before our eyes, in the many hued flowers that deck the field and meadow, the feathery warblers that enliven the vast forests and the changing beauties of the sky, and the broad expanse of sea and land. No subject is more worthy of study, nor repays the labor of study with richer rewards, than the study of the grand harmonies of nature and their adaptation to the wants of man and beast and bird.

The material world is governed by general laws administered in the same way in all parts of the vast domain of God. Whether we traverse plains, climb mountains or sail on the briny deep, we find that the elements of nature operate with the same uniform laws. The earth and its teeming millions of animated beings, through every grade of created intelligence, are governed by eternal laws that are inscribed in indelible characters over the whole face of nature. This book of nature has been open to man ever since the dawn of creation, and yet but few, comparatively speaking, have deeply pondered its divine teachings. Millions have been born upon our fair earth who have lived in luxury, surrounded by every earthly blessing, and passed away without breathing a prayer of thanks to the supreme Ruler of the universe, or learning the moral lesson from the golden leaves of His sacred volume. The world's great teachers have ever been students of nature, in all its different aspects. Many illustrious names are on record, who have taught from nature's text-book. First and foremost of all these stands the name of the Savior. Many of the lessons which he taught were not new truths. They had been presented to man in the book of nature for his instruction ever since the world began. His simple and beautiful parables and illustrations are interpretations of the silent language of nature. The Great Teacher taught men how to read and understand this language. How lovingly and eloquently he refers to the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field, the vine and its branches, and the lost and wandering sheep.

Those who have not studied with delight the works of nature, should commence to observe, think, read and talk about any of the natural objects in creation. New wonders and beauties will then be seen in every ramble through forest, field or meadow. Those who have entered this magnificent temple of knowledge, should encourage others to follow. The youth should receive careful training in this direction. We should all so study the works of nature that we may be enabled, with prayerful and humble hearts, to rise above the study of nature, to the study of nature's God.

*Wm. H. Apperley.*

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. JUNE, 1884. No. 9.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE TRANSLATION OF THE PLATES.

AMONG the instructions given to Joseph by the angel Moroni, during the interview at the Hill Cumorah, related in our last chapter, was that he should meet him at the same place precisely one year from that time, and that he was to continue to repeat this visit every year until the proper time came for him to obtain the plates.

Joseph states: "Accordingly as I had been commanded, I went at the end of each year, and at each time I found the same messenger there, and received instruction and intelligence from him at each of our interviews respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner His kingdom was to be conducted in the last days.

"At length the time arrived for obtaining the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the Breastplate. On the twenty-second day of September, 1827, having gone, as usual, at the end of another year, to the place where they were deposited, the same heavenly messenger delivered them up to me with this charge, that I should be responsible for them; that if I should let them go carelessly or through any neglect of mine, I should be cut off; but that if I would use all my endeavors to preserve them, until he, the messenger, should call for them, they should be protected."

When Joseph obtained the plates, it does not appear that he took them at once to his father's house. His mother states, "The plates were secreted about three miles from home, in the following manner: Finding an old birch log much decayed, excepting the bark, which was in a measure sound, he took his pocket-knife and cut the bark with some care, then turned it back, and made a hole of sufficient size to receive the plates, and laying them in the cavity thus formed, he replaced the bark; after which, he laid across the log, in several places, some old stuff that happened to lay near, in order to conceal, as much as possible, the place in which they were deposited."

Joseph further writes: "I soon found out the reason why I had received such strict charges to keep them safe, and why it was that the messenger had said, that when I had done what was required at my hand, he would call for them; for no sooner was it known that I had them, than the most strenuous exertions were used to get them from me; every strategem that could be invented was resorted to for that purpose; the persecution became more bitter and severe than before, and multitudes were on the alert continually to get them from me if possible; but by the wisdom of God they remained safe in my hands, until I had accomplished by them what was required at my hand; when, according to arrangements, the messenger called for them, I delivered them up to him, and he has them in his charge until this day, being the second day of May, 1838."

In another place he says: "As soon as the news of this discovery [of the plates] was made known, false reports, misrepresentations and slander flew, as on the wings of the wind, in every direction; the house was frequently beset

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by mobs and evil designing persons. Several times I was shot at, and very narrowly escaped, and every device was made use of to get the plates away from me, but the power and blessing of God attended me, and several began to believe my testimony."

The persecution commenced within a day or two after he had obtained the plates. Absurd, as it may appear, a conjuror, or wizard, was consulted by some of Joseph's unfriendly neighbors in the endeavor to obtain the plates from him; and this personage felt quite positive that he would be successful. The Prophet discovering how matters were shaping, removed the plates from their place of concealment in the woods, and took them home. On his way thither, encumbered with the plates, which were of considerable weight, he was twice attacked (some accounts say three times) by persons who sought to take his life. It was under these circumstances that his remarkable agility and unusual strength did him good service; for notwithstanding the weight he carried, he arrived safe at his father's house, bringing his treasure with him. He then placed the plates in a chest provided by his brother Hyrum. In order to be as near as possible to the sacred things committed to his care, Joseph re-commenced to work with his father and brothers on the family farm.

Among those with whom the Smith family were acquainted, was a kind hearted though somewhat eccentric farmer, named Martin Harris. He had been told some little of the heavenly manifestations that Joseph had received, and when the young Prophet received the plates he was anxious to be his friend and help him to accomplish the work of translation. Mr. Harris' wife also claimed to be friendly, but she is represented to have been a woman of such peculiar temperament that her friendship was rather to be avoided than desired. One day she was on the best of terms with the Smiths, the next, would be altogether the other way, and in such moods would express in strong terms her disbelief in Joseph's story, particularly as he would not satisfy her curiosity by showing her the sacred things he had exhumed from Cumorah; for, as he told her, he was only permitted to show them to those whom God directed. While in one of these peculiar conditions of mind, Mrs. Harris had, according to her own statement, the following dream: "She said that a personage appeared to her, who told her that as she had disputed the servant of the Lord, and said his word was not to be believed, and had also asked him many improper questions, she had done that which was not right in the sight of God. After which, he said to her, 'Behold, here are the plates, look upon them and believe.'" Notwithstanding this manifestation, if it be true she did thus dream, she grew worse rather than better in her opposition to Joseph.

The history of this period of the Prophet's life cannot be better told than in his own words. He relates:

"The excitement, however, still continued, and rumor with her thousand tongues was all the time employed in circulating tales about my father's family, and about myself. If I were to relate a thousandth part of them, it would fill up volumes. The persecution, however, became so intolerable that I was under the necessity of leaving Manchester, and going with my wife to Susquehannah County, in the State of Pennsylvania: while preparing to start (being very poor and the persecution so heavy upon us, that there was no probability that we would ever be otherwise), in the midst of our afflictions we found a friend in a gentleman by the name of Martin Harris, who came to us and gave me fifty dollars to assist us in our afflictions. Mr. Harris was a resident of Palmyra Township, Wayne County, in the State of New York, and a farmer of respectability. By this timely aid was I enabled to reach the place of my destination in Pennsylvania, and immediately after my arrival there, I commenced copying the characters of the plates. I copied a considerable number of them, and by means of the Urim and Thummim I translated some of them, which I did

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between the time I arrived at the house of my wife's father in the month of December, and the February following. Some time in this month of February, the aforementioned Mr. Martin Harris came to our place, got the characters which I had drawn off the plates, and started with them to the city of New York. For what took place relative to him and the characters, I refer to his own account of the circumstances as he related them to me after his return, which was as follows: 'I went to the city of New York, and presented the characters which had been translated, with the translation thereof, to Professor Anthon, a gentleman celebrated for his literary attainments. Professor Anthon stated that the translation was correct, more so than any he had before seen translated from the Egyptian. I then showed him those which were not yet translated, and he said that they were Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyriac, and Arabic, and he said that they were the true characters. He gave me a certificate, certifying to the people of Palmyra that they were true characters, and that the translation of such of them as had been translated was also correct. I took the certificate and put it into my pocket, and was just leaving the house, when Mr. Anthon called me back, and asked me how the young man found out that there were gold plates in the place where he found them. I answered that an angel of God had revealed it unto him.

"'He then said to me, let me see that certificate. I accordingly took it out of my pocket and gave it to him, when he took it and tore it to pieces, saying that there was no such thing now as ministering of angels, and that if I would bring the plates to him, he would translate them. I informed him that part of the plates were sealed, and that I was forbidden to bring them, he replied, 'I cannot read a sealed book.' I left him and went to Dr. Mitchell, who sanctioned what Professor Anthon had said respecting both the characters and the translation.'"

Mr. Harris having returned from this tour, he left me and went home to Palmyra, arranged his affairs and returned again to my house about the twelfth of April, 1828, and commenced writing for me while I translated from the plates, which we continued until the fourteenth of June following, by which time he had written one hundred and sixteen pages of manuscript on foolscap paper. Some time after Mr. Harris had begun to write for me, he began to tease me to give him liberty to carry the writings home and show them; and desired of me that I would inquire of the Lord, through the Urim and Thummim, if he might not do so. I did inquire, and the answer was that he must not. However he was not satisfied with this answer, and desired that I should inquire again. I did so, and the answer was as before. Still he could not be contented, but insisted that I should inquire once more. After much solicitation I again inquired of the Lord, and permission was granted him to have the writings on certain conditions, which were that he show them only to his brother, Preserved Harris, his own wife, his father and mother, and a Mrs. Cobb, a sister to his wife. In accordance with this last answer, I required of him that he should bind himself in a covenant to me in the most solemn manner, that he would not do otherwise than had been directed. He did so; he bound himself as I required of him, took the writings and went his way.

Notwithstanding, however, the great restrictions which he had been laid under, and the solemnity of the covenant which he had made with me, he did show them to others, and by strategem they got them away from him, and they never have been recovered nor obtained back again unto this day.

In the meantime, while Martin Harris was gone with the writings, I went to visit my father's family, at Manchester. I continued there for a short season, and then returned to my place in Pennsylvania. Immediately after my return home, I was walking out a little distance, when, behold, the former heavenly messenger appeared and handed to me the Urim and Thummim again (for it had been

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taken from me in consequence of my having wearied the Lord in asking the privilege of letting Martin Harris take the writings which he lost by transgression), and I inquired of the Lord through them, and obtained the following revelation:

*Revelation to Joseph Smith, Jun., given July, 1828, concerning certain manuscripts on the first part of the Book of Mormon, which had been taken from the possession of Martin Harris.*

1. The works, and the designs, and the purposes of God cannot be frustrated, neither can they come to nought, for God doth not walk in crooked paths; neither doth He turn to the right hand nor to the left; neither doth He vary from that which He hath said; therefore His paths are strait and His course is one eternal round.

2. Remember, remember, that it is not the work of God that is frustrated, but the work of men; for although a man may have many revelations, and have power to do many mighty works, yet, if he boasts in his own strength, and sets at nought the counsels of God, and follows after the dictates of his own will and carnal desires, he must fall and incur the vengeance of a just God upon him.

3. Behold, you have been intrusted with these things, but how strict were your commandments; and remember, also, the promises which were made to you, if you did not transgress them; and behold, how oft you have transgressed the commandments and the laws of God, and have gone on in the persuasions of men; for behold, you should not have feared man more than God, although men set at nought the counsels of God, and despise His words, yet you should have been faithful, and He would have extended his arm, and supported you against all the fiery darts of the adversary, and He would have been with you in every time of trouble.

4. Behold thou art Joseph, and thou wast chosen to do the work of the Lord, but because of transgression, if thou art not aware thou wilt fall; but remember, God is merciful, therefore repent of that which thou hast done, which is contrary to the commandment which I gave you, and thou art still chosen, and art again called to the work; except thou do this, thou shalt be delivered up and become as other men, and have no more gift.

5. And when thou deliveredst up that which God had given thee sight and power to translate, thou deliveredst up that which was sacred into the hands of a wicked man, who has set at nought the counsels of God, and has broken the most sacred promises which were made before God, and has depended upon his own judgment and boasted in his own wisdom; and this is the reason that thou hast lost thy privileges for a season, for thou hast suffered the counsel of thy director to be trampled upon from the beginning.

6. Nevertheless, my work shall go forth, for inasmuch as the knowledge of a Savior has come unto the world, through the testimony of the Jews, even so shall the knowledge of a Savior come unto my people, and to the Nephites, and the Jacobites, and the Josephites, and the Zoramites, through the testimony of their fathers; and this testimony shall come to the knowledge of the Lamanites, and the Lemuelites, and the Ishmaelites, who dwindled in unbelief because of the iniquity of their fathers, whom the Lord has suffered to destroy their brethren, the Nephites, because of their iniquities and their abominations; and for this very purpose are these plates preserved which contain these records, that the promises of the Lord might be fulfilled, which he made to His people; and that the Lamanites might come to the knowledge of their fathers, and that they might know the promises of the Lord; and that they may believe the Gospel, and rely upon the merits of Jesus Christ, and be glorified through faith in His name, and that through their repentance they might be saved. Amen.

After I had obtained the above revelation, both the plates and the Urim and Thummim were taken from me again; but in a few days they were returned to me, when I inquired of the Lord, and the Lord said thus unto me:

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*Revelation given to Joseph Smith, Jun., May, 1829, informing him of the alteration of the manuscript of the fore part of the Book of Mormon.*

1. Now, behold, I say unto you, that because you delivered up those writings, which you had power given unto you to translate by the means of the Urim and Thummim, into the hands of a wicked man, you have lost them, and you also lost your gift at the same time, and your mind became darkened; nevertheless, it is now restored unto you again; therefore see that you are faithful and continue on unto the finishing of the remainder of the work of translation as you have begun. Do not run faster or labor more than you have strength and means provided to enable you to translate, but be diligent unto the end. Pray always that you may come off conqueror; yea, that you may conquer Satan, and that you may escape the hands of the servants of Satan that do uphold his work. Behold, they have sought to destroy you; yea, even the man in whom you have trusted has sought to destroy you. And for this cause I said that he is a wicked man, for he has sought to take away the things wherewith you have been entrusted, and he has also sought to destroy your gift; and because you have delivered the writings into his hands, behold, wicked men have taken them from you; therefore you have delivered them up, yea, that which was sacred unto wickedness. And, behold, Satan has put it into their hearts to alter the words which you have caused to be written, or which you have translated, which have gone out of your hands; and, behold, I say unto you, that because they have altered the words, they read contrary from that which you translated and caused to be written, and on this wise the devil has sought to lay a cunning plan that he may destroy this work; for he hath put it into their hearts to do this, that by lying they may say they have caught you in the words which you have pretended to translate.

2. Verily I say unto you, that I will not suffer that Satan shall accomplish his evil design in this thing; for, behold, he has put it into their hearts to get thee to tempt the Lord thy God in asking to translate it over again; and then, behold, they say and think in their hearts we will see if God has given him power to translate, if so, he will also give him power again; and if God giveth him power again, or if he translate again, or in other words, if he bringeth forth the same words, behold, we have the same with us and we have altered them, therefore they will not agree, and we will say that he has lied in his words, and that he has no gift and that he has no power; therefore we will destroy him and also the work, and we will do this that we may not be ashamed in the end, and that we may get glory of the world.

3. Verily, verily, I say unto you, that Satan has great hold upon their hearts; he stirreth them up to iniquity against that which is good, and their hearts are corrupt and full of wickedness and abominations, and they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil; therefore they will not ask of me. Satan stirreth them up that he may lead their souls to destruction; and thus he has laid a cunning plan thinking to destroy the work of God; but I will require this at their hands, and it shall turn to their shame and condemnation in the day of judgment; yea, he stirreth up their hearts to anger against this work; yea, he saith unto them, Deceive, and lie in wait to catch that ye may destroy; behold, this is no harm; and thus he flattereth them and telleth them that it is no sin to lie that they may catch a man in a lie that they may destroy him; and thus he flattereth them, and leadeth them along until he draggeth their souls down to hell; and thus he causeth them to catch themselves in their own snare; and thus he goeth up and down, to and fro in the earth, seeking to destroy the souls of men.

4. Verily, verily, I say unto you, wo be unto him that lieth to deceive, because he supposeth that another lieth to deceive, for such are not exempt from the justice of God.

5. Now, behold, they altered those words, because Satan saith unto them,

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"he hath deceived you;" and thus he flattereth them away to do iniquity to get thee to tempt the Lord thy God.

6. Behold, I say unto you, that you shall not translate again those words which have gone forth out of your hands; for, behold, they shall not accomplish their evil designs in lying against those words. For, behold, if you should bring forth the same words they will say that you have lied, that you have pretended to translate, but that you have contradicted yourself; and, behold, they will publish this, and Satan will harden the hearts of the people to stir them up to anger against you, that they will not believe my words. Thus Satan thinketh to overpower your testimony in this generation, that the work may not come forth in this generation; but, behold, here is wisdom, and because I show unto you wisdom and give you commandments concerning these things what you shall do, show it not unto the world until you have accomplished the work of translation.

7. Marvel not that I said unto you, here is wisdom, show it not unto the world; for I said show it not unto the world that you may be preserved. Behold, I do not say that you shall not show it unto the righteous, but as you cannot always judge the righteous, or as you cannot always tell the wicked from the righteous, therefore I say unto you, hold your peace until I shall see fit to make all things known unto the world concerning the matter.

8. And now, verily I say unto you, that an account of those things that you have written, which have gone out of your hands, are engraven upon the plates of Nephi; yea, and you remember it was said in those writings, that a more particular account was given of these things upon the plates of Nephi.

9. And now, because the account which is engraven upon the plates of Nephi is more particular concerning the things which in my wisdom I would bring to the knowledge of the people in this account, therefore you shall translate the engravings which are on the plates of Nephi, down even till you come to the reign of King Benjamin, or until you come to that which you have translated which you have retained; and, behold, you shall publish it as the record of Nephi, and thus I will confound those who have altered my words. I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work; yea, I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil.

10. Behold, they have only got a part or an abridgment of the account of Nephi. Behold, there are many things engraven on the plates of Nephi which do throw greater views upon my Gospel; therefore it is wisdom in me that you should translate this first part of the engravings of Nephi, and send forth in this work. And, behold, all the remainder of this work does contain all those parts of my Gospel which my holy Prophets, yea, and also my disciples desired in their prayers should come forth unto this people. And I said unto them that it should be granted unto them according to their faith in their prayers; yea, and this was their faith—that my Gospel which I gave unto them that they might preach in their days, might come unto their brethren the Lamanites, and also all that had become Lamanites because of their dissensions.

11. Now this is not all; their faith in their prayers were—that this Gospel should be made known also, if it were possible that other nations should possess this land; and thus they did leave a blessing upon this land in their prayers, that whosoever should believe in this Gospel in this land might have eternal life; yea, that it might be free unto all of whatsoever nation, kindred, tongue or people they may be.

12. And now, behold, according to their faith in their prayers will I bring this part of my Gospel to the knowledge of my people. Behold, I do not bring it to destroy that which they have received, but to build it up.

13. And for this cause have I said, if this generation harden not their hearts, I will establish my church among them. Now I do not say this to destroy my church, but I say this to build up my

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church; therefore, whosoever belongeth to my church need not fear, for such shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. But it is they who do not fear me, neither keep my commandments, but buildeth up churches unto themselves to get gain; yea, and all those that do wickedly and buildeth up the kingdom of the devil; yea, verily, verily, I say unto you, that it is they that I will disturb, and cause to tremble and shake to the centre.

14. Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God; I came unto my own and my own received me not. I am the light which shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. I am He who said unto my disciples, other sheep have I which are not of this fold, and many there were that understood me not.

15. And I will show unto this people that I had other sheep, and that they were a branch of the house of Jacob. And I will bring to light their marvelous works which they did in my name; yea, and I will also bring to light my Gospel which was ministered unto them; and, behold, they shall not deny that which you have received, but they shall build it up, and shall bring to light the true points of my doctrine, yea, and the only doctrine which is in me; and this I do that I may establish my Gospel, that there may not be so much contention. Yea, Satan doth stir up the hearts of the people to contention concerning the points of my doctrine, and in these things they do err, for they do wrest the scriptures, and do not understand them; therefore I will unfold unto them this great mystery; for, behold, I will gather them as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, if they will not harden their hearts; yea, if they will come, they may, and partake of the waters of life freely.

16. Behold, this is my doctrine: whosoever repenteth and cometh unto me, the same is my church; whosoever declareth more or less than this, the same is not of me, but is against me, therefore he is not of my church.

17. And now, behold, whosoever is of my church and endureth of my church to the end, him will I establish upon my rock and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them.

18. And now, remember the words of him who is the life and the light of the world, your Redeemer, your Lord and your God. Amen.

I did not, however, go immediately to translating, but went to laboring with my hands upon a small farm which I had purchased of my wife's father, in order to provide for my family.

*George Reynolds.*

Balzac being asked to explain an abstruse passage in one of his books, he frankly owned it had no meaning at all. "You see," said he," "for the average reader all that is clear seems easy, and if I did not sometimes give him a complicated and meaningless sentence, he would think he knew as much as myself. But when he comes upon something he cannot comprehend, he re-reads it, puzzles over it, takes his head between his hand and glares at it; and finding it impossible to make head or tail of it, says, "Great man, Balzac; he knows more than I do.'"

## A HISTORICAL BUILDING.

MANY of the old-time Saints who were connected with the Church in early days in England will doubtless remember the Cockpit in Preston, which was rented by President Heber C. Kimball in 1837, to hold meetings in, and for a long time thereafter used for that purpose. It is associated in the minds of the Saints who lived in that region at that time with pleasant memories. President Kimball records in his journal, when mentioning the fact of having engaged this place:

"We obtained a large and commodious

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place to preach in, called 'The Cockpit,' which had formerly been used by the people to witness cocks fight and kill one another, and where hundreds of spectators had shouted in honor of the barbarous sport, which was once the pride of Britons. And now, instead of the huzzas of the wicked and profane, the Gospel of Christ and the voice of praise and thanksgiving were heard there. The building had also been used as a temperance hall.

"We had to pay seven shillings sterling per week for the use of it, and two shillings per week for the lighting, it being beautifully lit up with gas. It is situated in the centre of the town, and about twenty rods from the 'old church,' probably the oldest in Lancashire. This church has twelve bells, which are rung at every service, the noise of which was so great that we were unable to proceed with our services until they had done ringing them."

While on a recent visit to Preston, we went to see this historical building, about which we had so frequently heard and read. Our guide was an old gentleman, whose memory not only reached back to the time when the Saints held meetings there, but farther still, for he well remembered the place being used as a cockpit, and that the Earl of Derby used to come there at every racing season to witness his favorite sport, the fighting of the birds. He informed us that the ringing of the bells of the parish church near by would announce the conclusion of the game, and then the Earl would ride off with his retinue to attend the races. The building, when we saw it, had rather a dilapidated appearance, the walls being considerably out of the perpendicular. We were therefore not very much surprised at reading in the daily papers of the present week that the structure had collapsed on the ninth instant (June, 1884). The Liverpool *Daily Post* contains the following on the subject:

"On Monday evening, about half-past 5 o'clock, three-quarters of the roof and a large portion of the south gable of the Old Cockpit, situate in St. John's place, Stoneygate, Preston, fell in with a tremendous crash. The building had latterly been tenanted by Mr. Jackson, a dancing master, and his band and pupils were to begin to assemble at 6 o'clock. It is most fortunate that the accident happened at the time mentioned, as in about an hour later there would have been from one hundred to one hundred and twenty persons in the place, and the loss of life would no doubt have been very large. It is said that this old building was erected at the end of the last or beginning of the present century, at the expense of the great-grandfather of the present Earl of Derby, who was passionately fond of cock-fighting, and fought many a main therein. On Sundays it was used as a school in connection with the parish church, and it was the duty of the apparitor to clear away the blood and feathers left from the week's combats before the opening of the school on Sunday morning. In 1830 the place was closed as a cockpit, and the burgesses of Preston were deprived of their great diversion, the Derby family, its patrons, being then alienated by the defeat of the Hon. E. G. Stanley (the late earl) by Mr. Henry Hunt in the by-election of that year. Then the cockpit was utilized as a sort of mechanics' institution, which took the fine name of 'Lyceum," and after that it was the great meeting place of the temperance advocates; and it was here that Dicky Turner invented the word 'teetotal.' Speaking of drink, he remarked, in his stuttering way, that he could do 'tee-tee-totally' without it; and the word became at once the shibboleth of the total abstainers. The cockpit was also the Sunday meeting place of the weavers' delegates during the great Preston strike of 1853-4, which lasted nine months; and, after the subscriptions they brought from all parts of the country to support the turn-outs had been counted, it was here they addressed crowded and excited meetings of the operatives. Some time ago the building was leased to a company of mineral water and lemonade manufacturers, and latterly has been used as a dancing academy." *G. C. Lambert.*

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# APOSTASY.

I.

"Didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it tares?"—MATT., XIII: 27.

"Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him. * * Let no man deceive you by any means for that day shall not come except there be a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition."—II THESS., II: 1 and 3.

So MUCH has been written under the above caption, and so many potent arguments have been advanced, it will almost seem superfluous and unnecessary to add anything further; but we think the phase of the subject which we intend presenting will not be uninteresting to readers of the CONTRIBUTOR. The chain of scriptural evidence forged by previous writers, is sufficiently strong, and leaves nothing to be added. Our purpose is to ask writers of profane history to add their quota in making tenable the position taken by the Latter-day Saints, and only incidental reference will be made to the pages of sacred literature. When our Savior came unto the "seed of Abraham (the Jews) unto whom the promise was made," He found them paying tribute to the Romans under Augustus, and in provinces of the Roman empire, directly governed, or rather oppressed by procurators who were appointed by the government. They were expecting a sovereign and deliverer, but a temporal one, who would deliver them from their Roman masters. Christ came as a spiritual Lord to teach them to be subject to a spiritual kingdom; to fulfil the law of Moses, from which they had degenerated, and preach, by example as well as by precept, the laws of His kingdom.

The example of the infidel Romans had materially aided in the corruptions above mentioned, and, as will be shown, also changed the doctrines of Christ, until hardly a vestige of them, in their primitive purity, remained. The church had been built "upon the foundation of prophets and apostles, Christ himself being the chief cornerstone," who called to their aid such helps as pastors, evangelists, bishops, priests, deacons, etc," and from the improper use and abuse of the rights and duties of the successors of these officers, most of the corruptions which gradually crept into the church, are directly traceable. The Twelve Apostles, with Peter at their head (of course subject to our Savior), constituted the authority in the primitive church, and the offices they held were to be a necessary adjunct until "all came to a unity of the faith." The fact that these important positions were not filled, or even considered necessary, is indisputable proof that the great "falling away" had commenced as early as the first century, A. D., and Paul, in his lifetime, saw that "the mystery of iniquity doth already work." Each of the offices mentioned, was distinctive from all others, and required a separate ordination thereto, but in course of time the officers arrogated to themselves authority and influence not given them, and from the democratic principle of having "all things in common," they degenerated into mere wranglers after temporal power and emoluments accruing to their offices.

The bishops were temporal officers, but as early as the second and third centuries they commenced to assume powers and responsibilities entirely foreign to their duties as temporal fathers of the church. They sought to increase to the limits of their diocese, or the branch of the church over which they presided, amass wealth, and, in the third century, many of them even affected the manner and state of princes, being surrounded by the concomitant wealth and magnificence of royalty. The presbyters, who took the plea of priests, and the deacons, assistants to the bishops in temporal affairs, were not slow to follow the example set them, and lived in indolence and pleasure, and did not deign to perform the subordinate duties to which their offices called them. Owing to this



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cause, new and minor orders were added to the clergy, called sub-deacons, acolythi, ostiarii or door keepers, lectors or readers, and exorcists. During apostolic times, each branch of the church had its own officers, made its own laws, which were sanctioned by the general body, and, in a great measure, was independent from all other branches. The time of gathering had not yet come, and this fact is reason enough to account for this condition of affairs. Through the whole of the first and a portion of the second century, this state of affairs continued. During this period, also, the clergy was created by the suffrage of the whole people.

The apostles received the command to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature," and followed the injunction in the spirit it was given, but their pretended successors, with dogmatic zeal, sought to extend the influence and power of Christianity for their own worldly advancement rather than to bring unbelievers from the fog of doubt and unbelief into the transcendent blaze of Gospel truths. Judging from their actions, their motto must have been, "the end justifies the means," and certainly the means they employed cannot be recommended to those who preach a gospel of regeneration.

We have already spoken of the influence the Romans exerted upon them to the exclusion of pure principles, and the adoption of heresies, and will now quote proof in point from the great ecclesiastical historian, Mosheim. Speaking of the synods or councils patterned after the political regime of the Romans, he says: "These councils, of which no vestige appears before the middle of this (the second) century, changed nearly the whole form of the church. For in the first place, the ancient rights and privileges of the people were very much abridged by them; and on the other hand, the influence and authority of the bishops were not a little augmented. At first the bishops did not deny that they were merely representatives of their churches, and that they acted in the name of the people; but little by little they made higher pretensions, and maintained that power was given them by Christ Himself to dictate rules of faith and conduct to the people. In the next place, the perfect equality and parity of all bishops, which existed in early times, these councils gradually subverted; for it was necessary that one of the confederated bishops of a province should be intrusted with some authority and power in those conventions over the others, and hence originated the prerogatives of metropolitans. And lastly, when the custom of holding these councils had extended over the Christian world, and the universal church had acquired the form of a vast republic, composed of many lesser ones; certain chief men were to be placed over it in different parts of the world, in order to preserve the coherence of the whole body. Hence came patriarchs and the Roman pontiff." (Mosheim, page 62.) This shows an evident departure from established usage, but to make the contrast still more marked we will again quote from the same author, page 35: "Whoever supposes that the bishop of the first and golden age of the church corresponded with the bishops of the following centuries, must blend and confound characters which are very different. For, in this century (the first) and the next, a bishop had charge of a single church, which might ordinarily be contained in a private house; nor was he its lord, but in reality its minister or servant; he instructed the people, conducted all parts of public worship, and attended on the sick and the necessitous in person." All the remuneration received by the bishops was voluntary contributions from the people; vastly different from the immense income which they, in time, held to be their right.

The branches of the church being on an equality, the bishops also were considered equal, but the change of precedence came quickly. In controversial matters of importance, the apostles were appealed to as final decision, and from what was considered a precedence; the bishops living in cities sacred to the

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apostles soon began to assume authority higher than their priesthood allowed, and were consulted upon weighty affairs and enjoyed prerogatives peculiar to themselves. These cities were notably Rome, Antioch, Alexandria and Byzantium or Constantinople. The bishops of Rome, in particular, were considered by many to hold some primacy in the church, and were considered successors to Peter. The bishops themselves strenuously maintained all the power they gained and zealously worked for more. Each of the bishops in the cities named was jealous of the others and sternly opposed any innovation upon accepted doctrine or church polity, not advanced by himself. This strife was much augmented when Christianity became popular enough to receive notice from Roman emperors. Constantine the Great, in particular, interfered in church discipline and some new departures are ascribed to him. He transferred the imperial residence to Byzantium, and there founded the city Constantinople; and at first undesignedly raised up a powerful competitor to the bishop of Rome, who, by this time, was fast gaining supremacy. The emperor wished the city to be a new Rome and endowed with all the privileges, honors and elegancies of the old. The bishop of such a great city, which was the imperial residence; also thought himself equal to the bishop of old Rome in rank, and desired to have precedence over all other bishops. The emperor and his successors did not disapprove of this ambition, because they considered their own dignity involved in that of the bishop of their metropolis, and in the year 381 A. D., a council was convened by Theodosius the Great, and this matter of increasing importance received attention. The bishop of Rome was placed in the first rank, the bishop of Constantinople in the second, and the bishops of Antioch and Alexandria came next in rank. This council was only one of many which were, by authority of Constantine, composed of minor councils, before referred to, of the whole church, and composing ecumenical or general councils, the same, which, in subsequent centuries decided matters of controversy.

The subsequent bishops of Constantinople gradually advanced their claims to superiority, until it became an open warfare between the pontiffs of Rome and Constantinople for the supremacy, and was protracted through several conturies, until it finally ended in a complete disruption in the Greek and Catholic churches. From the time of Constantine, the feeling between rival cities grew to such an intense hate that it seems almost impossible for those in a common faith, which faith taught love and good will, to entertain. Worldly power and greatness became so fascinating that often obstinate and bloody contests took place when a new pontiff was to be created by the voice of the priests and people. An example is afforded of this in the year 366, after the death of Liberius, bishop of Rome. One party was for placing Damasus as his successor, and another for appointing Ursiunus over the bereaved church, and the contest ended in a bloody warfare, in which there was burning of houses, in which many lost their lives. In very truth was the "man of sin revealed," whose mission has ever been to cause disunion in the ranks of truth and the Gospel of liberty.

*J. L. Robison.*

## THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

THOSE who are old enough to remember fifty years ago, when the great central States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois were only sparsely settled, and the vast regions of the northwest were not yet organized into territories, will recollect the fervor of emigration and enterprise of the young men to develop the agricultural, mineral and commercial resources of those vast

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regions. Then, on every principal highway leading westward, might have been seen long trains of emigrant wagons; and on every steamboat crowds of young and middle-aged, all moving westward with high hopes and fond anticipations.

Just such is the condition of Canadian society at the present time. With the confederation of the provinces into one Dominion, in 1867, a new era dawned upon her people. Hitherto many of her best young men emigrated to the United States, and identified themselves with American citizens. Confederation was a high bid for Canadian patriotism by offering a possibility of future nationality and independence. But it was not till 1871, when the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of the Dominion, made a journey to the valleys of the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine that public attention took a turn in that direction. The glowing accounts of the wonderful fertility of those regions, as given by parties who accompanied this expedition, was too much for even the sober, steady-going Canadian farmers. Hundreds sold or mortgaged their possessions, and, with what money they could obtain, set out for this northern *El Dorado*. Canada saw in these northwest territories the possibility of her future greatness. The emigration of young Canadians to the United States suffered a serious check; but steamers on the North Red River were unable to carry the freight, passengers and baggage destined for the shores of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipeg.

Notwithstanding the reports of returning missionaries, tourists and traders, the great majority of the American people, in common with the rest of mankind, looked upon this unknown land as an inhospitable region of ice and snow. It was not till the centennial year of American independence that the opinions of leading men underwent a great change. Thoughtful men from every nation on the globe had met at the great world's fair, then holding at Philadelphia, bringing with them the best natural and manufactured products of their own lands. Among natural products none claimed higher importance, both with agriculturalists and statesmen, than the great life-sustaining article of wheat. In the agricultural department of the exhibition could be found thick-bearded Russians, with bushels upon bushels of beautiful wheat from the plains of the Don and the Volga. Swarthy Thibetians, from the tablelands of Asia, were there with wheat, whose beautifully-rounded grains denoted its superior quality. Farmers from Egypt exhibited samples of the favored grain, beautiful enough to tempt a less aggressive people than the English to desire the rich valley of the Nile. Australians were there also, with fine specimens of wheat from those distant regions. And lastly, enterprising Americans from at least a dozen States and Territories were there, all eloquently pleading the superior qualities of the samples they exhibited. Which of all these countries and to whom should the medal and first prize be given for the finest quality of wheat? After much examination and consultation, the judges unanimously agreed to give the rewards to an obscure farmer named McLeod, for wheat raised at Fort Chippewyan, near the shores of Lake Athabasca, more than one thousand five hundred miles northwest of Minnesota, while specimens from the vast and still more distant Peace River country received honorable mention. To say that leading agriculturists, statesmen and representatives of the great nations of the earth were astonished, would only half tell the story. Much more, they would have been scarcely more astonished if they had been informed of a new wheat-growing continent in the midst of the Pacific Ocean.

This decision was supplemented, a short time afterwards, by a letter to the Hon. Secretary of the Interior by the Hon. I. W. Taylor, American consul at Winnipeg, who has made a life-long study of this question. Among other things, he says: "I have just returned from Prince Albert, on the North Saskatchewan, some five hundred miles

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northwest of the city of Winnipeg, where I witnessed the harvesting of probably the choicest wheat on the continent, saved in the finest order, and entirely free from frost. On my way south I stopped at Portage la Prairie, a young and thriving town, two hundred and sixty miles north of Winnipeg, and fully eight hundred miles north of St. Paul. At this place I remained for a day to attend the Provincial Exhibition then being held at that point. I had lived there, and I thus had the opportunity of conversing with scores of farmers whom I knew intimately, many of them the early immigrants to the province. I have myself lived some sixteen years in the Canadian Northwest, and during my residence there have farmed extensively both in Manitoba and the territories farther northwest. During all that time my crops have only suffered twice from severe frost. Throughout this northwest region a sudden break takes place in the weather about the end of August. The nights then become chilly and frost is to be feared, though it may seldom come. On the other hand, there is no June frost, and anyone can easily understand that before the end of August the wheat is already safe. So far from wheat culture north of the Canada line being 'doubtful,' it is a fact well known that the quality of the grain improves as you approach the northwestern limit of its growth. The only difficulty, indeed, seems to be to reach this limit. The quantity of the grain is also remarkable. In the Mississippi Valley the average yield is scarcely sixteen bushels per acre, while twenty-five bushels is considered as something remarkable. The soil of the Canadian Northwest yields forty bushels per acre under careless tillage, and without the application of manure."

During the last two or three years the capabilities of this magnificent region have begun to attract attention to such an extent that last year an increase of three million acres were put for the first time under cultivation. The area of this fertile belt is estimated to be more than three-fourths that of Europe. It may be well to point out that this great district, by way of Hudson's Bay—a route which is being rapidly developed—is nearer Liverpool than any State of the Union west of Ohio. The influx of settlers continues to increase. As yet steamboat and railway communication is inadequate, but it is being rapidly extended. Steamers already ply on the Assiniboine, Severn, Nelson, Saskatchewan, Athabaska and Peace rivers; and on Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Athabasca; in all a distance of more than nineteen hundred miles. The Canadian Pacific Railway is already more than two-thirds completed, and the work is being rapidly prosecuted. Branch roads connecting it with the Hudson Bay on the northeast, the Peace River country on the northwest, and Dakota on the south, are already commenced. In the near future a large population will occupy these territories. Canada will rise to importance and authority through the development of the boundless resources entrusted to her, Britain will find a vast market for her manufactures, and may yet draw her supplies of grain mainly from this dependency. The climate of this region is what we would call severe; yet not more so than Sweden or central Russia. The cold is continuous and therefore not felt so much as in places where changes in temperature are frequent. The heavy snows protect the roots of the plants in winter, and when at length the snow melts in April the days are already so long that vegetation springs rapidly forward. By the end of April, the days are fully fifteen hours long, and rapidly increase. By the end of May they are quite eighteen hours in length. By the middle of June, sunlight has increased to nineteen hours, and twilight lingers the whole night through. In the dark days of December this is reversed, and the sun lingers fully three-fourths of the time below the horizon. The staple products of the country are wheat, rye, barley, oats and peas. Corn may be raised in the extreme south, but is not certain. The larger fruits, excepting a few hardy apples, cannot be successfully

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cultivated; but berries in great abundance are found growing wild. Of these the principal are cranberries, currants, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries and whortleberries. Game is abundant, especially in the vast forests which lie to the east and north of Winnipeg, which is perhaps the most extensive timber region on the face of the globe. The lakes, rivers and creeks abound with fish, and these of the finest quality.

*J. H. Ward.*

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Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered,
Shall never find it more.

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## THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

I.

THE ability to receive knowledge and intelligence from sources outside of personal experience is one of the every day facts of life. To be sure much is and much might be acquired from individual research, but the wisest student is he who utilizes, whenever practicable, the labors of others in his selected line of thought. There are few subjects of human interest but which, on a superficial glance, seem to have been touched in some degree, some much more profoundly than others, some apparently exhausted, yet numerous are the topics upon which there is little known or said. Gifted men—men of genius—are pushing forward the picket lines of observation, and some in the flush of discovery think the outer fringe is reached, at all events by them; others, with more sublime humility, are prepared to endorse the sentiment of the mighty Newton, who, being complimented on his discoveries in science, said, "I am but as a child playing on the sands, and gathering here and there a pebble or a shell, while the great ocean of truth rolls unexplored before me." Others may have seized his conceptions and conclusions, and scientific lore may since his time have had vast accretions, but none have so unostentatiously divested themselves of egotism or taken so little credit to themselves. Professor Morse, when he belted the globe with the flashing, thrilling message, "What hath God wrought? Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes," was probably a more alluring type of the pious or religious man, yet he perchance never belittled his achievements as did his predecessor—Newton.

The student of to-day needs not to grope in comparative darkness and in learned ignorance, for a "resting place for the soles of his feet;" he can with some assurance stand upon the foundation already laid, and from known data push the platform already erected further toward the unknown and unproved. That there is an infinitude of knowledge in the possession of organized intelligences is favored by all hypotheses, reasons appear to be conclusive also in this direction, and revelation (if we admit its possibility or can experience its practicability) would be its own best testimony to an important future. Mankind use with assiduity all the appliances of books, research, experiment; the platform and the rostrum popularizes every new fancy, every wild vagary and every partial truth with the rapidity of travel; noted men become peripatetic lecturers, and by virtue of fame already secured on some basis, by virtue of startling caption, such as "Why don't God kill the devil," or by iconoclastic assaults on sacred things, on long cherished faiths, seek to create sensation and—"put money in thy purse."

It is obvious, however, that there is yet "a remnant" who are not anxious to "remove the old landmarks;" they believe that truth hath yet a foothold upon the earth, and that there is less of mental and spiritual chaos than some would seem to suggest, and if these shrink from books and platforms and schools of thought, it is because so-called standards and educators have become

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more or less depraved; popularity is courted, not right; money is loved, not truth; profit, not reality; time, not eternity, is the objective goal of action.

The sphere, the life, the opportunities of mankind are all limited; he is apparently confined to earth. Three score years and ten is the assumed boundary of his age; one quarter is consumed by childhood and youth; one-third of the balance by sleep; one-quarter by creeping decrepitude and age; part of the remainder by uncertainties, inexperience and errors, until between fifteen and twenty years is all that the average man can expect to use in solving the problems of his career and preparing for a hereafter. Now if man could be aided in his efforts after good by those who have passed the ordeals of life, by those who have found the secret of the future, those who, as Shakspeare had it, "have jumped the life to come," surely his advancement in all that is desirable would be more rapid and satisfactory, yet but few have faith in the resources of this direction; the leaders and the masses, the priest and the people, the teacher and the pupils for ages have conceded this to be an impossibility; present aid and past historical assertion of such possibility has been relegated to the "no man's ground," of tradition, superstition and myth. Whether this mental and spiritual darkness is the cumulative product of irreligious ancestry and parentage may not in every individual case be clear, but that there is a law of transmission has been asserted from the earliest times, and if scepticism can become hereditary as do other characteristics, so also may faith and active spiritual function, until the one organization may become almost the antipodes of the other, the positive and negative poles of spiritual and religious experience and life.

To the developed organization, the future life is an assured reality, the existence of God an indisputable truth, spiritual communion an unambiguous experience; and the miracles of the past, the power of the spirit, and the gifts and blessings are all only so many expected phenomena, and are no more bewildering to the recipient than the phenomena of nature or the marvels of chemistry to the student in these directions. The inexperienced may ridicule, may travesty, may laugh even in derision or contempt, but real faith is as immovable as the hills. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show him his covenant;" Psalms xxv: 14 Thus the truths of religion imbedded in man's nature are scientific, philosophic and natural, as well as biblical and theological; and the faculties and functions, which take note of spiritual things and spiritual influences, are active or dormant, or occupy intermediate position, or are intermittent, just as the functions and faculties which pertain to labor, to social matters, to music, or to mental activities of other characters, according to opportunities or degree of power.

Some men are color blind, yet colors exist; some are insensible to music, yet the harmonies of that art are an inspiration to others; some love beauty, while there are those in whom its symmetries find no response. And so as to religion; its rites and revelations may be as a book sealed to one who cannot read, yet at the same time to another be in reality saturated with intelligent order and system, be conclusive as to necessity, and to faith surcharged be as a matter of course destined to sure and certain triumph.

It may be said the whole world lacks wisdom, but because of unbelief, how few seek for it outside of human aid, how few adopt the conclusions of Joseph Smith, the unsophisticated lad? To be a praying man is of course in many circles not a discredit, but rather otherwise, yet in Congress, in conventions, in churches even, and not unfrequently in Israel, to find an answer would be both an unlooked for and an unexpected thing.

Now if we assume that existence is continuous, if individuality is eternal either as to the past or future, this little life is but as a drop of water or a grain of sand; yet men increase in knowledge here, the stock is being continually aug-

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mented, personal experience, the silent power of association, the countless influences and scenes of life, all add to the mental deposit; and ever and anon there comes thought from outside sources, probably if analyzed the product of pre-existent experience, memories of the past, or suggestions of the future. How and why the past is mostly veiled, whether all its memories and experiences will revive with the laying down of the tabernacle, are questions partly unsolvable at present; whether all the details of this probation will be obliterated until after the resurrection, is matter for argument and revelation, but if pre-existence is established, men now in the flesh must have had a vast experience in the past; the associations of that life, its social and educational opportunities could be no secret when the spirits left that home for this. And there can be no doubt but that love, friendship, association, teachers, then, retain an interest in the loved ones yet, particularly those who have been and those also who expect to be subjects of the same probation.

Men now living may have been well acquainted with Adam and Eve, may have been on friendly terms with the prophets and patriarchs of the past, yet all has become simply as "a dream of the night." The Prophet Joseph said in his time that his brethren did not know him, nor would they believe him if he told them who he was; and after all, who is there that know themselves? What of parentage, what of friends, what of associates in the families of this life, what indeed of self, what of lineage, family or tribe?

Is there not interest among all those who come to this earth in each other? And if here memory is at fault, surely those of the early ages of mankind, surely those who have attained to the resurrection have an intensity of interest in the wellbeing and doing of associates and friends.

Then again, in view of the facts of the Gospel, of the special knowledge needed for the great work of the last days, should not Israel be as anxious for communion as it is to be presumed the departed are to communicate with them? Does not scripture sustain the idea of this abiding interest on the part of the advanced intelligencies of the beyond? Is it not said that, "He maketh his angels spirits and his ministers a flaming fire?" And Paul after referring to and quoting this assertion of David says, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them, who shall be heirs of salvation." This surely implies more than interest—it tells of appointment, and appointment implies activity, necessity and use. This accumulated experience belongs to man as fast as he can apply it in a proper channel, and the measure of communication and increase of knowledge is only limited by lack of faith and cultivation of the faculties which take hold of spiritual things.

This is the science of sciences, it is at the summit of all experience, and constitutes in fact the highest good, as Paul said, "To be carnally minded is death, but to the spiritually minded is life and peace." "Whoso readeth, let him understand." In the dedication of the Logan Temple, President Taylor recognized in an unmistakable manner the necessity which now exists for increased spiritual communion, and through Temple ordinances and Temple opportunities, he more than suggested, would come increased spiritual light; Israel will yet experience another and another "tidal wave" of inspirational energy and power, and when this comes to her it will, like its type in the first era of the Church, be felt around the habitable globe; it will give an impulse everywhere in the Church and out of it to things sacred, secular and political, just as it did in the early history of "Mormonism," details of which must however be reserved for another article.

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

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It is living twice when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life.

Pleasures become bitter as soon as they are abused.—*French proverb.*

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# KRAALING WILD ELEPHANTS.

It is not exactly clear in the mind of the narrator how far the word "kraal" applies—whether it means simply the very strong stockade inclosing several acres of jungle, with partly masked lines of stockade running out for some distance in divergent directions from a narrow gateway, across which stanch barriers can be thrown as soon as the beasts are inside, or whether it takes in the whole business of getting the great pachyderms in there. It will, perhaps, be as well to give it the narrowest acceptation, for the inclosed space must have some name, and "kraal" seems to meet the requirement. Under the direction of the head men were some two thousand beaters—coolies and persons of low degree—whose duty it was to surround a vast extent of territory, gradually contracting their lines and driving before them in the direction of the kraal any elephants that might be so unfortunate as to be within the inclosed space. This is necessarily slow work. The brutes, if hurried, are liable to make desperate charges through the line of beaters and escape, especially when the line is much extended and thin. To prevent their doing this the firing of guns, beating of gongs and drums, and the diabolic yelling of the beaters are the only means legitimately employed, though some of the beaters, in violation of strict orders, do occasionally fire bullets at the animals and wound them. The elephant is a cowardly brute and can easily be frightened by noise. Provided he is not so terrified as to become temporarily crazed, he will run away from the noise, but when excited seems to lose his reason, and rushes furiously in whatever direction he happens to have his head pointed. So, to make just the right quantity of fright in the little mind animating the big body, the beaters advance very gradually and cautiously. They had been moving steadily, driving a herd of elephants slowly before them, for twenty-four days preceding the Thursday on which the relator joined them as a spectator.

"It was," he says, "nominally a private hunt gotten up by the head men to capture elephants, in a business way, but the whole country seemed to take an interest in it. Where there was, six weeks before, but a dense forest, there was now, in the vicinity of the kraal, a population of more than five thousand people assembled, either to witness the exciting scenes anticipated or to reap profit from the sightseers. A livery stable, with fifty horses for hire, was started by one enterprising fellow. Two butchers opened shops. Scores of stalls for the sale of native and European articles sprang up as if by magic. A number of 'bungalows'—houses that keep out the sun but let in the rain and wind, when there is any—were erected and occupied by Europeans and aristocratic natives. A performer of spiritualistic tricks and magic gave regular entertainments, and there were concerts by a band of quite tolerable musicians. Of course there was a liquor shop, where ice could be procured at the low rate of seventy-five cents a pound. The dry bed of the Dedurnoya river was occupied as a camping ground for a number of people who lived in bullock carts. One afternoon there was heavy rain. Almost immediately the dry bed of the river was transformed. A torrent came rolling down it, and the campers had to scamper very smartly to get out of the way. The governor of Ceylon, Sir Arthur Gordon, and Sir William Gregory, and a lot of unimportant Englishmen and a couple of Americans were in the throng awaiting the elephants, and killed time by getting up horse and elephant races. The weather was more than hot, so much so that 92° in the shade was regarded as cool. The postmaster general established a temporary post office near the kraal and the Ceylon *Observer* had at least two reporters on the ground.

"Those were among the things I noticed

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and found out on the Wednesday of my arrival at the kraal. The next day I went out to see the beaters at work. I had to go through an abominable jungle, full of the longest, sharpest and crockedest thorns in the world, I do believe. When I reached the line, having to travel a dozen miles around to get behind them, the beaters seemed to be scattered through the forest without any order or regularity, but a little explanation from one of the head men soon satisfied me that they were moving by as systematic discipline as that of a well-trained army. They were in groups of five or six, with intervals of a dozen yards or so between the groups, and I was told that they were more than two thousand in number. Each group had a sort of tent. and a little fire before it, the chief use of which was to frighten the elephants from making a charge back through the line. No beating was done at night, but sentries were kept vigilantly watching, and whenever the elephants began trumpeting and moving about uneasily in the jungle ahead, the beaters would rouse up and create the most infernal din conceivable. Nearly every man had a gun; those who had no guns carried tom-toms or drums, and they could all yell like fiends. No wonder they scared the elephants. Cerberus would have turned tail and fled from such an uproar. No such astonishing lot of guns was ever seen before except at an elephant hunt in Ceylon. It included samples of every kind of gun ever made, from mediæval blunderbusses and antique flintlock muskets down to the fine modern rifles and double-barrelled shotguns. Horse pistols, pepper-box revolvers and duelling pistols were among them. Strict orders had been issued against the use of bullets, that the elephants might not be wounded, but the orders were disregarded, or at least it appeared that they had been, from the fact that one elephant was severely wounded, two men were shot, one fatally, and nearly every group was feeding upon wild birds shot down in the jungle.

"I remained with the beaters one night, during which the elephants made one endeavor to break through a side line, but where driven back by the pandemonium raised before them. They then remained hidden in a thick jungle. moving about uneasily, but the rest of the night passed without further adventure. At daybreak the lines of the beaters were advanced, all moving with a mathematical precision. They moved but a little distance, and then would stop and wait for the elephants to advance, when they would again go forward a few rods. The head man in charge of the proceedings seemed to understand the language of the pursued and persecuted beasts. A yell, or snort, or puff in the jungle ahead, that sounded to my ear like any other snort, or yell, or puff, would cause the instant passing of a word of warning all along the lines and everybody would halt and make ready to repel a charge. After a little while, assured by other sounds, apparently, the orders would be given to move on. Sometimes, I was assured, one day or even two would pass during which it would be very unadvisable to attempt to hurry the elephants. Although they were for a number of days kept steadily upon a line of march in which water — their great luxury—was very scarce, they seemed to have an instinctive feeling of some evil purpose in forcing them toward the Dedurnoya river, and stubbornly held back in the dry and thorny jungle, as if they had divined that just on the other side of the river were the lines of the stockade leading into the kraal and that, once there, all hope of escape would be gone.

"On Friday morning the elephants continued not to come in, and the occasion was improved for the presentation to the governor of a formal address from the principal chiefs of the Seven Korales. It was illuminated in truly Oriental style, and gorgeous as a circus poster. At an early hour a report came in that a rogue elephant had attacked some tame elephants encamped about a quarter of a mile from the town, and had done considerable mischief. The natives were much frightened by the report, as a rogue elephant spreads terror

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wherever he goes. He is always a big savage tusker, who travels alone in the jungle and is possesed by a mania for attacking furiously any tame elephants or human beings that are seen by him. Nobody wants to capture him, but everybody wants to kill him. This particular one was well known by sight and had been shot several times, but never sufficiently to stop his wickedness. On Friday night he came out of the jungle again and made another attack upon the tame elephants, that scented his coming and began trumpeting in alarm before he was in sight. Some men were waiting for him with rifles. One fired a ball into the side of his head. He turned to charge upon them and received another bullet in the face. That discouraged him, and he dashed into the jungle again, receiving another shot in the rear as he fled. It was thought that he was heard to fall with a crash among the brush, but search the next day only resulted in the finding of his tracks. It is by no means easy to hit an elephant in a vital place in the darkness.

"On Monday the excitement went up to fever heat, for reports were brought in at an early hour in the morning that the elephants were moving and would be certain to cross the Dedurnoya river during the afternoon. But they did not. The thousands of spectators concealed themselves as best they could in the jungle flanking the wide path upon which the elephants were expected to come, kept as quiet as they could, held their breath and waited. On the other side of the narrow stream the beasts could be heard crashing and thrashing about in the jungle, and the continuous rattle of gun firing and the shouts from the lines of beaters back of them sounded as if a battle was in progress. By nightfall everybody was disappointed and disgusted. His august excellency the governor was so much displeased with the way in which the wild elephants were conducting themselves that he threatened to deprive them of the honor of being kraaled in the light of his presence if they didn't hurry up and come in speedily like good brutes. That threat only partially settled the matter. The next morning, long before daylight, several elephants had crossed the river and were at the door of the gigantic trap built to receive them. But the majority of the herd still remained on the other side, and would not give way before the beaters. In that emergency a Sinhalese seer was called in to prophesy, while all beating was suspended and everybody kept quiet, to give him a good chance to commune with his choice assortment of gods. After working himself into what looked like an epileptic fit, he authoritatively announced that the herd would cross the river on. Tuesday night positively. Then the beaters went to work with renewed vigor.

"Just at nightfall some of the elephants that had already crossed to the kraal side of the river came down to the stream, bathed, drank and disported themselves in the water for a while and then went back into the jungle. Soon after an old cow elephant, with a young one following her, came out of the thicket on the other side, marched down into the river, drank and passed over. Then, at short intervals, two or three at a time, the other elephants followed. It was a pretty sight to see the huge beasts, after their many days' of anxiety, weariness, fright and deprivation of water—the elephant's greatest luxury—enjoying themselves in the cooling stream. They rolled, wallowed, threw great spouts of water high in the air from their great trunks, splashed each other as if in play and finally slowly moved their ponderous forms across to the opposite side of the river—that upon which we lay awaiting them. The peaceful calm that lay so treacherously upon the country before them lulled them to a delusive hope that they had at length made their escape from the harassing pandemonium behind them. Poor brutes, they were quietly walking into captivity. No sooner were they all safely across than their tormentors were after them, cutting off their line of retreat and hurrying them along over the half-mile still between them and the kraal.

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"At daybreak on Wednesday morning Europeans and natives joined in the final drive in. As the elephants neared the kraal huge wood fires were lighted behind them, to frighten them from breaking back when they caught sight of the stockade. They did attempt a charge to the rear when they saw the narrowing lines of the stockade leading to the kraal, which they seemed to understand was meant to rob them of their freedom. The howling beaters fled before them in dismay, for their charge was one of ferocious desperation, but the European backers stood firm, and the fires were there, so the poor beasts gave up their mad attempt for liberty, and, with a wild trumpeting, abandoned the fight and bolted into the inclosure. The barriers were quickly erected behind them, and they were prisoners."—*The Republic.*

# LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

IN FOUR ACTS.*

## CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| EARL OF MONTROSE, | Leader of forces of Charles I against Argyle. |
| LORD MENTEITH, | Lieutenant to Montrose. |
| ANGUS MCAULAY, | Laird of Darnlinvarach. |
| ALLAN MCAULAY, | Younger brother to Angus—A seer. |
| CAPTAIN DUGALD DALGETTY, | A soldier of the world. |
| MARQUIS OF ARGYLE, | Lord Justice General of Scotland. |
| SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, | Lieutenant to Argyle. |
| RANALD MCEAGH, | Leader of the Children of the Mist. |
| KENNETH MCEAGH, | His grandson, a child of the Mist. |
| SIR MILES MUSGRAVE, CHRISTOPHER HALL, | Adherents of Charles I. |
| NEAL, | Attendant on Argyle. |
| ANNOT LYLE, | Adopted daughter of Angus McAulay. |

TIME—1645-6.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An outer hall in the Castle of Darnlinvarach, Scotland.*

*Music at rise—Old tune.*

DALGETTY *discovered seated, burnishing headpiece, and humming the last notes of the music after it ceases.*

DALGETTY. Now this, my headpiece, is as dull as an old pewter ale pot. Will it never brighten?

"When cannon are roaring, and bullets are flying,
The lad that would have honor, boys, must never fear dying."

(*Pointing to dint in piece.*) Now there's the fine thump I got from a rascally Hoganmogan, while serving under the valiant Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and there (*pointing to another dint*) is proof of a thundering compliment paid me at Dunkensfriel—and there—and here—

*Enter* MENTIETH *and* MONTROSE *in disguise. Throughout this scene* MENTIETH *is deferent to* MONTROSE, *except when they are observed; then a reverse relation is assumed.*

MENTIETH. Captain Dalgetty, the time has come when we must part, or become comrades in service.

DALGETTY. Not before dinner, I hope?

MENTIETH. (*Glancing towards Dalgetty's stomach.*) I should have thought your garrison was victualled for three days at least.

DALGETTY. (*Complacently.*) I have still some stowage left for beef and ban-

*Dramatized from Sir Walter Scott's romance, by H. L. A. Culmer, and published by request of the amateur dramatic associations of the Territory.

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nocks, and I never miss a favorable opportunity of renewing my supplies.

MENTIETH. But in times of war, no judicious commander allows neutrals to remain in his camp longer than is prudent. Come, I should think that a cavalier of your honorable mark, who hath so long followed the valiant King of Sweden, would not hesitate to embrace the cause of King Charles.

DALGETTY. You speak reasonably, my lord Mentieth, but there is a southern proverb, "Fine words butter no parsnips." Loyalty to King Charles is *your* password; but another child on the other side of the valley roars out for Parliament. Which cause is the best I connot say, but sure am I that I have fought knee-deep in blood for a cause that was ten times worse than either.

MONTROSE. Under your lordship's favor, I think you could promise Captain Dalgetty a command of Irish.

DALGETTY. (*Brightening.*) Ah! I profess your lordship's servant has a sensible, natural, pretty idea of military matters. Taking the affair into consideration, I will frankly own that if I like your pay as well as your provender and your company I care not how soon I take the oath.

MENTIETH. What think you, Anderson?

MONTROSE. With your honor's permission, we shall need good soldiers to discipline our levies. We could give the captain the rank of Major, with the pay that we have decided on for an officer of that rank.

DALGETTY. Then, my lord, I am yours, body and soul, hand and sword, till death do us part, or to the end of the next campaign, whichever event shall first come to pass.

MENTEITH. (*Offering money.*) And I rivet the bargain with a month's pay in advance.

DALGETTY. Oh, it is more than is necessary. (*Hastily seizing and pocketing the money.*) But I must now go down and look after my war-saddle and etceteras. And this sacred relic (*picking up headpiece*) shall soon be in high feather. [*Exit.*

MENTIETH. There goes your precious recruit. I fear we shall have little credit of him.

MONTROSE. He is a man of the times, however, and without such, we should scarcely be able to carry on the enterprise.

*Enter* ANGUS MCAULEY *and* ALLAN. (ALLAN *sits gloomily apart on bench.*)

MENTIETH. Gentlemen, I hear a great noise in the castle. How does our muster thrive?

ANGUS. The Southrons, Sir Miles Musgrave and Christopher Hall will be here within the hour.

MENTIETH. Hall and Musgrave! The very men we wished to see.

ANGUS. Troth, an' I wish I had ne'er set een on 'em; for they'll harry me out of house and home.

MENTIETH. Why, Angus, you did not use to be so churlish; they'll scarcely eat up all your cattle and provisions.

ANGUS. I wouldn't care an' they did, on' that were the warst on't. But this is a warse jobe—its nae less than a wager.

MENTIETH. A wager!

ANGUS. Ye sall be pleased then to know that when I was in England, I was stopping at the house of Sir Miles Musgrave, and there was putten on the table nae less than six condlesticks of solid silver. Well, the English pock-puddings began to jeer me that we never saw the like in our own poor country; so I, scorning to have my country put down without a word for its credit, swore, like a gude Scotchman, that we had mair candlesticks and better candlesticks in our ain castle than were ever lighted in all Cumberland.

MENTIETH. That was patriotically said.

ANGUS. Fary true. But if you say anything among the Saxons that's out of the ordinary, they clink you down for a wager as fast as smith could hammer shoon. So I took the wager rather than be shamed wi' the like o' them.

MENTIETH. Indeed, from my idea of your family plate, you are certain to lose the wager.

ALLAN. (*Rising.*) Not so! No Saxon

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dare hope that my brother will lose this or any other wager which it is his pleasure to lay. I will order the hall prepared for the reception of these Southern guests. [*Exit.*

MENTIETH. Well, Angus, the muster? How do our highland clans respond?

ANGUS. The McDonalds are here with a large attendance. McLean has arrived with many followers; and Lochiel will be here in an hour with the Lord kens how many allies. (*Enter* ALLAN.) The great barn is full o' them, the cow-house and the sheds, and what the devil is to be done with the remainder I know not.

ALLAN. What needs all this? Are the Gael of to-day of softer flesh and whiter blood than their fathers were? Knock the head out of a cask of usque-bae; let that be their night-gear—their plaids their bed-clothes—the blue sky their canopy, and the heather their couch; the hunters who have made our clan so famous, will shortly return from the chase in the mountains, and there will soon be enough and to spare for all.

ANGUS. Allan is right. (*Aside.*) It is verra odd how Allan, who, between oursells, is a little crazed, seems, at times, to have more sense than us all put together. Observe him now.

ALLAN. (*Staring at vacancy.*) Yes, they may well begin as they are to end; many a man will sleep this night upon the heath, that when the winter wind shall blow, will lie there stark enough, and care little of cold or lack of covering!

ANGUS. Do not forspeak us, brother; that is not lucky.

ALLAN. And what luck is it, then, that you expect?

ANGUS. For heaven's sake, Allan, say nothing to discourage us.

ALLAN. Am I he who discourages you? Let every man face his weird as I shall face mine. That which must come, will come; and we shall stride gallantly over many a fair field of victory ere we reach yon fatal slaughter-place or tread yon sable scaffolds.

MENTIETH. What slaughter-place? What scaffolds?

ALLAN. You will know that too soon Speak to me no more. I am weary of questions. (*Sits gloomily in reverie.*)

ANGUS. Come away, his hour is on him, and he will not be controlled. We will send Annot Lyle and the harp.

[*Exit* ANGUS *and* MONTROSE.

MENTIETH. By my honor, Allan, you will weary out your friends with this sullen humor. But I know the reason. You have not seen Annot Lyle to-day.

ALLAN. (*Sternly.*) Whom did you say I had not seen?

MENTIETH. Annot Lyle, the fairy queen of song and minstrelsy.

ALLAN. Would to heaven I were never to see her again, on condition the same weird were laid on you.

MENTIETH. And why on me?

ALLAN. Because it is written on your forehead that you are to be the ruin of each other! (*Turns away.*)

*Enter* ANNOT LYLE *with harp.*

MENTIETH. (*Advancing tenderly to Annot.*) Good morning, Annot. You come among us like a sunbeam on a sullen sea. My cousin Allan needs the assistance of your voice and music.

ANNOT. My preserver has a right to my poor exertions, and you, too, my lord—you, too, are my preserver, and were the most active to save a life that is worthless enough unless it can benefit my protectors. (*She sits near Allan and sings.*)

SONG.

"The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghostlike she fades in morning beams;
Hie hence each peevish imp and fay,
That scare the pilgrim on his way—
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen
Thy torch that cheats benighted men;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

"Wild thoughts, that sinful, dark and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-mists from the brow of day:
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfry, and begone!
Thou darest not face the godlike sun."

ALLAN. (*Rising.*) Thank heaven, my

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soul is no longer darkened—the mist hath passed from my spirit.

MENTIETH. You owe thanks, cousin Allan, to Annot Lyle for this happy change. Half the highlands will be here to day. What will you give little Annot for making you fit company for them?

ANNOT. What will he give me? Nothing less, I hope, than the best ribbon at the Fair of Doune.

ALLAN. (*Sadly.*) The Fair of Doune, Annot? There will be bloody work before that day and I may never see it; but you have well reminded me of what I have long intended to do. [*Exit.*

MENTIETH. Should he talk long in this manner, you must keep your harp in tune, my dear Annot.

ANNOT. I hope not, this fit has been a long one and will not soon return. How fearful it is to see a mind, naturally generous, afflicted by such a malady.

MENTIETH. He is a strange compound of elements, is he not, Annot? He walks in the house and in the country of his fathers, like a tamed lion, whom no one dares to contradict, lest they awaken his natural vehemence of passion. Yet he is affectionate in his nature, too.

ANNOT. Indeed he is. He has always been very kind to me.

MENTIETH. Annot, he loves you.

ANNOT. I know he does, my lord. It is my most pleasant thought, that while others fear him, I can ever control his sullen humor and sooth his passion into calmness.

MENTIETH. You do not seem to understand me, Annot.

ANNOT. Oh yes, my lord, I do. Allan loves me. He and you together saved me from the hands of a wild band of highland outlaws. At first he disliked me, for he supposed I was a daughter of the clan he hated. But we have lived here under his brother's roof, and he has not only forgotten his dislike, but has even learned to love me. And you, my lord, who shared not in Allan's prejudice, have you not learned to love me too?

MENTIETH. Ah, Annot, your simple innocence leads you from my meaning. (*Taking her hand.*) It is impossible for any one to be near you and not admire your grace and loveliness; and of all others, I, to whom your sweet expressions of gratitude are so often given, am the most sensible of your affection.

ANNOT. I am grateful for your kindness, my lord. I am indebted to all who think well of me.

*Enter* ALLAN *with small inlaid box.*

ALLAN. I take you to witness, Mentieth, that I give this box and its contents to Annot Lyle.

ANNOT. But these ornaments belong to the family—I cannot accept—

ALLAN. They belong to me alone, Annot; they were my mother's dying bequest. They are all I own. Take them—and keep them for my sake—should I never return from this war. In case of trouble and distress, dispose of them for your own support. But keep one ring in memory of Allan, who has done, to requite your kindness, if not all he wished, at least all he could.

ANNOT. One ring, Allan, I will accept from you as a memorial of your goodness to a poor orphan. I cannot take more.

ALLAN. Make your choice, then; your delicacy may be well founded; the others will assume a shape which may be more useful to you.

ANNOT. (*Selecting a ring.*) Think not of it; keep them for your bride. But, good heavens! what is this that I have chosen?

ALLAN. (*Taking the ring.*) Ah, the Death's head! (*Drops the ring, which* MENTIETH *picks up and restores to* ANNOT.) I take God to witness that *your* hand, young lord, not mine, has again delivered to her this ill-omened gift.

ANNOT. I fear no omens, and nothing coming from the hands of my two patrons can bring ill-fortune to the poor orphan. (*Puts the ring on her finger.*)

MENTIETH. She is right, Allan, and you will gain nought by an attempt to look into futurity.

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ALLAN. (*Sternly.*) She is *wrong*, my lord, though *you* may not live to see the event of the omen.

MENTIETH. (*Somewhat hotly.*) I care not for your visions, Allan,. However short my life may be, no highland seer can see its end.

ANNOT. (*To* MENTIETH) For heaven's sake, my lord, forbear. You know his nature and how little he can endure—

ALLAN. Fear me not, my mind is now calm. But for you, young lord, my eye has sought you through fields of battle where the dead lay strewed as thick as ever the rooks on those ancient trees (*pointing to window*), but your corpse was not there—my eye sought you among a train of unresisting captives, drawn up to their death; flash after flash —platoon after platoon—they dropped like the dry leaves in autumn, but you were not among them.

MENTIETH. The gibbet then, I suppose, must be my doom.

ALLAN. Your rank, my lord, will suffer no such dishonor. Three times have I seen a Highlander plant his dirk in your bosom—and such will be your fate.

MENTIETH. I wish you would describe him to me. I would endeavor to save him the trouble of fulfiling your prophecy.

ALLAN. Your weapons would avail you little. I cannot describe him, for the face of the vision has ever been averted from me.

MENTIETH. So be it, then. I shall dine none the less merrily among plaids and dirks and kilts, to-day.

ALLAN. I am thankful you enjoy these moments which to me are poisoned by auguries of future evil. But I repeat to you that this weapon (*looks at dagger with sudden tremor and hastily adds*), that is, such a weapon *as* this, carries harm for you.

MENTIETH. In the meanwhile, you, Allan, have frightened the blood from the cheeks of Annot Lyle—Let us leave this discourse, my friend; I am anxious to see your Highland candlestick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Dining hall in same castle.*

*A pretentious apartment yet a rude one. —Sconces on mantel and on walls at back to receive candles.—Walls hung with targets, shields, claymores, guns, long bows, cross-bows, Lochaber axes, coats of plate armor, helmets, plaids, etc., in confusion.—Large oak table in centre, chairs on each side and at back.—Joints, flagons, etc., on table.—Behind each seat, is a Highlander in full costume with a blazing torch in his left hand, and a drawn sword, pointed downward, in his right.—Impressive Scotch music continuing during entry of gentlemen and until* ALLAN *speaks.*

*Enter quickly* ALLAN, *followed, by* MUSGRAVE *and* HALL, ANGUS, ANNOT, MENTIETH, MONTROSE *and* DALGETTY.

ALLAN. (*Pointing with sheathed broadsword to table.*) Behold, gentlemen cavaliers, the chandeliers of my brother's house, the ancient fashion of our ancient name; not one of these men knows any law but his chief's command. Would you dare to compare to *them* in value the richest ore that ever was dug from a mine? How say you, cavaliers—is your wager lost or won?

MUSGRAVE. (*Gayly.*) Lost, lost; my own silver candlesticks have gone to pay fellows not half so trusty as these. Here, sir (*to* ANGUS), is your money. It impairs our finances somewhat, but debts of honor must be paid.

ALLAN. My father's curse on my father's son, if he receive one penny. It is enough that you claim no right to exact from him what is his own.

ANGUS. And now, Allan, please to remove your candles; for since the Saxon gentlemen have seen them, they will be satisfied with the old brass sconces which give not so much smoke. Gentlemen, to your seats.

*Highlanders exit in order, as servants enter bareheaded with candles, which they insert in sconces.—All come on during next few minutes and busy themselves as attendants.*—MENTIETH *takes seat nearest audience.*—MONTROSE *stands in respectful attitude at his back awaiting*

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*permission to sit.*—ALLAN *stands at back of chair opposite* MENTIETH.—DALGETTY *moves to take possession of that chair, when* ALLAN *siezes light from mantle-piece, and holding it to* DALGETTY'S *face, peruses it closely; he then makes a similar examination of* MONTROSE'S *face.*

DALGETTY. (*Coming down.*) By my honor, I think that lad and I will know each other when we meet again. (*Is again about to seat himself, when* ALLAN *siezes the arm of* MONTROSE *and hurries him into the seat opposite* MENTIETH. ALLAN *then hurls* DALGETTY *with such force to the foot of table that he nearly or quite falls.* DALGETTY *draws, and is about to fly at* ALLAN, *who, with folded arms, awaits his onset with scornful indifference.*)

MENTIETH. (*To* DALGETTY—*Rising and interposing.*) He is mad, perfectly mad; there is no purpose in quarreling with him.

DALGETTY. If your lordship is assured that he is *non compos mentis*, the which his behavior seems to testify, he can neither give affront to an honorable knight nor render him satisfaction. (*Sheathing sword.*) Well, well, and to come over the Englishman so cleverly with the Highland torch bearers—it was a masterpiece—and to be a madman after all. (*Sits at table at back, where he continues to eat rapaciously after others have risen. Distant horn heard. All sit at table. Highlanders stand around.*)

ANGUS. (*Back of table.*) Gentlemen, the King's health, King Charles' health! and may the parliamentary dog that refuses it, go to heaven with a high gallows and a short shrift. (*Bugle heard.*) Ah, the hunters return from the chase! (*Song heard outside at back.*)

HUNTER'S SONG.

The cloud has gone from the mountain's crest,
The sun breaks over the lea,
The deer drink deep at the streamlet's breast;
Let's off to the hunt merrily.
The hind in her covert is lying,
The stag lifts his head on the hill,
The breezes of morning are sighing,
Let's merrily off with a will.

CHORUS.

Sound for the hunt, mid crag and dell,
The morning grows apace;
The hounds are trembling under the spell;
Ho, for the chase—the chase!

The echoes shall ring over moor and mere,
From bugles loud and shrill;
Evening shall bring us a bonny red deer;
Let's off to the hunt with a will.
Away to the forest and fountain,
Away to the heathery glen,
Our chase shall awaken the mountain,
And startle the deer in his den.—CHO.

HALL. (*To* ANGUS.) McAulay, we have been summoned hither to decide a weighty matter. Who shall lead us in this war upon Argyle.

MCAULAY. My Lord Mentieth will tell the business of this council.

MENTIETH. (*Rising.*) Gentlemen, you well know the justice of our common cause. I need not tell you how the selfish ambition of one individual, added to the fanaticism of five hundred pulpits, has spread a turbulence of treason among the lowlands of Scotland. We have suffered by the intolerance and oppression of the haughty Argyle, and it is high time we diminished his sovereignty. For me, I will support the cause with both life and fortune. If you, who are as powerful, are equally prompt, I trust we shall deserve the thanks of the king and the gratitude of posterity. (*Applause—all rise.*)

ANGUS. Thane of Mentieth, you have well spoken; nor is there one of us in whose bosom these sentiments do not burn like fire. But where is the royal commissioner under which we bear arms?

MUSGRAVE. Aye, and where a leader fit to command such men as we? High born he must be—wise and skilful, temperate and brave. Are you prepared, Lord of Mentieth, to say where such a general is to be found?

ALLAN. There is but ONE, and here he stands. (*Lays his hand on the shoulder of* MONTROSE.)

MONTROSE. (*Throwing off his cloak and displaying his military dress.*) I did not long intend to be a silent spectator of this interesting scene. Whether I



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deserve the honor reposed in me by this parchment (*produces paper*) will best appear hereafter. It is a commission under the great seal, to James Graham, Earl of Montrose, to command His Majesty's forces in this kingdom. (*Applause—cries of* "a Montrose!" "God save King Charles," *etc.* ALLAN *retires to door.*)

DALGETTY. (*Obtrusively.*) By the honor of a cavalier, I am proud and happy in having to draw a sword under your lordship's command.

ALLAN. (*Advancing.*) Room for an unexpected and unwelcome guest.

*Enter* SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

DUNCAN. To which of this assembly am I to address myself as leader?

MONTROSE. Address yourself to me, Sir Duncan Campbell.

DUNCAN. To you!

MONTROSE. Yes, to me—to the Earl of Montrose, if you have forgot him.

DUNCAN. It is right that your lordship, as one who troubles Israel, should have collected together these rash and misguided persons.

MONTROSE. I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house. Come you with tidings from your Chief of Argyle?

DUNCAN. I do. In the name of Marquis of Argyle, I demand to know the meaning of this singular convocation If it is designed to disturb the peace of the country, it is but neighborly to give us some intimation to stand on our guard.

MONTROSE. It is a new state of affairs in Scotland when men cannot meet without an inquisition on the part of our rulers, to know the subject of our conference.

ANGUS. The times have been in Scotland when intruders dare not overspread us like a band of devouring locusts.

DUNCAN. Are we to have a civil war in all its forms, or is it against *my* name that the preparations are directed.

MUSGRAVE. (*Hotly.*) I would ask one question of Sir Duncan, before he proceeds further in his daring catechism. Has he brought more lives than one to this castle that he ventures among us for purposes of insult?

MONTROSE. Gentlemen, patience. Since Sir Duncan is so pressing, I can inform him that he is in an assemblage of the King's loyal subjects, convoked by me in His Majesty's name and authority.

DUNCAN. Well, my lord, I shall be sorry to carry back the news to the Marquis of Argyle. I have a charge from him that, to prevent unnecessary bloodshed, his lordship would arrange terms of truce to the north of the Highland line.

MONTROSE. It is a peaceful proposal, and if we can obtain security—for that, Sir Duncan is indispensable—that your Marquis will observe the terms with fidelity, we will grant the armistice.

(SIR DUNCAN *bows assent.* MONTROSE *and* MENTIETH *go up and confer with* MUSGRAVE, HALL, ANGUS *and* HIGHLANDERS.—ANNOT *has been busying herself at various points as attendant and now passes near* SIR DUNCAN, *who surveys her attentively.*)

DUNCAN. Can this, a creature so beautiful and elegant, be a domestic of your brother's establishment?

ALLAN. By no means, she is a—a near relative of our family—and treated as an adopted daughter of our father's house.

DUNCAN. (*Sighing.*) But for that ill-fated day when the "Children of the Mist" burned our castle and stole away my lambs, I should be the proud father now to such a maid as she.

ALLAN. Ah, Sir Duncan, though you are opposed to us in this present war, we have common cause against the miserable remnants of these Children of the Mist. They have felt the weight of this arm to bloody purpose, but my vengeance knows no limit except extermination.

DUNCAN. Nor would a lesser punishment compensate me for my losses. But, Allan, I am grieved to see you, at your early age, engaged in this desperate and rebellious cause.

ALLAN. (*Loftily.*) I am young, yet

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old enough to distinguish between right and wrong, between loyalty and rebellion.

DUNCAN. May heaven judge between *our* motives and those of the movers of this terrible commotion.

MONTROSE. (*Advancing.*) Amen! To that tribunal we all submit us. (*Aside to* ALLAN.) Our highland friends refuse to a man to take this embassy to Argyle. They are satisfied that he will wreak vengeance on whoever undertakes it.

ALLAN. Then send our doughty captain of the Irish.

MONTROSE. A capital expedient, for if we lose him, our loss is light. Captain—I should say—Major Dalgetty, you will return to Inverary with Sir Duncan.

DALGETTY. And how does this Marquis keep faith with his ambassadors, my lord?

MONTROSE. You run no great risk, most worthy Major, inasmuch as you have no estate of which he can despoil you.

DALGETTY. But I have a neck, though, and what if he chooses to avenge himself on that? But it shall never be said that I disobeyed orders when my pocket contained a month's pay in advance, and I will fulfil your majesty's commission in defiance of both gibbet and sword.

END OF ACT I.

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## THE CRANIOLOGIST'S PARADISE.

THE many repositories of human remains existing in various places on the continent present a most interesting field for the researches of the scientific, and to none a richer one than to the phrenologist. The pious labors of the monks of the middle, and even earlier ages, in preserving relics of the departed in their numerous cloisters and institutions, and which are still kept with a superstitious veneration in churches and cathedrals by their successors, are now being made available. In such collections Carl Vogt and other distinguished researchers have directed the phrenoanthropologist to an important mission —the solution of the problem of the character of unrecorded or geological peoples. To our race the ancient European remains are, of course, the most valuable, as from them are we, to a great extent, descended, and from them we can tell almost the exact mass of our intellectual development. In this respect the collections of the Catacombs of Paris and Rome may indeed be considered rare treasures. The former has already been examined by Vogt, and astonishing proofs for the truth of the historical development of the brain found. Another collection, probably the most interesting of any on the whole continent, more especially because of the legends and history connected with it, is in the curious old church at Cologne, dedicated to Saint Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins — which, having visited, we introduce to our readers "A Craniologist's Paradise,"— though our description may not claim to be in every sense a scientific investigation.

The title is not inapplicable, though the scene which is presented to the eye on entering the gloomy building is rather more calculated to conjure up visions other than paradisial. It was somewhat late in the afternoon as I entered the edifice of skulls. Mass had just been celebrated, and, though a week day, I met many people coming away who appeared perfectly unconcerned at the many death-relics around them. I stood on one side of a kind of lobby, in order to allow the crowd of worshipers—the poor, the lame, the halt—to pass, when my gaze was riveted upon the walls around me. In iron-grated compartments a vast number of skulls were seen through the dust-covered glass panes which enclosed them, while nearly one entire wall, instead of being plastered with ordinary cement, was completely covered with a sort of in-

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laid work of human bones arranged in a most curious manner. An old priest-like guide came and offered his services in going through the church, and led me into the centre aisle, where were other cage-like compartments let into the masonry also containing skulls, one appearing between each grating. These cases, numbering about twenty, almost entirely surrounded the body of the church, each containing about twenty-four skulls. In two opposite side-aisles were four larger cases containing each one hundred and twenty skulls. On each side of the choir were five cases, and still others stood in different parts of the church. Besides these were colossal stone urns, one of which measured fifteen feet long by six broad and seven or eight feet high, filled completely with human bones. On the top of one of these were placed the statues of two early bishops of the church, like guardians over the sacred relics. Our guide was full of the history of the place, mixing legend and fact and history at every point, and, after showing us an incalculable number of skulls and bones, said that sacred remains were also buried in great quantity under the very pavement.

"How many skulls do you suppose are contained in the church?" I asked.

"At least eighteen hundred," he replied, "but the bishops of the church have presented many hundreds to other churches. Many have been sent into Switzerland, France, England, and also America, there to be preserved as mementoes of the saints."

"The number of skulls," I said, "would appear to vouch for the truth of the legend connected with St. Ursula. Do you really believe the truth of it, and that these are the skulls of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins?"

"Certainly," he answered, "and I will give you a true account of them.

With this he handed me a neat little pamphlet, written by a priest of the church, containing the legend, or rather legends—for there are many versions—and which I can not do better than communicate here before we proceed further. We give the two chief ones in the order in which we find them:

"St. Ursula, according to the legend of Surius (written before 1111), was born in Great Britain, of Christian parents. King Dionetus Maurus was her father and Daria was her mother. Ursula was both virtuous and beautiful; she drew upon herself the admiring gaze of all the surrounding princes; and Agrippinus, a neighboring king, would fain secure her for his son Conanus. But Ursula had in the tenderest years of her maidenhood affianced herself to God, and she therefore opposed the proffered marriage with the heathen Conanus, rightly fearing that the union would stain the purity of her faith and hinder her in the fulfilment of her religious duties. She was firmly determined not to marry him, and should misfortune thereby come upon her father's house and people, the wrath of the haughty and powerful King Agrippinus would not influence her. But, in the midst of her anxiety, a vision came to her aid in a dream, in consequence of which she declared her willingness to marry, with the condition, however, that three years should first elapse; that she should be allowed to choose ten companions from among the most honorably descended maidens of the land, and that she herself and each of her ten selected companions should be accompanied by a retinue of a thousand female companions, for whom a flotilla of eleven three-oared ships should be placed at disposal.

"When the flotilla was ready, the pilgrims started from their homes, and were engaged for some time, to the great amusement of the court and people, in pleasure excursions along the English coast. But Ursula did not thereby neglect to exhort her followers to the service of Christ. Meanwhile as the time appointed for her marriage with Conanus was fast approaching, there arose (in answer to the fervent prayers of the young women) a violent storm, which drove the flotilla upon the coast of Holland. Ursula now appears to have determined to go to Rome, and

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the pilgrims were fortunately enabled to commence their journey up the Rhine. From Cologne to Basle the journey was prosperous; everywhere they were kindly received, and, in the latter city, upon the invitation of Bishop Pantalus, they left their ships and were conducted by him across the Alps, and at last reached Rome in safety. Here they visited the graves of the martyrs. Many who had not yet been received into the bosom of the holy church, now, seized with powerful emotion, longed after Christian instruction and holy baptism.

"Inspired with the consolations of Christianity, the virgins now left Rome, accompanied by Cyriacus and many others. After reaching Basle, the company descended the valley of the Rhine as far as Mayence. Here they found Conanus, who had hastened in pursuit of his bride, having followed the example of the virgins by embracing Christianity and being baptized by Pantalus, and receiving the name of Etherius. The entire band now descended the river to Cologne, and, as they were about to land, they were fallen upon by barbarian hordes, and Ursula, who refused to break her vows at the bidding of the Huns, was pierced by an arrow, and all her companions horribly mutilated."

Such is one tradition connected with the skulls. The date of this occurrence is not at all defined. Some place it in the year 237, others 383, and more in 451. Another report, resting upon the account of Galfried, of Monmouth, who wrote a history of Britain in 1130, is said to have been discovered in the Vatican in the middle of the twelfth century, and was believed to contain the original Ursula history. It is contained in the brevier of the Benedictines:

"After the time of the Emperor Gratian, a Christian and son of the Emporer Valentinian, who succeeded his father from 378 to 383, and was then murdered by Andragathio, Maximus' general; and after Flavius Clementius Maximus, commander of the Roman legion stationed in Great Britain, had been proclaimed emperor by the rebellious soldiery, and had usurped the chief control, he sent troops to Gallia (Gaul), where the people had been enemies of Gratian, but where they found a friendly reception. It came to pass that Maximus held this dominion. The colonists of the country were then driven off, and the fruitful lands divided among the soldiers who had been brought over from Great Britain. Regulus, commander of the British, by the advice of Conanus, a chief of the army, sent an ambassador to England with the mission to demand as many young maidens as would be necesssry to marry with the military colony. The inhabitants of Great Britain received the request favorably; they saw that by consenting they would gain the good-will of the Emperor, and that their daughters were likely to fare well with the soldiers now made rich by gifts of land. So a number of young maidens, corresponding to the number of the military colony, were selected.

"The highest among them was Ursula, daughter of Dionetus, King of Cornubia (Cornwall). She was engaged to marry Conanus, a chief of the British cohorts in the service of Maximus. The gathering place of the maidens was London, where they were brought against their will upon ships, which, as they left the haven, were steered toward the land of the Armoricans (the ancient name of the Gallic provinces), but were driven upon the German coast. The Huns, whom the Emperor Gratian had called to his aid against Maximus, had now possessed themselves of this part of the country. The word, Huns, here is not astonishing, for all barbarous people who broke into the circle of the Roman sphere received the by-name of 'Huns,' as did the Alanis, the Ambrons, and the Picts; although the name 'Huns' is only applicable to those who about the year 372 left the Sea of Azov, overran Hungary, and first pressed forward toward the Rhine under their leader, Attila, about the year 451. These barbarous hordes fell upon the band led by Ursula, which, in order to preserve their virgin

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purity—the most precious treasure of their hearts--showed undaunted courage. All were murdered. The inhabitants of Cologne interred the corpses of the holy virgins amid the greatest honors. The Christian world celebrates the memory of their laudable conflict with ever-renewed splendor on the 21st of October. One of the virgins, Cordula, seized with fear at the nearness of death, hid herself in the ship's hold, but full of regret, and encouraged by the heroic example of her fellow-pilgrims, bid defiance to death, and on the following morning was also murdered."

Which of these legends is the true one, we can not say. It is merely our intention to state them as we find them. My companion was evidently of the firm belief that the former contained more evidences of truth; at any rate, it better suits the tendencies of saint-worship introduced by the early monks throughout Europe. But we will leave them for the present and follow our old guide; who, after pointing out the various relics in different parts of the church, finally halted before a most beautiful marble monument a little to one side of the centre aisle. This was St. Ursula's monument. It is of exquisite workmanship; the base of black marble, with white slabs on the side, while on the top rests the form, cut in pure white marble, of the saint herself. She is clothed in queenly robes, fastened by a delicate clasp upon a slightly elevated breast, while her hands are placed in a gentle attitude of repose. The face is delicately chiseled and idealistic. A mass of wavy hair falls upon the cushion on which her form reposes, a crown is placed upon her head, while at her feet sits a white dove — emblem of innocence. The name of the artist is also engraved. J. F. W. Lentz Crane, it appears, was for a long time an ambassador of the Emperor in Cologne, and he and his wife became distinguished for their many good deeds. He was born in the Protestant faith, but afterward joined the Roman Catholics and became zealous in their behalf. The dove sitting at the feet of the saint has also its history, commemorating, it is said, the appearance of a white dove in the church and its alighting upon the head of Bishop Cunibert (626–668) while he was celebrating mass, and afterward flying around the church, and at last resting upon one of the graves of the virgins. This spot is now covered with the beautiful monument to St. Ursula, as the bird was then regarded a heaven-sent messenger to point out the exact part of the church in which she lay.

The same event is also recorded in a fresco in the choir and in other paintings. Indeed the latter are quite a feature, and the walls are almost encircled with them. Commencing with a series of old German paintings on slate (1224), and intended to represent the twelve apostles, that remind us of the state of Abyssinian art, we pass in review a number which our guide tells us are "historical paintings, giving a true account of the life, voyages, and death of the virgins." The first series, to the number of about twenty of these, extend around the choir, the closing scene of which is the maytyrdom of Ursula, pierced by an arrow, as she stands erect in her boat. The most remarkable feature in a second series is the great size of the heads of all the sainted band in proportion to their bodies. Ursula's is a life-size statue placed beneath the organ; a queenly, ideal figure, with robe and crown, pierced in her bosom by an arrow, from the wound of which trickle drops of blood.

Leaving the body of the church, passing through a curious lobby, among immense stone urns or coffins, supposed to be filled with bones, we come to the climax of the whole collection — the treasures of the Golden Chamber. Amid this confusion of skulls, bones, urns, and relics, we begin to feel—or at least ought to—the "holy awe which is inspired by the place. * * * The voice of the past here raises itself powerfully and beats admonishingly upon the ear; even the cold, lifeless stone speaks to us and discloses its safe testimony of the deeds of antiquity." We are now fairly within the goal of our paradise—a room about

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the size of a large parlor, but lofty and paved with stone. The tinsel magnificence and death-like relics here brought together—many hundreds of skulls in rows in a high case covering an entire side of the room, on the opposite side gilded and silvered busts with other skulls, and an entire wall covered with inlaid work of human bones—form a surprising contrast to the many beautifully ornamented curiosities arranged on tables, and to which our guide first draws attention. To describe them all would require a moderate-sized pamphlet.

The largest shrine, of exquisite workmanship, church-like in shape, with forms of bows and arrows enameled thereon, is said to contain the body of St. Ursula herself, upon which, however we were not permitted to gaze. In a cylinder with crystal ornaments is contained, it is said, some of the blood of the virgins, together with a particle of the staff of Christ. In a similar case are particles of the garment and linen of St. Ursula, while close by is her right arm, now shrivelled and brown, in an unornamented glass cylinder. Her foot is contained in a beautiful little ivory case, on which are artistically carved events from the history of her life. The very arrow with which her breast was pierced by the wretched barbarians—the iron head of which is now nearly rusted off—and her hair-net are preserved in an ivory case of antique workmanship, while a mass of earth mixed with sainted blood is contained, like numerous other relics, in crystal-ornamented cases. All contained something supposed to have had a slight connection with the holy band—one article being thus entitled: "The ring of St. Ursula, on which is a still unknown writing, but in the highest degree probably the name of St. Ursula and Etherius."

But the Golden Chamber is not alone devoted to relics relating to the Ursula band. Here are to be found sacredly preserved a few particles from the crown of thorns once worn by Christ. Here, too, is one of the pitchers that once did service at the marriage feast at Cana, in which water was turned into wine, the handle of which is wanting, but which, we are told, is still preserved in the Notre Dame at Paris. This article is of alabaster, and a "reliable eye-witness who went to Cana assures us (the proprietors of the curiosity) that there are only five of these vessels still in Cana, and this sixth, in the Golden Chamber, has the greatest resemblance to them." Here stands beside it a tooth that once did good service for St. Appolonia. But —how much to be regretted—we are told that the most curious and interesting articles were earlier given away or abstracted from the church. One of the pieces of silver, for which Judas betrayed his Master, was taken away by one of the last electors of Cologne, an irredeemable collector of coins. But the anger of St. Ursula was invoked upon the sacreligious wretch, and he was compelled to reimburse the treasury of the church to the extent of twenty thousand dollars, a poor recompense for such a treasure. Even as late as 1837, some one stole what represented a particle of the cross of Christ and a piece of the purple cloth worn by him in the house of Pilate.

The greatest treasures of all are contained in the richly ornamented glass cases upon a table reached, throne-like, by ascending a few steps. These are a few of the skulls-elect, and have been more beautifully ornamented than any of the six hundred and twelve contained in the cases of the Golden Chamber. Turning to my guide, I asked him to point out to me the skull of St. Ursula herself. I doubt very much whether the ancient monks, or even those of to-day, know the skull of a man from that of a woman, and I had almost imagined that I would find a masculine one palmed off as the true Ursula. But my preconceptions were false. Only a very small portion of her skull is preserved and encased in a diadem of highest worth. There is probably some truth in the legend after all, I thought, but I was happily disturbed in my thought by my old spiritual friend. "This is a part of the holy Ursula's skull," said he, with

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becoming gravity, "the other parts are lost, but this is from the back part of her head"—and he placed his hand to his own in explanation. The only portion of the skull preserved is that which represents the region of Philoprogenitiveness, Conjugal Love, Inhabitiveness and Friendship, tapering up and reaching a large development in the two latter organs.

The disappointment at not finding the whole of St. Ursula's skull was, however, somewhat lessened by the number of those of her companions and of priests and bishops once connected with the church or procured as relics from other places. The most of these, however, are unknown in history, and a description of them would only prove tedious. I will enumerate merely a few. There is the skull of St. Etherius, bridegroom of St. Ursula; of St. Cordula; St. Jacobus, patriarch of Antioch and a martyr of the band of St. Ursula; of St. Pantalus, first bishop of Basle; St. Benedicta, a duchess and commander of a cohort of the saintly legion, who had the misfortune to have her skull split into two portions; St. Ursula, the second, a niece of the real saint on which some hair yet remains; St. Berthima, a negress; St. Aurelius, king of Sardinia; besides cardinals archbishops, bishops, priests, dukes and soldiers. In each of the one hundred and twenty gilded or silvered busts placed around the Golden Chamber is to be found one skull, many of these, it is said, being decorated with "precious stones." These busts appear to have been specially made for the purpose of containing the relics. The features represented on them are of one type, though some remarkable physiognomies of ecclesiastical persons are observable.

The large glass-fronted case, occupying an entire side of the room, contained the already mentioned six hundred and twelve. The lower part of each skull was covered with decayed red velvet, tastefully worked with beads (pearl), said to have been done by the nuns of a neighboring cloister some hundreds of years ago. This is not at all improbable, and doubtless it was a religiously imposed task to them. But I could not help thinking now much of their labor had probably been spent upon skulls of the "infidel Huns," as there were certainly many that had little similarity to the woman-type. To describe an individual among this mass, however, would be no criterion for the whole. I obtained permission to take down a few of the dusty relics, and took the opportunity of measuring them. The result was an average of less than twenty and a quarter inches, with but little variation. Some came below twenty, and others reached twenty and a half—only one going higher. An exact measurement, however, was very difficult owing to the velvet decoration of the skulls, allowance for which would reduce the above measurements about half an inch. The average then would be less than twenty inches.

The excessive size of the organ of Caution, as found in the majority of the skulls, would appear to harmonize with the generally accepted popular tradition in Cologne of a Hun massacre. One of the very oldest traditions plainly indicates that these people, under their leader, Attila, were the perpetrators of a massacre as they flew in great disorder toward the Rhine after the battle of Chalons in 451. The inhabitants, especially the women, fled in masses before the unbridled hordes, and the Roman Catholic writers have made many endeavors to bring the appearance of St. Ursula and her train in Cologne to correspond with this time. Popular tradition has much in its favor, although the other legend can not be positively refuted. A street near to the church is called the *Hunnenrücken-strasse* (Huns' back street), where, it is supposed, the backs of the Huns were last seen as they went away.

We trust the time is not far distant when these relics shall be thoroughly examined by scientific phreno-ethnologists. Professor Owen is said to have detected the bones of animals among those that are kept in the church, but he certainly could not find other than human skulls.

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"For how much will you sell a few of these skulls?" I asked of my friendly guide. The old man asked me to repeat this question, overcome, I believe, by its apparent audacity. "Will you sell me a few of these old skulls?" I remarked again. "I am much interested in the legend and your church, and would like to preserve them as mementoes of my visit."

The old priest drew back in astonishment. "Sell them! Sell them! Why, sir, we can not—we dare not! Just let me read you our order, and which we dare not disobey: 'No one, whatever his standing may be, even be he clothed in archbishop's robes, dare sell the relics of the holy Ursula—neither sell nor buy, under penalty of excommunication.' We never sell them," he repeated, "but the bishop of the church has the power to give them away."

Fearing that my mission to the bishop would not prove successful, I failed to prosecute the task. I now offered to pay my kind old guide for his trouble. His regular fee was about twenty-five cents. I offered him a trifle for himself, which, however, he firmly refused. I must have detained him for above an hour, as the shadows were already stealing into the old dismal walls. The Golden Chamber, which appeared so tinselly on my entrance, had assumed a cold and gloomy appearance, brightened only by the reflected gleam of the gilded busts in the twilight. We returned into the body of the church among its stone-cased relics and caged skulls. The old priest-guide reverently bowed as we passed under Ursula's form. I glanced up to her beautiful countenance, and once more wandered around the attractive objects. At last I bid my guide adieu, for we could no longer see distinctly—only the gray skulls through their dismal grating—and I breathed freer again when we emerged into the lighted streets and left behind St. Ursula, her saints and the Golden Chamber.—*Phren. Journal.*

## "WADE OUT AND SWIM BACK."

THE disposition of some young speakers, and old ones too, as for that, to launch out upon subjects beyond their depth, received a salient hit from a member of the Salt Lake Stake home missionary corps.

Some impractical questions having arisen in regard to things in the great hereafter, that are wisely withheld from the knowledge of mortal men, for the reason that they can in no manner affect their interests here, the usual amount of discussion followed, one person taking certain grounds and laboring in great mysticism to prevail on the remainder to see his points with the same muddy clearness in which they were exhibited to him. Another expressed his astonishment that so good and experienced a man could be so ignorant upon a matter that he supposed everybody perfectly understood. He then proceeded at great length to explain how the thing really was. His theory was opposed to that of the last speaker and was consequently very much more tenable, as it exhibited all the phases of what might seem an obscure and but partially fathomed subject in such unmistakable luminosity that the most obtuse mind could not fail to grasp the whole situation and comprehend the full purport and meaning of the most ambiguous expressions, relating to its elucidation.

At this point in the discussion Brother Miner G. Atwood, who had received about as much of that kind of light on the matter as he could stand, observed, that the enlightened remarks of those who had attempted to clear up the clouds which had ever completely obscured the subject from his understanding, and did yet, reminded him of an incident in his boyhood: His father's family lived on the banks of a river, in which he and his brothers usually went in swimming in the summer time. One day his father came along as the boys were going in, and, looking out upon the dark, broad stream, called the boys and said to them, "Boys, it's safer to wade out, and swim back!"

It is to be hoped that young speakers who read this, when they are tempted to soar away into the mysteries, will remember that "it's safer to wade out and swim back."

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year, In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE, 1884.


## LOGAN TEMPLE.

THE completion and dedication of the Logan Temple is an event in the history of the Church, which was looked forward to with peculiar interest by the Saints, and will be long remembered by them.

The labor of seven years—the dedication occurring on the seventh anniversary—as it was nearing the end, was with pleasure reviewed by the laborers, and their satisfaction seemed complete. They had not only given time and means to the construction of an elegant building, but the character of the growing edifice being sacred to them made their labor an act of religious devotion, which has not failed to advance and develop the religious character of those engaged in it. Those who have contributed to the building of temples have this feeling; that their means is well bestowed, that their offering is of the highest and best that men can make, and that it meets the approval of heaven. In a peculiar degree has this sentiment been experienced by the Saints in building and dedicating to the Lord the temple at Logan. There had been taken, from its commencement, the liveliest interest in the work. All faithful Saints saw the advantage it would be to have a house, in which the ordinances of the Church could be administered, so conveniently located, in the midst of a populous, thriving district, easily accessible to tens of thousands of the people. That portion of the community embraced in the Logan Temple district have gladly contributed of their substance, sharing liberally the proceeds of their prosperity, in furthering the work. And again the testimony is borne that with all they have thus given, there appears to be no diminution. This is ever the experience of those who contribute to the work of God. Tithe payers and workers in the vineyard never suffer loss in this world's goods from their devotion.

The following description of the temple and its surroundings is from the *Utah Journal:*

"This beautiful and magnificent building stands upon a plateau or bench in the eastern part of Logan City, at an elevation of about ninety feet above the Tabernacle square, and four thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Its site is remarkably fine, commanding a view of Cache county from the mountains of Paradise on the south, to Marsh Valley, in Idaho, on the north, a distance of sixty miles; and from its towers may be seen Providence, Millville, Hyrum, Paradise, Wellsville, Mendon, Newton, Oxford, Lewiston, Smithfield, Hyde Park and Benson. Clarkston, Franklin and Richmond are hidden by intervening hills. When President Brigham Young came to locate the site for the building, he remarked that it was the finest situation for a Temple that he knew of or had seen in all his travels—an opinion universally endorsed by all who have come to inspect the building since its commencement. The view from the towers is one of unsurpassed loveliness, embracing not only the quiet charm of villages and fields lying so peacefully beneath the eye of the observer, but the grandeur and sublimity of the glorious old mountains. Eastward rises the giant range of the Wasatch, retaining a general elevation of from eight thousand to twelve thousand feet above sea level; in the extreme south stands Mt. James, named in honor of David James, former Bishop of Paradise, with an elevation of twelve thousand; in the southwest, and towering above Mendon and Wellsville is 'Logan Peak,' as named on the U. S. Geological Survey Maps, nine thousand six hundred and sixty feet high, and 'Ogden Peak,' rising above Willard City,

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with an elevation of twelve thousand six hundred feet.

"In May, 1877, President Brigham Young and Counselors, with several of the Apostles, came to Logan to select a location and dedicate the ground. On Wednesday, May 16th, and the forenoon of May 17th, surveyors Jesse W. Fox and James H. Martineau surveyed the foundation, and on Thursday, May 17th, at noon, ground was broken in presence of the First Presidency and Twelve and a large assemblage of the Saints, Apostle Orson Pratt offering the dedicatory prayer. About May 21st, Charles O. Card was appointed by President Young, superintendent of construction of the temple, to act under the direction of the Apostles residing in this temple district, which comprised Cache, Box Elder, Bear Lake and Rich counties.

"Excavation for the foundation began on May 28th, 1877, and on the twentieth of July rock laying commenced on the 'extension,' a wing or building on the north side of the temple, designed for furnace room, kitchen, office and reception rooms, eighty by thirty-six feet, and twenty-three feet high.

"The laying of the corner-stones of the temple was regarded as a most auspicious and important event, and thousands of Latter-day Saints turned out to witness the impressive ceremonies of the occasion. They were laid September 19th, 1877; the southeast corner-stone by President John Taylor, Apostle Franklin D. Richards offering the dedicatory prayer; the southwest corner-stone was laid by Presiding Bishop Edward Hunter, with prayer by his First Counselor, Leonard W. Hardy; the northwest corner-stone was laid by George L. Farrell, President of the High Priests' Quorum of Cache Stake, with dedicatory prayer by Moses Thatcher, President of the Stake; and the northeast corner-stone by Albert P. Rockwood, one of the Seven Presdients of Seventies, with prayer by Horace S. Eldredge, also one of the Seven Presidents of Seventies. As each corner-stone was laid those who officiated made remarks appropriate to the occasion, which was one longed to be remembered.

"The temple is one hundred and seventy-one feet long, ninety-five feet broad, and sixty-eight feet to the square, with an octagon tower one hundred feet high at each corner, and a large square tower at each end, the western one, one hundred and sixty-five feet high, and the eastern, one hundred and seventy feet to top of vane. Massive buttresses strengthen the walls, and the masonry is a model of good, substantial workmanship.

"The rock used for the building was brought from the mountains near Logan, and is a very hard, dark colored fucoid sandstone, so called from the great abundance of that marine plant found in the rock. Considerable limestone from near Hyde Park was used for the arches and sides of the openings for doors and windows; and a large quantity of light buff sandstone from near Franklin, Idaho, was cut for water tables, string courses and caps on the battlements and towers. All hauling of rock sand and lime was paid for by weight as received, thus ensuring strict justice to every one according to his labors. This system of paying for each load according to its weight was a source of great saving, and had previously been adopted in the building of the Logan Tabernacle.

"The quarries, from which the bulk of the stone contained in the walls was obtained, are situated about five miles northeast of Logan, in what is known as Green Canyon. These quarries were originally opened for the purpose of obtaining stone for the walls of the Logan Tabernacle, and the bulk of the stone used in that building is the same as the bulk of the stone used in the temple. It is exceedingly hard and durable, and will last for ages. It is too hard and brittle to be cut into accurate shapes. No attempt to do this was made, and the walls are common rubble work, except of course the corners, arches, etc.

"The lime used in the mortar with which the walls are laid, was made at

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the temple kiln in Logan canyon, about four miles from the city. It makes a remarkably hard, flinty mortar, and a rubble wall of the stone used in the temple, laid with mortar in which this lime is used, becomes practically a solid mass of flinty stone. The walls are pointed, and painted with a white paint to which a little red color was added, and their tint may be described as a light, pale pink. It is an exceedingly beautiful, chaste and delicate color.

"The workmanship of the interior of the building is all first-class. An eastern architect, who some time ago visited the building, pronounced some of the carpenter work in it equal to anything he ever saw in his life. The floors are all painted a pure white, and in all, or nearly all, the rooms are covered with home-made rag or Utah made ingrain carpets. Some of the rooms are richly ornamented with gilding, and in some of the apartments the ceilings are marvels of chaste and elegant design and finish. There are practically five stories in the building, and the stairways leading from story to story are situated in the octagon towers at the four corners of the building. The building is heated throughout by steam, there being steam radiators in every or nearly every apartment. The main room in the building, usually termed the Assembly Room, is one hundred and four feet long and eighty feet wide, and it is claimed that it will contained fifteen hundred persons, though its seating capacity, when only comfortably filled, is said to be considerably less than that number.

"Many of the workmen labored weeks and even months on donation. Most of them, however, were paid ordinary wages. Some were paid by the wards they represented, and others by the temple, in such pay as it could command, or as was turned in on donation. John Parry was master mason until the mason work had advanced far towards completion, when he died, and was succeeded by William Williams. James Quayle was the master carpenter, T. O. Angell, Jun., was the architect, and C. O. Card, the superintendent of construction, who had charge and oversight from the beginning of the multifarious affairs connected with the work on the building." "The entire block on which the Temple stands belongs to it, with the exception of the lot in the southwest corner. Thus the temple grounds comprise seven acres in all, and they are being laid out in walks, lawns, flower beds, etc., and will in time become very handsome as the ornamental trees and shrubbery have time to grow.

The dedicatory services were held on Saturday, the seventeenth of May. They were very impressive. The seating of the Priesthood in the appropriate stands and filling of the seats in the body of the Assembly Room was conducted with the best of order, and the entire service carried on in the pure benign spirit of our holy religion, which filled every heart and gave to all the happy testimony that God approved their labor, accepted their offering and was well pleased with their coming together to worship Him in the house which they had built for Him. There were present of the authorities of the Church the following:

First Presidency: John Taylor, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith.

Apostles: Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow, Franklin D. Richards, Albert Carrington, Moses Thatcher, George Teasdale, H. J. Grant, John W. Taylor, Daniel H. Wells.

Patriarch John Smith and others.

Presiding Bishopric: W. B. Preston, L. W. Hardy, R. T. Burton.

Presidency of Stakes: L. J. Nuttall, Kanab; J. D. T. McAllister, St. George; J. W. Crosby, Jr., Panguitch; Franklin Spencer, Sevier; J. B. Maiben, Sanpete; Wm. Paxman, Juab; A. O. Smoot, Utah; J. R. Murdock, Beaver; Hugh Gowans, Tooele; A. M. Cannon, Salt Lake; L. W. Shurtliff, Weber; A. Hatch, Wasatch; W. W. Cluff, Summit; W. G. Smith, Morgan; the new presidency of the Cache Valley Stake: Charles O. Card, M. W. Merrill and Orson Smith.

Presidents of quorums, bishops and all orders of the Priesthood were numerously represented.

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The services were repeated on Sunday, the eighteenth, and again on Monday, the nineteenth, to afford opportunity for all to be present. The dedicatory prayer was read from manuscript, the first day by President Taylor, then in turn by each of his counselors.

The remarks made by the brethren were brief, but full of the fire of the Holy Ghost. The following were the speakers at the three days' services in the Temple: President John Taylor, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow, Franklin D. Richards, Albert Carrington, Moses Thatcher, George Teasdale, Daniel H. Wells, Jacob Gates, W. B. Preston and Milo Andrus.

The singing by the choir was very sweet and full of harmony; the hymns having been composed for the occasion.

## "STAGE STRUCK."

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er the scene and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age."

BUT few young persons of emotional temperament, whose fairy god-mothers permitted them to open their eyes within reasonable distance of a theatre, have passed the adolescent period without experiencing the sensation more accurately than elegantly termed "stage struck." To us it came early, whether for the reason that we were peculiarly favored in having an actor for a father, a maternal guardian who would rather have us die than follow that far in his footsteps, or a disposition embodying the essential elements of a stage hero's mentality, we cannot say; though that these agencies were unitedly active in moulding the bent of our inclination, is by no means improbable. But certain it is that at an age when the tendrils of character begin to climb after the destinies of life, we were thoroughly imbued with an ardent love for the dramatic profession.

It was at a time when the drama here was young, when dried peaches vied with the orchestra in killing time and tune between the acts, and the good, old-fashioned audience expected little and were never humiliated with a disappointment. Passing over the many minor incidents common to the career of an embryo tragedian, we come to the subject of our reminiscence.

With a number of associates, likewise inflamed with the fire of the histrionic torch, and a burning desire to rival the glory of our elders in the "sock and buskin," we set about the organization of a theatrical combination. George B. Waldron, at that time, was the star of the dramatic zenith, and among other "palpable hits" had set the town agog with his hair-straightening, blood-curdling impersonation of "The Jibbenainosay" in the celebrated border drama, "Nick of the Woods."

Of course we had all seen it, or most of us had, for, though doorkeepers in those days felt more the dignity of their positions than now—there being in their minds, with the exception of the City Council, no higher authorities in existence—and were even cruelly punctilious in the observance of their duties and small boys, yet, when obstacles intervene to the accomplishment of a cherished object, boys, like men, though at first "made upright," will seek out "many inventions" to effect their purposes.

The result of seeing was a desire to imitate, and with a zeal felt but once in a lifetime, we set about the arrangement of preliminaries. Knives, guns and tomahawks were the properties needed, and to supply which we organized and executed a raid on the old saw mill at the mouth of City Creek canyon, attacking the lath and shingles there with en-

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thusiasm and jack knives, and gashing our fingers with more than Roman fortitude, to secure, in the absence of paint, a yet more realistic color for the gilding of our wooden weapons.

We had no written parts in those days. It would have elevated our project to a literary basis we were not prepared to stand on. Besides it was needless, as each juvenile Roscius, either through the auditory medium connecting the footlights and the "gallery of the gods," or from unimpeachable testimony transmitted by his fellows who, by carrying water, had been permitted to witness the piece upon the "big stage," was well up in his lines and "eager for the fray." So that the only thing which prevented the immediate production of "Nick of the Woods," by a company strictly of home talent, was the want of a suitable arena for action.

The widow G—bbs' barn was centrally located and in various ways well adapted for a performance of the character we wished to present, there being, besides a number of old benches, a loft which would make an excellent dressing room, and a large double door on the west, which, as we played in the afternoon, when thrown open to the beams of the setting sun, admirably conveyed the idea of a burning Indian village.

After mature deliberation, it was decided that a committee wait upon the lady and ascertain the lowest possible terms on which the barn-yard premises of her estate might be utilized in the interests of progress and the drama. In consideration of the object represented as in view—the encouragement of home talent, the purification of the stage and a desire to revive a taste for the legitimate drama, we were informed that the matter of rent was merely nominal, a ball of carpet rags, two flat-irons and a "creepy" hen being accepted as ample compensation for one matinee performance. But a necessary stipulation was, that a cow, which occupied that part of the interior we designed using as a stage, should be allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of her situation. Remonstrance was in vain, the widow autocrat was deaf to any modification of the treaty, and notwithstanding the plot of the play made no possible allowance for a cow in any of the scenes, we were compelled to smother our resentment and submit, but did so under solemn and united, though speechless, protest.

The occasion was the benefit of our head tragedian, a boy called "Bub," who personated "Bloody Nathan, the Jibbenainosay;" a sort of enthusiast in theatrical matters, who, by common consent, was acknowledged the star, because his father played the flute in the big orchestra. The admission was seven pins, to all parts of the house excepting the two front benches, which commanded a fine view of the cow and the "supes'" dressing room, for which superior advantages the extra charge of a tallow candle was not deemed exorbitant. Although it was raining outside, early in the afternoon the auditorium was filled with lovers of the art histrionic, to say nothing of clouds of dust which sifted through the cracks in the board ceiling from the loft overhead, which, as before stated, was a dressing-room, used by the principals and the main stock company.

Joe P—tt had brought his father's paint down and was busily engaged in putting the facial touches to a tribe of ten Indians in the lower dressing room; the orchestra, which consisted of Tom E—k with a fiddle and another boy with an accordeon, was in the midst of a splendid overture, to which the cow, terrified by the "notes of dreadful preparation" going on in her immediate vicinity, contributed some very fine bass solos, and all were on the tiptoe of expectancy, when there arose a shriek from the lower dressing-room,

"So loud and clear,
It seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear."

The cow, now thoroughly beside herself, broke from her fastenings, and plowing through the curtain, leaped over the reserved seats and made a hasty exit by the front door, the ticket-taker allowing her to pass with as much readiness as if she had been a reporter on a

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daily paper. The overture was of course completely drowned in the pandemonium that followed, or would have been had the performers attempted to finish it. But the yells and screams were of short duration, quiet once more assumed the sceptre of supremacy, and all behind the scenes felt considerably gratified over the event which had taken place, since we were now rid of a serious embarrassment in the cow, the immediate result of whose absence was a corresponding enlargement in our stage room.

Everybody was now anxious to learn the cause of the murderous yell which had been the innocent source of such a blessing, and when it was ascertained that it emanated from a red-headed boy, who, in "making up" as an Indian, had got some paint in his left eye, which was now swollen to the size of a large apple, the gratitude of the management was as boundless, as the condolence of the entire company was sincere, affecting and sublime.

After the orchestra had been induced to complete the overture, so unceremoniously brought to a *finale*, and the *dramatis personæ* were all announced as "ready," three distinct chords in G., amidst a stillness as of death, was the signal for the rise of the curtain. Up went the carpet, disclosing what was left for the imagination of the audience to convert into a forest. No trees were to be seen, either in natural growth or painted canvass, but it was the best that could be done with our limited means, and the mental dressing of this scene was not the most difficult task required of the intelligent public, since all succeeding ones, whether of water, trees or houses, would have to be supplied in the same manner.

We will pass over a few of the first incidents, merely mentioning, *en passant*, the snicker which rippled over the surface of the sea of observers when the red-headed Indian made his appearance, and the torrent of mirth that burst forth when young Kanarro, a real Piute, whom we had enlisted on account of his tawny color and ferocious aspect, refusing to be slain with a wooden knife, insisted on administering blow for blow with his white pine tomahawk on the person of the "Roaring Ralph Stackpole," who finding that, instead of the redskin, he was simply "killing the audience," finally shouldered the obstinate young Lamanite and carried him off the stage.

The scene where the Jibbenainosay makes his "terrific descent of the falls in a fiery canoe," was a difficult one to present under the most favorable conditions, but to add to the inconvenience under which we were laboring, just as the curtain rose and revealed the place of the desperate undertaking, the widow G—bbs' boy Frank, who lisped, and had just returned from pursuing the runnaway cow in the rain as far as the Nineteenth Ward pasture, came bolting into the stable with: "Mothah, thayth thith cow can't thtand out in the wain any longer." We had again met the inevitable, and choking down the wrath which swelled for utterance, we permitted the good son to lead his cow through the audience, take her upon the stage and fasten her to the waterfall, which was now in the place she had before occupied.

The difficulty of enacting the scene, as already said, was now enhanced. The cataract was a long, smooth plank, well greased to insure the lightning speed of the descent, and placed well up the stage, slanting from an opening in the loft at the right to the outside of an imaginary left third entrance. The actor who had to essay the feat, had rehearsed it repeatedly and was quite perfect in the business; all it required, since no canoe was used, being to squat down upon the plank above, cry, "I am the Jibbenainosay," and let loose, and "as swift as meditation" he was at the other end of the board, unseen but not unenvied by the admiring multitude. But now the actor felt some trepidation. He knew that on his appearance, the Indians, just about to massacre the whites who were on their knees imploring mercy, would fall paralyzed to the earth, as in duty bound; but the action of the cow, who had already given evidence of a roman-

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tic spirit and great nervous susceptibility, he was not so well assured of. The audience, however, were becoming impatient for the sacrifice, and with his heart in his mouth and his eyes on the cow, which, with ears alert and horns outspread glanced upward with trembling anxiety, the "Nick of the Woods" prepared to descend.

Everything was in readiness, the emigrants were still on their knees, and the Indians, with touching forbearance, had been waiting in the attitude of a massacre for nearly five minutes. "I am the Jib—!" Like lightning from the rifted thunder cloud, or the unexpected peal of heaven's artillery at noonday, the Jibbenainosay came down. Half the length of the plank was described in a millionth part of the time it takes us to do it, when the cow, frightened out of her wits by the falling redskins and the screeching friction on the greasy plank, gave a loud bellow and darted toward the falls. Bloody Nathan screamed in terror as the horns of the dilemma approached him, and turning over sidewise fell to the ground a lifeless mass of rags. The curtain, not to be out of fashion, fell also, and while the united efforts of those behind the scenes were exerted to reconcile the cow and resuscitate the scared tragedian, the auditorium was rent with a storm of applause that shook the building from pit to dome, causing a few more bushels of dust to descend, like the dews of Hermon into the necks of the audience.

In due time the curtain rose on the last act. The scene where the renegade on the bridge shoots the half-breed, "Tillie Doe," passed off successfully. So much so that Miss Tillie was nearly killed outright by the enthusiastic villain, who aimed right at her face and said "Die," as the wad struck her forehead and she tumbled over into the orchestra. Of course, if "Rat" had thought, he would have shot over, but so completely losing his identity in the character he was personating, he seemed quite put out when Miss C—ton was finally restored to consciousness. Another instance and we are done.

The Jibbenainosay has been captured by Wenonga, the Black Vulture, and is tied to the stake awaiting the cruel torture to which he is about to be subjected. The Indians are dancing around their prey, while Wenonga, their chief, with the scalps of Nathan's wife and children hanging at his belt, stands contemplating with fiendish exultation the figure of his helpless victim. The redskins presently cease hooting and capering around the stake and are ordered away by the chief, who wishes to "talk with the Jibbenainosay," After a short colloquy, in which the white prisoner dares his savage foe to undo his bonds and meet him, man to man, the chief, accused of cowardice if he refuses, complies, with the words: "I am Wenonga, the Black Vulture, and have no heart." Bloody Nathan immediately springs upon Wenonga, snatches a knife from his belt, and in the hand-to-hand combat which ensues, stabs him to the heart, just as the settlers attack the village, kill all the Indians and set fire to their wigwams. That is how it ought to have been done. We have yet to tell how it was done.

The sun was just setting. The Indians had quit dancing and gone off, the stage carpenter was waiting to throw open the doors to admit the red sunlight for the burning of the "wickiups," and Wenonga had just concluded his speech: "I am the Black Vulture, and have no heart," when his mother, Mrs. K—ball, who lived next door, came striding through the audience with a broom, and fetching the heartless Wenonga a terrific whack over the back, exclaimed: "Albert, what did you go away for, without cutting me any wood." Wenonga broke for the dressing room, followed by his mother, Bloody Nathan stood petrified with horror, the actors all stared with open mouths at the unexpected *denouement*, the doors were opened, the dying sun smiled broadly over the picture, and amid the shouts and roars of laughter which frightened the cow so that she dropped upon her knees, the curtain of the stage at G—bbs' barn fell, never to rise again. *Iago.*

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. JULY, 1884. No. 10.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

### TRANSLATION OF THE RECORDS.

II.

THE careful reader of our last chapter may probably have noticed an apparent error between the dates of the two revelations therein given in full. The first is dated July, 1828, the second May, 1829; yet in the short paragraph of history that connects the two, the Prophet Joseph states that after he had obtained the first of these two revelations, both the plates and the Urim and Thummim were taken from him again, "but in a few days they were returned" to him, when he inquired of the Lord and received the second communication.

The question which we are not able to answer is; In which place does the error occur? Should the words, "in a few days," read, "in a few months," or should the date of the second revelation be August or September, 1828. This is a question we cannot decide. At first sight, the inference from the tenor of the revelation is that it was given at a date anterior to May, 1829, for it treats almost entirely of Martin Harris and the results of his grave folly, and says: "You [Joseph Smith] also lost your gift at the same time, and your mind became darkened; nevertheless, it is *now* restored unto you again, therefore see that you are faithful and continue on unto the finishing of the remainder of the work of translation as you have begun." Here the expression *now* would seem to convey the idea that this revelation was given immediately on the Urim and Thummim being restored to Joseph's care. But on the other hand reference is made to the continuing of the work of translation, as though at that actual time he was engaged in that labor. May, 1829, was the month that Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were baptized, they having been unitedly engaged in the work of translation from the early part of the previous month, yet no reference is made to Oliver in the revelation, which fact appears somewhat strange if it was received at that late date.

Sister Lucy Smith states that the Urim and Thummim was restored to Joseph on the 22d of September, 1828. We will quote her statement of what he told her on this matter, simply prefacing it by reminding our readers that it was while Joseph was visiting at his parents' house at Manchester, that he first learned the fact that Martin Harris had lost the manuscript. Joseph said to her:

"On leaving you I returned immediately home. Soon after my arrival, I commenced humbling myself in mighty prayer before the Lord, and, as I was pouring out my soul in supplication to God, that if possible, I might obtain mercy at his hands, and be forgiven of all that I had done contrary to his will, an angel stood before me and answered me, saying that I had sinned in delivering the manuscript into the hands of a wicked man, and, as I had ventured to become responsible for his faithfulness, I would of necessity have to suffer the consequences of his indiscretion, and I must now give up the Urim and Thummim into his (the angel's) hands.

"This I did as I was directed, and as I handed them to him, he remarked, 'If



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you are very humble and penitent, it may be you will receive them again; if so, it will be on the twenty-second of next September.'

"After the angel left me I continued my supplications to God, without cessation, and on the twenty-second of September, I had the joy and satisfaction of again receiving the Urim and Thummim, with which I have again commenced translating, and Emma writes for me, but the angel said that the Lord would send me a scribe, and I trust His promise will be verified."

From the context it would appear that this conversation took place a few days after Joseph had received the sacred instruments, probably during the last week in September.

Sister Smith adds: "A *few months after* Joseph had received them [the Urim and Thummim], he inquired of the Lord and received the following revelation." She then inserts a part of the revelation, dated May, 1829.

Her statement in this regard must not, however, be deemed conclusive. In the first place she was far away when Joseph received this communication, and consequently is only a second-hand witness as to its facts. And again, her book was written years after the publication of the revelation, with the date attached; and so perhaps she may have simply said "a few months after" because it was so dated, and not from actual knowledge. With these remarks we will leave the subject, hoping that when the original history, as kept by John Whitmer, is given to the world, it will correct this, with other items that cannot now be verified, but which are of deep interest to the student of the History of the Church.

A fresh personage now becomes inseparably linked with the translation of the Book of Mormon. He is no other than Oliver Cowdery, who next became the scribe to Joseph, and wrote the words of the translation as they fell from the youthful Prophet's inspired lips. We do not know that we can go over this portion of the story to any better advantage than by inserting the chapter on "The time occupied in the translation of the Book of Mormon," to be found in our little work, entitled, "The Myth of the Manuscript Found:"

Objection has been made to the divinity of the Book of Mormon, on the ground that the account given in the publications of the Church, of the time occupied in the work of translation, is far too short for the accomplishment of such a labor, and consequently it must have been copied or transcribed from some work written in the English language, most probably from Spaulding's "Manuscript Found." But at the outset it must be recollected that the translation was accomplished by no common method, by no ordinary means. It was done by divine aid. There were no delays over obscure passages, no difficulties over the choice of words, no stoppages from the ignorance of the translator; no time was wasted in the investigation or argument over the value, intent or meaning of certain characters, and there were no references to authorities. These difficulties to human work were removed. All was as simple as when a clerk writes from dictation. The translation of the characters appeared on the Urim and Thummim, sentence by sentence, and as soon as one was correctly transcribed, the next would appear. So the inquiry narrows down to the consideration of this simple question, how much could Oliver Cowdery write in a day? Or, how many of the printed pages of the Book of Mormon could an ordinary clerk transcribe from dictation in a day? When that is determined, divide the total number of pages in the Book of Mormon by that number, and you have the answer in days.

It now becomes important to discover when the translation was commenced and when it was finished. This cannot be determined to a day, but enough is known for our purpose. When Oliver first visited Joseph, some little had been translated, exactly how much is not known. The next question is: When did that visit occur? We will let Oliver answer. He writes (*Times and Seasons*, Vol. I, page 201): "Near the time of the setting of the sun, Sabbath evening,

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April 5th, 1829, my natural eyes, for the first time, beheld this brother. He then resided in Harmony, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. On Monday, the sixth, I assisted him in arranging some business of a temporal nature, and on Tuesday, the seventh, commenced to write the Book of Mormon."

In the History of Joseph Smith, we read: "During the month of April, I continued to translate and he (Oliver) to write with little cessation, during which time we received several revelations." And again: "We still continued the work of translation, when, in the ensuing month (May, 1829), we, on a certain day, went into the woods to pray." Oliver also states: "These were days never to be forgotten—to sit under the sound of a voice dictated by the inspiration of heaven, awakened the utmost gratitude of this bosom! Day after day I continued, uninterrupted, to write from his mouth, as he translated with the Urim and Thummim, or, as the Nephites would have said, 'Interpreters,' the history or record called the Book of Mormon."

Thus we see these two young men had bent the whole energy of their souls towards the accomplishment of this most important work. They united their youthful zeal "day after day, uninterrupted,"and "with little cessation," to the labor of translation. It requires very little imagination to understand how diligently and earnestly they toiled, how they permitted nothing to interfere with their labor of love, how they devoted every hour, until fatigue overcame them, to the divinely imposed task (and young and vigorous as they were, it was not a little that would tire them out); while curiosity and other far worthier feelings would give zest and inspiration to their labors. As they progressed, we can well imagine how their interest in the narrative increased until they could scarcely tear themselves away from their inspired labors even when their minds and bodies called for food and rest. The enthusiasm with which Oliver speaks of those days shows plainly that this was the case, and we cannot reasonably think that Joseph was any less interested than he.

Now let us examine when these two brethren commenced their marvelous work. Two series of dates have been given. Oliver's, given above, and another in the History of Joseph Smith, which gives the dates as the fifteenth and seventeenth of April, or ten days later. Oliver's has this direct evidence of its correctness, that, as he states, the fifth, sixth and seventh of April, 1829, fell on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, which, of course, those ten days later would not. Again, the event being of more importance in his life than in Joseph's, he was more likely to recollect the details, besides being a better scholar and penman, it is more probable that if any record of the circumstance was made at that time, he made it. But really there is no discrepancy. The dates, fifteenth and seventeenth, in the Pearl of Great Price, in Joseph's history, etc., are unfortunately typographical errors or mistakes in printing. In the original manuscript in the Historian's Office, the dates are the same as those of Oliver Cowdery—the fifth and seventh. But the mistake having once been printed, it has been copied out of one journal or back into another, until nearly all our works have perpetuated the blunder.

From Joseph and Oliver's narrative we learn how far they had progressed in the work of translation at the time of the visit of the angel John the Baptist and their baptism. This took place on May 15th of the same year. It was because they found in the teachings of the risen Redeemer to the Nephites certain instructions regarding baptism that they were led to inquire of the Lord regarding this ordinance, and their inquiry led to the angel's visit. Where are these teachings found? In the third book of Nephi; some, probably the very ones that so deeply impressed the minds of these young men, on page five hundred and three of the Book of Mormon (latest edition). Then it is supposable that between April 7th and May 15th, they had translated as much as makes five hundred and three pages of the printed

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Book of Mormon. How much is this a day? Between these two dates, including April 7th but not May 15th, there are thirty-eight days, which would make about thirteen pages a day, if we allow nothing for what was previously transcribed. A swift writer copying from dictation could write four such pages in an hour, as we have demonstrated experimentally, an ordinary writer about three. But allowing that Oliver Cowdery might be a very slow writer, and that he only copied at the rate of a page in half an hour, even then he would only have had to work six and one half hours each day to accomplish the task; and if they rested entirely on Sundays, about one hour more. So we see, making no allowance for the work already done, allowing Oliver Cowdery to be a slow penman for his profession—a schoolmaster—and admitting that they ceased from their labor on the Sabbath, still it was only necessary for them to do a short day's work, especially for two young men in the prime and vigor of life; and yet allow ample time for the reception of revelations and the performance of other duties that possibly occasionally called for their attention.

To show how easy such an effort would be, we will state that President George Q. Cannon has informed us that when he translated the Book of Mormon into the language of the Sandwich Islanders, he frequently translated as many as eight or ten pages a day. This was far heavier work to do alone, and without the assistance of the Urim and Thummim, than it was for Joseph and Oliver together to translate from twelve to fifteen pages with the all-important assistance of the "Interpreters."

After the date of their baptism, the brethren appear to have worked more leisurely. Early in June they moved to Mr. Peter Whitmer's, at Fayette, Seneca County, New York, who had kindly offered them a house. Here the work was continued, John Whitmer, one of the sons, assisting them very much by writing. Joseph states: "Meanwhile our translation was drawing to a close, we went to Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, secured the copyright and agreed with Mr. Egbert Grandin to print five thousand copies for the sum of three thousand dollars." The copyright was secured on June 11th, so it appears that between May 15th and the last named date, or twenty-six days, they had not quite translated one hundred and twenty pages—not five pages a day—or they would have finished their work. The exact date the translation was entirely completed is not known, at least we have not been able to discover it.

The above conclusions may possibly have to be modified by another consideration, which, while not involving the main question of how long it took to translate the entire book, yet changes the rate at which Joseph and his scribes worked at the commencement and end of their labors. The question has been asked: Was the translation commenced at the beginning of the book and continued in regular order to the end? There is doubt with regard to this point. It is held by some that after Joseph received authority from the angel to re-commence the translation (after the loss by Martin Harris of the manuscript of one hundred and sixteen pages of the Book of Lehi), he began at that part known to us as "The Words of Mormon," which are a kind of preface to the abridgment made by Mormon of the history of the Nephites, and it was not until after the receipt of the revelation dated May, 1829, that he was permitted to translate that portion known to us as the First and Second Books of Nephi, and the Books of Jacob, Enos, Jarom and Omni, called in the record, "the plates of Nephi." In support of this position the following portions of the above-mentioned revelation are quoted:

"And now, verily, I say unto you, that an account of those things that you have written, which have gone out of your hands, are engraven upon the plates of Nephi;

"Yea, and you remember it was said in those writings that a more particular account was given of these things upon the plates of Nephi.

"And now, because the account which

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is engraven upon the plates of Nephi is more particular concerning the things which, in my wisdom, I would bring to the knowledge of the people in this account;

"Therefore, you shall translate the engravings which are on the plates of Nephi, down even till you come to the reign of King Benjamin, or until you come to that which you have translated, which you have retained;

"And behold, you shall publish it as the record of Nephi, and thus I will confound those who have altered my words."

The reader will observe that whatever was the date on which this revelation was given, they, at that time, had translated some portion of the plates; that portion apparently relating to the times of King Benjamin, which they had retained, or that which we now know as the Words of Mormon and the Book of Mosiah. Having translated so much (how much cannot now be told), they were permitted to translate the engravings on the plates of Nephi. But there is no evidence at the command of the writer by which he can tell whether they at once went to work on the plates of Nephi or left them to a later date. If their translation was left until after the date of the baptism of Joseph and Oliver, which is quite probable if this revelation be correctly dated, then, instead of having translated five hundred and three pages of the present Book of Mormon at that date, they would only have completed three hundred and forty-six, as the translation of the plates of Nephi occupies one hundred and fifty-seven. If this be so, they worked more slowly at the commencement of their labors and with greater rapidity towards the end than is suggested in our first calculation; but the difference only makes their days' labors come out more evenly, and in no way throws any doubt upon the amplitude of the time to do the stated work.

There are (or rather were, for one is almost entirely obliterated), two manuscript copies of the Book of Mormon. The first was deposited in the southeast corner of the Nauvoo House, with other papers of importance, coins, etc., on Saturday, October 2d, 1841, in the presence of a number of Elders; one of whom, Elder Warren Foote, of Glendale, thus describes the circumstance:

"I wish to say that I saw the Prophet Joseph Smith deposit the manuscript of the Book of Mormon in the southeast corner-stone of the Nauvoo House, not the Temple. I will quote from my journal:

"October 2, 1841.—The Semi-annual Conference commenced to-day. After meeting was dismissed, a deposit was made in the southeast corner-stone of the Nauvoo House. A square hole had been chiseled in the large corner-stone like a box. An invitation was given for any who wished to put in any little memento they desired to. I was standing very near the corner-stone, when Joseph Smith came up with the manuscript of the Book of Mormon, and said he wanted to put that in there, as he had had trouble enough with it. It appeared to be written on foolscap paper, and was about three inches in thickness. There was also deposited a Book of Doctrine and Covenants, five cent, ten cent, twenty-five cent, fifty cent and one dollar pieces of American coin, besides other articles. A close fitting stone cover was laid in cement, and the wall built over it.

"I was standing within three feet of the Prophet when he handed in the manuscript, and saw it very plainly. He intimated in his remarks, that in after generations the walls might be thrown down, and these things discovered, from which the people could learn the doctrines and principles and faith of the Latter-day Saints." Bishop F. Kesler, of the Sixteenth Ward, was also one of those present.

The second manuscript, the one used by the printer, is in the possession of David Whitmer, the only survivor of the three witnesses.

A portion of the first mentioned of these manuscripts is now in the possession of President Joseph F. Smith. How it came into his hands is best explained by the following letter:

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Salt Lake City, 19th July, 1884.

*Mr. George Reynolds:*

Dear Brother.—In response to your note asking me how I came in possession of the manuscript, from Mr. Bidaman, now in the hands of President Joseph F. Smith, I will say:

Last year I visited friends in the states of New York, Ohio, Michigan and the northern part of Illinois. On my way home I went down from Burlington to see the old land marks in and around Nauvoo. I arrived there on the seventh of September. After visiting what was once our family home, and the place where the beautiful Nauvoo Temple once stood, I rode through Parley, Mulholland and Main Streets, and felt like weeping over the desolation.

I asked the lady friend with whom I was riding to call with me on Mr. Bidaman, a former acquaintance; after learning where I was from, he recognized me and seemed pleased, we talked a little of times that were, and of persons gone. He made inquiries about Salt Lake City and its inhabitants, I referred to his home which is a temporary four room building on the southwest corner of the foundation laid for the Nauvoo House. I asked why the heavy and extensive foundations around him were being torn up, he replied, that he had bought the premises, and the rock was torn up to sell, as he was poor and otherwise would not have been able to build. I said, I am interested in this foundation, because I remember there were treasures deposited under the chief corner-stone. He said, yes, I took up the stone box and sold it to Mr. —— (I do not remember the name.) It had been so long exposed to the wet and weather that its contents were nearly ruined, I gave the coin to Joe (Joseph) and told him he could have the pile of paper. He said it was the manuscript of the Book of Mormon; but it was so much injured that he did not care for it. While we were talking, Mr. Bidaman's wife brought a large pasteboard box and placed it on my lap. It contained a stack of faded and fast decaying paper, the bottom layers for several inches, were uniform in size, they seemed to me larger than common foolscap, the paper was coarse in texture and had the appearance of having lain a long time in water, as the ink seemed almost entirely soaked into the paper, when I handled it, it would fall to pieces. I could only read a few words here and there just enough to learn that it was the language of the Book of Mormon. Above this were some sheets of finer texture folded and sewed together, this was better preserved and more easily read, I held it up, and said, "Mr. B. How much for this relic?" He said, "Nothing from you, you are welcome to anything you like from the box." I appreciated the kindness, took the leaves that were folded and sewed together, also took two fragments of the *Times and Seasons*, published by Don Carlos Smith, I send with this a fragment dated January, 1840, for your acceptance, containing the pathetic lamentation of P. P. Pratt, while chained in prison.

Very respectfully,

*Sarah M. Kimball.*

A description of the portion of the manuscript, mentioned by Sister Kimball and now in the hands of President Jos. F. Smith, will doubtless be of interest to the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR.

It consists of twenty pages of somewhat rough, unruled writing paper, more resembling narrow bill-cap than any other size of paper now made, being a little less than fifteen and a half inches long and full six and a half inches wide. The paper is now tinged brown or yellow by time and damp, and the writing in some places is undecipherable. The pages are numbered 3 to 22, pages 1 and 2 having been lost. The manuscript commences at the second verse of the second chapter of the First Book of Nephi, and continues to the thirty-fifth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the same book. At the top of each page is a heading showing its principal contents. These headings, as far as they can be deciphered, are as follows:

3. Undecipherable.
4. Nephi goeth up to Jerusalem to.....
5. The brethren of Nephi smite him with a rod.

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6. Nephi slayeth Laban.....
7. Nephi obtains the records.
8. Lehi searcheth the records.
9. Lehi prophesieth concerning his seed.
10. Laman and Lemuel rebelleth against Nephi.
11. Laman and Lemuel repent and [go] with Nephi.
12. Lehi's dream of the precious fruit.
13. Lehi's fears for Laman and Lemuel, and he exhorts them.
14. Lehi prophesies of the Messiah.....
15. Nephi desireth the spirit of prophecy.
16. Nephi caught.....the spirit .....
17. Nephi beholdeth the Lamb of God, etc.
18. The Messiah crucified (?) etc.
19 to 22. Undecipherable.

The manuscript is in two, if not three, handwritings. Pages 7 to 18, inclusive, appear to have been written by Oliver Cowdery. Pages 3 to 6 are written in what looks like a woman's hand, possibly that of Emma Smith; while the handwriting on pages 19 to 22, if not the same, very much resembles that of pages 3 to 6. The only division made in the manuscript is into chapters; the sentences are not divided by punctuation marks and are seldom commenced with capital letters. That it is not punctuated can easily be accounted for. Punctuation is a modern invention, the ancients do not appear to have had any system of stops; and the original plates, there can be but little doubt, were entirely without these aids to correct reading. We are given to understand that the translation through the Urim and Thummim and the seer stone was a most literal one, and as there were no punctuation points in the original, therefore none appear in the translation. Such at least is the reasonable inference.

The other manuscript is in the hands of David Whitmer, in Richmond, Ray County, Missouri. It is the copy that was used by the printer, and has been cut up into "takes" for the convenience of the compositor. It is of foolscap paper, partly ruled, partly not; written on both sides, and still in excellent preservation, as it has been guarded with great care by the Whitmer family. It is securely sewn together in a volume with white worsted and other threads. It is now punctuated and capitalized, which work was most probably done at the printer's when it was placed in the hands of the compositor, as Mr. Gilbert, foreman for Mr. Grandin, states it was not punctuated when brought to the office by Hyrum Smith. *George Reynolds.*

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.

## THE NATAL DAY OF LIBERTY.

As the traveler through solitary wilds ascends the occasional mountain-top, to gaze backward over the scenes his feet have traversed, or to peer forward into the intervening distance between him and his destination; so the pilgrim through life's wilderness pauses instinctively on the summit of a great event, to glance in retrospection over the range of human history, or onward, so far as his vision is permitted to extend, athwart the dim and shadowy outline of the future. Standing, to-day, on such an eminence—the anniversary of an occasion which looms like a mountain from the plain of man's experience—our thoughts fly backward, and with a wave of imagination's wand, whose thrilling touch revives the relics of antiquity, brings back the dead to life and paints anew the faded pictures of the past; we are gazing this hour, in common with millions of our countrymen, upon a panorama of glorious events, of which this day is the ever memorable reminder.

Eight years more than a century ago, was given to the world the Declaration of American Independence; an instrument which sundered forever the political ties between the Mother Nation and her colonies, absolved them from their allegiance to the British Crown, and raised our country from an attitude of

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dependency at the foot of a foreign throne, to her high and rightful station as an independent power among the nations of the earth.

Mankind, unaided by reason, unreminded by experience, are prone to underestimate the importance of objects of familiar acquaintance; and we, who are basking in the full blaze of liberty, bequeathed from the heroic era of the revolution, are apt to depreciate, not only the value of the priceless boon, but likewise the magnitude, the sublimity of the undertaking which secured to us its peaceable possession.

Among the brave-souled band who affixed their names to that immortal document, pledging their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, to the maintenance and vindication of the great principle involved, how many but felt it was their death warrant they signed, and they were standing upon the brink of an abyss from which a single misstep might hurl them into the yawning gulf below? "If we do not hang together, we shall hang separately," was a laconic yet significant speech uttered on that critical occasion. Such, only, as have occupied similar positions, who have opposed might with right, who have faced, for God and conscience' sake, the pitiless storm of persecution, the keen arrows of contumely, or the savage bolts of death; sacrificing their earthly hopes of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in defense of a sacred conviction—such only are qualified to conceive the situation of the fathers of our Republic,

> In face of death who dared to fling
> Defiance to a tyrant king,

And laid their fortunes, lives and reputations upon the holy, immaculate altar of human liberty.

Theirs was a glorious deed. It shines like the sun in the firmament of heaven, and like that sun it fills the earth with light, and beams for the welfare and happiness of the whole brotherhood of man. The blow they dealt was in the common cause of freedom, the voice which appealed to high heaven for the rectitude of their intentions, sounded the death-knell of universal tyranny. Not America, alone, but the wide world has cause to rejoice over, aye, and to commemorate that illustrious event. For on that day the axe was laid at the root of the Tree of Despotism; a tree springing from the soil of human selfishness, supported by the props of superstition and error, and watered with widow's tears and the blood of martyred innocence; a tree whose poisonous roots had sunken deep into the heart of humanity, and for centuries had sapped the life-blood of the earth, while its Upas-like branches, friutful of naught but misery and despair, arose and overshadowed with gloom the genius, the hopes and the exertions of the children of men.

Why, it might here be asked, why, in the economy of a merciful God was this hideous growth permitted to develop; feeding on the fat of the land, and usurping in the vineyard of the Lord, places worthy to be filled only by plants of rarest virtue? Why did not the Master, who finally gave command that it be hewn down and cast into the fire, ages before, while it was yet a feeble shrub, cause it to be uprooted and destroyed? Perchance that man, whose primal disobedience had forfeited his claim to a happier state, might eat his fill of the fruits of bitterness and become wise through the experience of suffering. Or, perhaps, that once when the Master would have answered the prayers of the oppressed and swept the umbrageous curse from the face of His footstool, and had sent His Only Son to inaugurate the work of reform, the misguided children of the world, inured and wedded to sin, preferring to crouch beneath the deadly shade of error and to eat of its product, than to partake of the fruits of a pure and enlightened origin, seized upon the Son of their Lord, stripped Him of His robes, spat upon Him in derision, crowned Him with thorns and hung His bleeding form upon the accursed tree, where He offered up His life as a sacrifice for liberty!

Jesus Christ was a patriot! His country was the world, His laws were the

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eternal principles of liberty, and His followers, in every age, have been the chosen champions of freedom!

For ages, that seemed multiplied by the crimes and sufferings they beheld, the tree of evil dominion, with its spreading boughs of priestly and political power was permitted to expand and flourish; its snake-like tendrils grasping and choking out the fairest of the flowers, and its death-diffusing vapors scattering blight and ruin broadcast over the land. But the fated time at length drew nigh. The rank and venomous growth had encumbered the soil to an extent which threatened universal extinction. The time for its downfall had arrived. The great God of heaven had decreed its destruction.

But how was the blow to be struck? The process of eradication must needs be gradual; the supporting props must first be moved, that its overthrow might be unimpeded; the withered limbs must next be lopped, lest the falling ruin crush with its tremendous weight the choice and tender shrubs of the garden.

Among the most notable agents on whom the earlier duty devolved, was a man named Christopher Columbus. With the unquenchable fire of enterprise burning in his breast, and the light of inspiration beaming like a star on his pathway, he explored the liquid wilderness of the west, "pushed his prows into the setting sun," shattered to atoms the superstitions of his age and found the land long destined as the fostering nurse of Life and Liberty.

Hark! to the result—the crash of falling branches on the eastern shores of the Atlantic! A German monk named Luther has arisen, and continuing the work of Wyckliffe, resurrecting the murdered Huss, following in the footsteps and fulfilling the mission of his martyred predecessors—the rotten fabric of religious tyranny is shaken from centre to circumference beneath the vigorous strokes of the axe of reformation.

The political bough is next asailed. The iron-handed Cromwell appears, and though his task was bold and bloody and he requited with oppression the evils of oppression he opposed, yet the effects were destined to endure, and power which nerved his arm and fired his soul to action, evolved good even from the evil he wrought.

The love of freedom and its appreciation were now implanted within the human heart. The germs of liberty, sown on the soils of Europe and transplanted to the fertile wilds of America, were springing forth on every hand, filling the air with fragrance and giving glad promise of a bright and flowery future. The season was approaching when the Father of Life, the Inspirer of patriots, the Almighty Maker of the world would set His hand again the second time to recover the lost and found; to clear away the crumbling debris of the past and establish His righteous cause forevermore in the midst of mankind.

On the virgin shores of Columbia, a thousand leagues from the king-burdened dominions of the Old World, with a wall of rolling billows between, the allwise Dispenser of the universe had foreseen the opportunity which favored His vast design. The decisive stroke, which the finger of long suffering Providence had held for three centuries in abeyance, at last descended. The whole earth shook with the concussion, the heavens re-echoed the exultant shouts of Patriotism, and the solid globe to its remotest bound, reverberated the loud crash of tumbling Tyranny! The deed was done. The problem planned of God, propounded by the American Declaration, had been solved by the weapon of a Washington!

The results are themes of history. Great Britain lost her colonies, and involved in foreign and domestic turbulence, her star of prestige visibly waned from the proud zenith of national supremacy.

The next blow fell upon France, whose groaning millions, bowed down for ages beneath the accumulated curse of monarchial and ecclesiastical despotism, arose like a blind Samson of wrath, and grappling the pillars of the church and state, with one stupendous effort threw

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down the gigantic structure of king and priestcraft, and founded the Republic of Atheism—misnamed Reason—upon the smouldering ruins of the ancient state.

Next, behold the Corsican Bonaparte, the invincible son of destiny, striding through Europe over prostrate potentates and powers, himself the unconscious instrument of Deity, wreaking vengeance upon the wrongs of ages and humbling the pride of the haughty and the great. Conquering tyrants to become himself a tyrant, and to fall in turn before the redounding thunderbolt which previously cleft his path to victory and renown.

The cause of Freedom, retarded by the excesses of her too zealous advocates or matricidal offspring, continued to roll forth. Greece with her Bozarris and Miaulis, Italy with her Mazzinis and Garabaldis, Ireland with her Emmetts and O'Connells, Spain with her Liberals and the disaffected factions of Germany and Hungaria, rushed into the ranks of revolt; while, on our own continent, Mexico and the South American states, each with its patriot champion, threw off the Spanish yoke and established themselves upon the broad principles of Republican government. All joining hands, as if by preconcerted design, and moving forward in the grand work of demolition and reform—consciously or unconsciously executing the purposes of that Being in whose eternal bosom it is decreed that the poor and meek of the earth shall inherit it, and the pride and haughtiness of man, exalted in corruption and unrighteousness, shall be brought down to whisper from the dust.

Has the past not been a fearful lesson, a warning to the oppressor for all succeeding time? Will the world learn wisdom from experience and henceforth accord mankind his sacred and inviolable rights? Or, must the storm, whose hoarse mutterings are heard throughout the earth, burst forth to sweep it with the besom of destruction, that the cries and prayers of the down-trodden shall cease to ascend into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, whose anger is kindled and whose sword is bathed in heaven, to fall upon the workers of iniquity who forge fetters for the souls of men, and heedless of unnumbered premonitions wade through rivers of crime and corruption to the unhallowed exercise of unrighteous dominion?

Let us hope the sad lesson has been learned; that man will cease his "inhumanity to man," that the clouds of the past will be banished by the sunlight of the future, and the glorious Ensign of Liberty now waving from ocean to ocean, ere long will float triumphant over an emancipated world. That the heroic Declaration, which affirmed man's rights of freedom and equality; the grand old Constitution, which guarantees those rights, together with the Gospel of Salvation, restored for the high purpose of their perpetuation, will be everywhere honored as emanations of Divinity, as the three grand messages from God to modern times, and the media of sanctification through which our world shall eventually ascend to its glorious and eternal destiny among the Celestial stars!

*Orson F. Whitney.*

## HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

THERE is in this western world yet another region of vast size, belonging to the British Crown. It extends from the Labrador Coast on the east to the Pacific on the west—a distance of four thousand miles, and from the cultivable parts of the dominion to the North Pole. In its unexplored solitudes and among the eternal snows of its mountains, lie the mysterious scources of those vast rivers, such as the Coppermine, the Chesterfield, the Pelby and the Dobaunt. This dreary tract is called Hudson Bay Territory. Midway between Hudson Bay and the Pacific ocean are scattered ranges of mountains, but on account of

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the unexplored condition of the country their position, their altitude and even their names are not yet fully determined.

On the north, this trackless waste extends to the frozen seas. On the southwest of this "barren land" are Athabasca and Great Slave Lakes which are nearly or quite as large as Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. Great Bear Lake lying northwest of these is still larger. The hardy adventurers who have reached its distant shores describe them to be of great beauty. Of all these vast lakes, the northern shores are rocky, abrupt and barren, the southern level and fertile, as though the alluvial deposits of some great flood flowing from the southeast to the northwest for many ages had poured their riches upon them. The rivers which flow through the region are but little explored. Several of those falling into Hudson Bay, however, have been traced for more than a thousand miles, but their extreme scources civilized man has not yet reached. To the north of British Columbia the country is called New Georgia, and still north bounding Alaska on the east it receives the name of New Hanover. In these northern latitudes the Rocky Mountains are no longer a distinctive range. Wherever mountains rise to the height of nine or ten thosand feet they are perpetually covered with snow, but the plains and valleys are fertile and dotted with rich woods. As we proceed northward the climate and productions show the approach to the Pole. Many hot springs have been found among these rocky hills. Eastward from Alaska and skirting the northern coast are numerous large sandy islands; but snow and coarse grass are their only covering. Beyond them is the bound of human enterprise.

North and northwest from the great inland sea of Hudson Bay lies a region known only to the savages and a few fur traders of the north. It is mostly embraced in the district of Kewaydin; and is emphatically the land of desolation. Here eternal solitude would reign, were it not for the myriads of water-fowl that line the shores. This may be considered the summer resort of the dark grey or Canadian wild goose; and here they may be found in countless numbers. In some places there are lofty mountains of shattered rock, whose northern sides are ever covered with ice; and deep gorges where accumulated snows have lain for ages. In many places there are symptoms of recent volcanic action and on the Coppermine river great seams of coal, iron and copper are exposed to view.

On the coasts of the bay the winter is awful in its severity, and for six months all nature is imprisoned in ice and snow. The thermometer in January often sinks to fifty degrees below zero, the rivers and lakes are frozen to the bottom, and even in the rooms inhabited by the traders, spirits and quicksilver have been known to freeze into a solid mass. When the withering north wind blows it is almost beyond the power of man to endure it. The particles of ice borne on its frozen breath are driven like poisoned arrows into the flesh and cover the face and hands with sores which are often difficult to heal. Notwithstanding their warm fur clothing and careful habits, Europeans are often frost bitten and natives who emerge from their huts of snow frequently perish. On the coasts, often for many days the sun is hidden by dense masses of vapor rising from the sea and condensed by the cold. In the severest times, mock suns and moons throw their ghastly glare over the white waste; and from the inaccessible regions of the Pole, livid flashes illumine the dark skies with the sinister and mysterious light of the Aurora Borealis. Rocks are frequently rent by the power of the frost, and, with a crash like the roar of artillery, burst into fragments, and are scattered to great distances around. But when the continuous light of an arctic summer arrives the scene is rapidly transformed. Torrents more wild than Utah's mountain streams rush down the hills; for there are no evening shades to check the melting process. True, the sun sinks a little lower as he swings

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around to the north, but at midnight he is there, shining with his red glare on the northern sides of those arctic hills. At ten or eleven p. m., the little birds yet perched upon the twigs of the dwarfish trees and putting their heads under their wings seem desirous of a few moments of repose. At one o'clock, a. m., the sun has already climbed considerably higher, the sober hues of evening have changed to the rosy light of morning—they have imperceptibly glided into another day.

For the three months of summer a tropical heat opens this dreary wilderness to the fearless and hardy Canadian traders and sailors; but storms and currents of terrible violence are to be braved before reaching those shores. Borne by the tides and winds huge icebergs glide among these perilous seas sometimes crashing the largest ships like nut shells. In one month of the year—May, 1872—twenty-five vessels were lost in Melville Bay.

Three distinct races inhabit this dismal country. They are expert in the chase, and gifted with wonderful endurance. Their manners are mild and kind, and they are faithful when any trust is reposed in them; but when the accursed fire-water is within their reach, no tiger is more fierce and blood-thirsty. The races sink lower as they spread towards the north and east. There they hunt with the bow and arrow, and fish with nets made from the sinews of wild beasts. Many eat their food raw or broil it on the coals, or seethe it in vessels made of birch bark, filled with water, heated by hot stones. They are filthy and disgusting in their habits and it is said are diminishing in numbers. These Indians leave their dead to be devoured by wild beasts. When old age comes on, and they are helpless, their fate is to lie down and perish; neither child nor friend will minister to their wants.

The Esquimaux dwell farther north inhabiting especially the peninsulas and islands whither they seem to have been driven by more powerful tribes. The Esquimaux are of a low and unsightly figure, their weapons clumsy and inefficient, but much ingenuity is displayed in some of their attempts at ornament. Various tribes of these Esquimaux are scattered through this vast northern region, and along the shores of the Polar Sea. The moose, the reindeer, the bear and the silver fox are the principal land animals; whales and seals frequent the neighboring waters in great numbers. The first European that reached these shores was Henry Hudson, who was sent out in 1610 to seek a passage to India around the northern part of the western continent. His crew mutinied and left him, his son, and some others to perish on the desolate shores. In 1669 a royal charter was granted to the Hudson Bay Company to trade and barter with the natives. The few settlements are at the mouths of rivers and are well fortified. The largest are fort Churchill, York, Albany and Moose. Imagine an extent of country many hundred miles broad and four thousand miles in length covered with forests, swamps, lakes, rivers and mountains—all in a state of primeval antiquity—undefaced by the axe of civilized man, and untenanted save by a few roving bands of Indians and myriads of wild animals; imagine amid this wilderness a number of small squares, each enclosing half a dozen wooden houses, and about a dozen men, and between each of these establishments a space of forest from two to three hundred miles in extent and you will have some idea of the Hudson Bay Company's forts and the distance between the posts. As in most instances these posts are planted in a wilderness far from men, and the inhabitants have only the society of each other, some idea may be formed of their solitary life.

There are seven different grades in the service: first the laborer, ready to become trapper, fisherman or carpenter at the shortest notice. Next in rank is the interpreter, a promoted laborer who having acquired a smattering of Indian is very useful in trading. The third in rank (counting upwards) is the master of the post, also a laborer, promoted

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for valuable services. Next come the apprentice, clerks fresh from school, with their mouths wide open at the wonders of Hudson Bay. They generally for the purpose of appearing manly, acquire all the bad habits of the country as soon as possible. After a service of five years they acquire the rank of clerks; and these in turn after a service of fourteen years acquire the position of trader or half shareholder. The highest rank is that of chief factor or full shareholder.

Trade is carried on by means of a wooden currency called *Castors*, each having a nominal value of fifty cents. When an Indian arrives at a post with his furs the trader at once examines them and marks the value of each, while the Indian looks on with interest and anxiety. At length when the furs are all examined the trader adds up the amount, and hands over to the Indian sixty or one hundred little bits of wood by which he may know as he makes his purchases, how fast his funds decrease. The Indian then looks around upon the bales of cloth, powder-horns, guns, blankets, knives, etc., with which the shop is filled, and after a good while makes up his mind to have a blanket. The trader tells him that the price is six *Castors*, and the purchaser hands back six of his little bits of wood, and selects something else. In this way he goes on till all his wooden cash is expended, and then packing up his goods, departs to show his treasures to his wife, and another Indian takes his place.

The natives generally visit the establishments of the company twice a year; once in October, when they bring in the produce of their autumn hunts; and again in March, when they bring in that of the great winter hunt. The number of *Castors* that an Indian makes in a winter hunt varies from fifty to two hundred. An Indian named Pia-quata-kascum once brought in furs to the amount of two hundred and sixty *Castors*; but was afterwards poisoned by relatives who were jealous of his abilities.

In the spring the furs are collected and forwarded to the chief forts upon the coast. In summer the rivers are enlivened with fleets of boats carrying furs to the coast and merchandise to the interior. The land that has slumbered in the embrace of ice and snow is now once more awakened by the merry voice and tuneful song of the hardy *voyageur*.

*J. H. Ward.*

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I should wish to be rather than to seem.

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## ARCHITECTURE OF COMMON HOUSES.

I.

THE man who is enabled to build himself a home ought to be in this regard a happy man, but it does not always happen that he is such. If he fail to avail himself of his opportunities, and finds it out, the sense of the "might have been" will be very depressing. He is in far more unhappy condition than one who takes up his abode in a house all ready to his hand, and who contents himself, of necessity, with things as he finds them. Therefore, let us think a little before we build, and, as far as possible, govern circumstances rather than submit to them. We have great privileges. Let us not allow them to slip away. In the following hints upon building "common houses" it will be our aim in all cases to furnish such helps as may secure health and happiness as well as beauty in the construction of a home, and an economical use of materials as well as money and labor.

In building a home many things should be considered thoroughly, as a mistake made will be an expensive thing to remedy. The first, and we might say one of the principal points to be considered in building a home is the site. The peculiarities of the site of a house determine many important features in advance, and as we are free to choose, let us try to insure as many natural ad-

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vantages as possible. That low, level ground is objectionable for drainage is apparent; yet this seems a favorite spot for building, and people wonder why the country is so unhealthy. In order to find a safe location, good drainage must be secured. The centre of a knoll from which water may run in every direction from the house, if possible to obtain, would be preferable. But if this cannot be, a side hill affords good drainage—one way at least.

On the whole no site has so many advantages as a side hill, because in the matter of drainage nature gives us for nothing what on a level we must buy at more or less cost—a dry cellar; and at the outset we say that a house without a cellar, and a dry one, is at best a barrack, certain sooner or later to become unhealthful. There are a few simple precautions to be taken in building a cellar on a side hill which must render it dry for all time. The first of these is to dig a trench some ten or fifteen feet above the house, and deep enough to be below the cellar bottom. The trench should be about three feet wide, and run obliquely down the hill till its lower end is clear of the upper corner of the house, on that side, while its upper end must extend in the opposite direction far enough to insure it clear of the upper corner of the house on that side. It should then be filled with cobble or broken stone, the larger ones at the bottom, constituting a drain to carry off the water which would otherwise collect in the cellar. The next precaution is to grade the cellar down to one corner,and build the wall on dry footing courses—that is, to allow the larger stones on which the wall is built to act also as a drain. When the wall is built and well plastered with cement on the outside, the trench outside the wall should be filled with broken stone instead of earth, to prevent any water ever reaching the wall. The cellar bottom should then be covered with broken or cobble stones, about six inches deep; a few layers of large and small gravel may be laid on and well packed. By these means very little water ever reaches the excavation made for the cellar, and what water does find its way there cannot remain; no matter at what point it arrives it finds a ready conduit outside or inside, and must pass away.

Side hills, in addition to the facilities offered for draining, possess other advantages for building; for when the slope is sufficient, one side of the cellar can be above ground, thus furnishing sufficient light and ventilation. And let it be remarked right here, that no cellar should be made without providing means of lighting and ventilating from the outside.

We have given what we consider the best site for a home, but we cannot always secure a side hill location; we must be careful as to what other kind of ground we select to build on. Care should be taken in all matters, no difference as to what the location may be, to secure a complete drainage, as this is one of the most important things to be considered. The cobble drain just described can be used to advantage on level ground, providing the drain is put deep enough to insure a sufficient fall to carry off all the water. One thing should always be observed: that foundations should never rest on made ground, as this takes years to settle, and, in fact, may never be considered as firm as the original strata. On side hills we are often obliged to excavate considerably into the bank, bringing the earth forward in order to make a level plateau on which to place the house, one half resting on the main bank and the other on the new ground. Here the temptation is great to rest the walls on the new grade. A serious difficulty in grades of this description is, that the new earth, resting upon the bank, which is necessarily on an incline, is apt to shift, when the shifting bank is liable to carry the foundation with it.

The next step, after the site is selected, is to provide proper plans or working drawings. There is no doubt that every one who intends building has some general idea of what he wants, and frequently sketches out an arrangement of the various floors which he fancies "is

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just the thing." There is generally considerable difficulty in selecting a plan that shall be quite or nearly all we desire in a dwelling-house, without going beyond our means. We know what is beautiful and convenient, but we continue to find ourselves hampered in the most provoking way by want of funds necessary to carry out our ideas. In this case we must commence with the bare necessities subserved by a house. The first is shelter. This requires but one room, a very simple arrangement, and one frequently resorted to. Passing this point, we add closets, bed rooms, a bathing room, and then a dining room, and last of all a parlor. We should keep this order in mind in the development of our plan. A house is, first of all, a physical necessity, and becomes a matter of elegance and luxury, step by step, as our means will afford. Let your house be a growth of that which is essential and fundamental. Seek to secure an arrangement by which the greatest amount of "housework" can be done with the fewest steps, and with the least exposure of whatever is inelegant or offensive; for however refined we may be, there is still a great deal that is of this earth, earthly, and which must not be allowed to give offense when privacy will prevent. These things carefully carried out and a little propriety in coloring and ornamentation being observed, the whole will have that kind of beauty which answers to the best definition, namely, "beauty is the perfect adaptation of form and color to use." There must be harmony between your plan and your building site; there must be attention given not only to appearances, but more especially to the direction of the winds and ranges of bleak winds, that your house may always afford a complete shelter from them and the scorching heat of the midsummer sun. If the building site has been selected, it may be difficult to meet these conditions in the plan, or if the plan has been adopted, it may be almost impossible to find a suitable site in the desired neighborhood, and a final decision may be a compromise. But however this may be, have a well-defined plan, and follow it.

Before proceeding further as to what the plan shall be for a house, we would remark that one of the best advisers in regard to the planning of a house is a man's wife—the woman who is to be the mistress of the establishment. She is the one who will make the greatest use of the closets, the stairs, the rooms, the cellar, the kitchen, the entries and the pantries; and she it is who should have the most to say in their arrangement. If a mistake is made in regard to these things, the wife will be the greatest sufferer. Give her a chance, then, to prevent mistakes. Her knowledge of what is needed in house building to make house-keeping perfect will be a great advantage in drawing out the plan.

It is not our intention to adopt any one plan as that for a common home, as circumstances must govern this matter as to the size and cost of the house. There is no reason why there should be so many badly built houses. It seldom costs more to put up a well arranged house than one which is unhealthful and inconvenient. Why, for instance, should we not have good high rooms at the top of the house? A few more rows of brick, or a little more framework, windows a little higher, and a trifle more plastering, and we have rooms instead of cubby holes. Nothing to us seems to indicate more plainly a badly planned house than little hot rooms, with low ceilings and contracted windows at the top of the house. The comparatively small amount of money necessary to make these rooms of a reasonable height, fit for occupation of decent human beings, would be as profitably invested as that expended upon any other portion of the house. But it is not generally the want of money that prompts the building of these low uncomfortable rooms—it is the want of judgment.

In building a home, there is nothing which calls forth the skill of the designer more than that necessary adaptation of every part of the plan to the wants of the family to be accommodated, and in this we include all those little details and conveniences, which go to make up a

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really comfortable home. A judicious distribution of rooms, with easy access to each, is the essential required in a plan. There is also a peremptory necessity for an arrangement by which the kitchen, dining room and pantries shall be within easy reach, for there is nothing more repugnant to domestic comfort than a mal-arrangement of these features of a plan. As to the bed rooms, the first object should be ventilation, and the next an appropriate space for a bedstead, matters too often neglected. Many times have we seen bed rooms, where the bedstead was of necessity placed across, or half across, a window. This is an unpardonable fault in a design, and should be carefully avoided.

The kitchen should be one of the best planned rooms of all, for here the greater part of the work of housekeeping is performed, and care should be taken in its arrangement. The pantries for dishes, pots, etc., should be at a convenient part of the room, and should, if possible, be supplied with good ventilation; the steps to the cellar should be so placed, that they would connect directly with the kitchen. Space should be left on the side walls for at least one table, and a sink, and let it be here remarked that nothing pleases a house wife so much as a good sized sink, arranged with pipes to carry off all waste water, and when possible pipes to bring the fresh water in. One of the most convenient arrangements known to save time, and trouble, is a slide placed in the partition between the kitchen and the dining room. This can be made with drawers working both ways, and doors so hung as to open from either side. The dining room should be some what longer than wide, that the dining table may be so placed that there will be a sufficiency of room on all sides. Doors leading to the living rooms, and to the kitchen should be placed where they will be the most handy. No rules can be laid down in regard to the arrangement of parlors and sitting rooms, as they can usually be arranged in any manner.

The stair case being the great means of access, is of course a matter of the first consideration, as to capacity and convenience. It must be wide enough and should be so placed, as to connect with the respective floors, in such a manner as to give as little trouble as possible in reaching all the rooms it leads to. The angle of the ascent for a stair depends upon the total height to be gained between the floors, and the space that can be afforded in the plan. It must be remembered that the wider the step the less the rise should be, as steps which are both wide and high require a great exertion to climb. The most convenient steps, and those most generally used have a tread of eleven inches, and rise of six inches. Flights should, when possible, consist of not more than twelve or thirteen steps, after which there should be a short landing, so that weak people may have a rest at short intervals. It is the duty of those who have the plan in charge to be careful to manage the design in all its parts so as to fit into, and harmonize with the lives to be spent under its roof.

We will now arrange the rooms in regard to exposure. For example, the parlor or living room—that most occupied by the family—should be placed toward the south, being the most cheerful, which, while being sheltered from the bleak winds of winter, receives, also, the prevailing summer breezes. The dining room may properly be situated at the western side, giving a view of the sunset at the evening meal. North of this should be the kitchen, the least desirable exposure. If the porches are limited the most valuable position would be on the east side of the house, on account of the shade the greater part of the day. And this is not all that is to be taken into consideration in a well studied plan. It is essential that the rooms most frequented should command fine views. Great care should be used in adapting a room to the furniture needed and to be used. In preparing the plan, the persons interested should, as it were, live in it in imagination before it is completed. We should consider for what the room is intended, its proximity to

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other apartments, and passages, the lights, the swing of doors, and in fact it might not be too much to require that every piece of furniture should be included in the plan. Often doors cannot be opened without interfering with passages, or encountering some obstruction.

The position and sizes of windows and doors are not merely important as matters of convenience, but have a strong effect upon the apparent size of rooms. A fireplace with a window at one or both sides, must always be a less comfortable fireside than if the windows are on the other sides of the room. This would apply also to doors in the same relative position, but the objection is not so easily met. If the chimney is on an inner wall, the windows will never have to be considered in connection with the fireplace; but it becomes more difficult and often impossible to avoid placing a door at one side of the fireplace unless the connection between the rooms is dispensed with. Doors and windows should be of such a size that they will harmonize with both the outside and inside appearance. Doors to bedrooms, and in fact we might say all doors, should be provided with transoms; they are themselves a great ornament, and as ventilators they have no equals.

In the arrangement of chimneys in houses the proper care is not always exercised in placing them and in their construction. One chimney stack can be made for several flues, and this will be a great saving when several flues are needed. Too often chimneys are placed without any regard to other parts of the room, and this causes valuable waste of space which otherwise might be used for large pieces of furniture were the subject of chimneys considered more fully. The two points most to be considered in the construction of chimneys are: first, a good draught; and, second, security against fire. The greatest difficulty with which we have to contend in obtaining a draught is that of friction. The flue should be made as smooth as possible and of uniform size; and, as smoke ascends spirally, if it could be built round, like a stovepipe, a considerable advantage would be gained. A bend or turn also serves to create friction and thereby injures the draught. In regard to danger from fire, it is essential that wood work should be kept at a safe distance from the flue. It is usually the custom to have but four inches of brick work, and allow the timber to be placed directly against it. This, especially when flues are over heated, is a very unsafe method. On the front or ends of a fireplace, where it is free from the wood work, this is not objectionable; but on the back, against which the studding is likely to be placed, not less than eight inches of brick should be considered safe. The great mistake is making the chimney openings too small in framing so that the wood work comes directly against the masonry. When there are but four inches of brick, the beams should be placed at least three inches distant, and if but one inch has been left, it is well to fill the space with some non-conductor of heat. Keep the chimney stack inside the house; the flues will always act as ventilators in all seasons, and in winter you have the benefit from the warm stack that would be wasted on the outer air if the chimney were built in an external wall. In wooden buildings interior chimney stacks greatly strengthen the construction, while outside chimneys weaken it by interrupting the continuous lines of sill, girt and wall plate. Let it be here remarked never to allow two flues to unite and become one. Every flue should be distinct in itself; if the flues of two fireplaces communicate and only one fire be lighted, it will draw air from the other fire place and smoke; moreover, its own smoke may enter any other room the fireplace of which is connected with the same flue. The air heated by the fire is rarified, rendered lighter and ascends the flue, drawing the smoke with it, while cold air rushes in its place from below. Hence the throat or lower opening of the flue should be small, so that no air may pass through it without first being thoroughly warmed. The flue should not be larger



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than is necessary for conveying the smoke and heated air; if it be large it will smoke in certain winds. The smaller the flue and the greater the height the more rapid the draught and the less likely the chimney to smoke. The flue should change its direction by gradual curve, and certainly no sharp angle, otherwise soot accumulates and makes it smoke.

Now that the plan has been fully decided upon, the question arises as to what the elevation will be. The usual style of building houses has been to make the outside as plain as possible, but there is no reason why we should not have an exterior elevation pleasing to the eye. In most houses plain bare walls is the rule, but how much better it would be to add a porch or a bay window, when neither are very expensive. A house without a porch is like a man without an eyebrow. It gives expression, and gives expression when you most want it; it is an interpreter of character; it harmonizes bold walls, and windows; it emphasizes architectural tone; it gives hint of hospitality. King David, when he gave out to his son Solomon the designs for the building of the temple, included among the very first of them (1 Chron., xxviii, 2) the "pattern for a porch." There are hundreds of naked, vulgar looking dwellings, scattered up and down our country high roads, which only need a little deft and adroit adaptation of this hospitable feature, to assume an air of modest grace. This subject of exterior elevations is one which we will dwell on at length in the future. Many things are yet to be considered in the building of a house, and in our next we will treat upon the subject of ventilation, heating, protection from fire, and how to furnish a house.

*W. S. Hedges.*

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# LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

IN FOUR ACTS.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Council room in the Castle of Inverary.*

*Discovered:* MARQUIS OF ARGYLE *seated*, SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL *standing*, NEAL *and* THREE HIGHLANDERS *without bonnets conversing.*

ARGYLE. From your report, Sir Duncan, I gather that we shall soon have an opportunity to chastise these English malignants.

DUNCAN. There are hopes that way, my lord, although they may repent their rash and suicidal attempt ere they reach our clutches.

ARGYLE. Did you not say that Montrose had the impudence to send an envoy?

DUNCAN. I did, my lord, and he waits without.

ARGYLE. See who, or what he is, Neal.

*Enter* DALGETTY.

DALGETTY. I will save the honorable gentleman the labor of investigation. I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, who has served under the invincible Gustavus Adolphus, and am now major of I know not what regiment of Irishes.

ARGYLE. And your business, sir, your business?

DALGETTY. I am come with a flag of truce from a high and powerful lord, James, Earl of Montrose, and other noble persons now in arms for his majesty. And so, God save King Charles.

ARGYLE. Do you know where you are, and the danger of dallying answers with us, sir. The Earl of Montrose is with the English malignants, and I suspect you are some Irish runagate.

DALGETTY. My lord, I am no renegade, for which I might refer your lordship to the aforesaid Gustavus Adolphus, to Oxenstern, and other great captains, both dead and living, and touching the most noble Earl of Montrose, I pray your lordship to peruse these, my full

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powers for treating with you. (*Presents papers.*)

ARGYLE. (*Tossing the papers slightly on table.*) Gentlemen, what does he deserve, who comes to us an avowed envoy and agent of malignants in arms against the state.

A HIGHLANDER. A gallows high as Haman.

DUNCAN. Nay, my lord, I have pledged my honor for this person's safety.

DALGETTY. That has he. Albeit a dead fly maketh the ointment to smell aloud. I would pray your lordship to be cautious how you adopt such measures.

ARGYLE. You are not come here to lecture us on the law of arms, sir, but to suffer the penalty of your insolence and folly in bringing a traitorous message to the Lord Justice General of Scotland, whose duty calls upon him to punish such an offence with death.

DALGETTY. Gentlemen, I pray you to remember that the Earl of Montrose will hold you and yours liable for my person, and that he will execute retributive vengeance on you.

ARGYLE. (*Snapping his fingers.*) We scorn your threats, sir.

DUNCAN. My lord, our name must not receive discredit through the means of such a fellow as this.

ARGYLE. Is it possible that you have been a party to this traitorous errand?

DUNCAN. Only inasmuch as I guaranteed his safety.

ARGYLE. Sir Duncan, we will make good your pledge. But it is not our custom to receive malignants at our board (*aside*), and, by heaven, we will see into this case—and now, Sir Duncan, be pleased to see to the arrangement of our forces. [*Exit* DUNCAN.

ARGYLE. (*Watching Duncan off—angrily.*) Remove the prisoner to a place of security.

DALGETTY. Prisoner! (*Two* HIGHLANDERS *attempt to arrest him but he almost frees himself, and steps towards* ARGYLE, *who steps back frightened, and lays hand on sword; other* HIGHLANDERS *fling themselves to protect him and* DALGETTY *is dragged off.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A dungeon.*

*Discover* RANALD MCEAGH *on pallet, in chains.*

*Enter* DALGETTY *who is thrust in with a clash, and is groping his way when he falls headlong over* RANALD, *who utters an exclamation.*

DALGETTY. Who in the devil was that I fell over?

RANALD. He was a man a month since.

DALGETTY. And what is he now, then, that he lies here rolled up like a hedgehog, that honorable cavaliers, who chance to be in trouble, may break their noses over him.

RANALD. What is he now? He is a wretched trunk, from which the boughs have been lopped away, one by one, and which cares little how soon it is torn up and hewed into billets for the furnace.

DALGETTY. Friend, I am sorry for you. If you had not laid so like a log, I had saved my hands and knees somewhat. (*Rubbing shins.*)

RANALD. You are a soldier, and should not complain on account of a fall which a boy would not bemoan.

DALGETTY. A soldier! And how do you know, in this cursed dark cavern, that I am a soldier.

RANALD. I heard your armor clash as you fell, and now I see it glimmer. When you have remained as long as I in this darkness, your eyes will distinguish the smallest insect that crawls along the floor.

DALGETTY. I had rather the devil picked my eyes *out*. But what sort of provision do you get here?

RANALD. Bread and water, once a day.

DALGETTY. Pri'thee, friend, let me taste your loaf. I hope we shall play good comrades while we dwell together in this abominable pit.

RANALD. The loaf and jar of water are there, two steps to your right hand. Take them and welcome. With earthly food I am well nigh done.

DALGETTY. (*Eating.*) This bread is not very savory; nevertheless I have fared worse in my time (*drinks*); and

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touching this water, which is none of the most sweet, I drink in the same to your speedy deliverance. Mine honest friend, you and I being comrades at bed and board, should be better acquainted. I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, and so forth—pray, what may your name be?

RANALD. It will avail you little to know.

DALGETTY. Let me judge of that matter.

RANALD. Well, then, Ranald McEagh is my name—that is, "Ranald of the Mist."

DALGETTY. Ranald of the Mist! Ranald of utter darkness, say I. But Ranald, what the deuce brought you here?

RANALD. My misfortune and my crimes. Know ye Sir Duncan Campbell?

DALGETTY. I do know that honorable gentleman, yes.

RANALD. But know ye where he now is?

DALGETTY. He is in this very castle of Inverary.

RANALD. Then let him know, one claims his intercession who is his worst foe and his best friend.

DALGETTY. Truly, Sir Duncan is not one who plays at reading riddles. I should desire a plainer message.

RANALD. Craven Saxon, tell him I am the raven that, fifteen years ago, swooped on his tower of strength and destroyed his offspring. I am the leader of the band that surprised his castle and gave his four children to the sword.

DALGETTY. Truly, mine honest friend, if that is your best recommendation to Sir Duncan's favor, I would forego my pleadings thereupon. What was the reason, my friend, the cause of this war? Deliver me that, Ranald.

RANALD. We had been pushed at by the McAulays and other tribes until our possessions became unsafe for us.

DALGETTY. O ho! I have faint remembrance of having heard of that matter.

RANALD. We were attacked by Sir Duncan, and my brother was slain—his head was withering on the battlements of his castle—I vowed revenge, and it is a vow that I have never broken.

DALGETTY. It may be so. Every thoroughbred soldier will confess that revenge is a sweet morsel. But in what manner this story will interest Sir Duncan to your release, surpasses my comprehension. Were I you, Ranald, I would keep my own secret.

RANALD. Yet hearken, stranger. Sir Duncan had four children. Three died under our dirks, but the fourth survives. One word, if I wished to speak it, would turn his day of humiliation and fasting into one of thanksgiving and rejoicing. O, I know it by my own heart. Dearer to me is my grandson, Kenneth, who chaseth the butterfly on the banks of the Avon, than ten sons who are moldering in earth, or are preyed on by the fowls of the air. (*Lies down.*)

DALGETTY. I presume, Ranald, that the three pretty fellows that I saw strung up in the market place, near by, claim some interest in you.

RANALD. (*Rising with emotion.*) They were my sons, stranger, they were my sons—blood of my blood—bone of my bone—fleet of foot—unerring in aim, unvanquished by foemen till overcome by numbers. And why do I wish to survive them? (*Enter* ARGYLE *by secret entrance unobserved. He has under his cloak a small basket containing bottle and provisions, and has dark lantern.*) That Kenneth may be trained to revenge. I will purchase for his sake my life and freedom by discovering my sercet to Sir Duncan.

ARGYLE. You may attain your end more easily by entrusting it to me.

RANALD. (*Starting bolt upright with his back against the wall.*) The enemy of mankind is among us.

DALGETTY. (*Dropping on his knees.*) In nomini domini — santissima madre —alle guten geister loben den Herren.

ARGYLE. A truce to your fears. Though I come strangely among you, I am mortal like yourselves, and I may assist you in your present straight, if you are not too proud to be counseled. (*Throws light of dark lantern on* DALGETTY *and* RANALD.)

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DALGETTY. (*Rising.*) Well, stranger what I want to know is how did you get in here? We should have heard the creak of that rusty door if you had so entered, and if you passed through the keyhole, truly, sir, put what face you will on it, you are scarcely a living man.

ARGYLE. I reserve my secret until you give me some of yours. It may be I shall let you out where I myself came in.

DALGETTY. It cannot be through the keyhole, there, for if my headpiece could get through, my corslet would stick in the passage. But what secrets do you desire to know.

ARGYLE. It is not with you I have first to deal. (*Soothingly to* RANALD *who is still drawn up close to the dungeon walls.*) I have brought you something, my friend, to mend your fare. If you are to die to-morrow, it is no reason wherefore you should not live to-night. (*Unpacks provisions.*)

DALGETTY. None at all—no reason in creation. (*Secures a joint with his left hand and a flask in his right.*) Here is to thee, my friend. (*Drinks.*) What is thy name, my good friend.

ARGYLE. Murdoch Campbell, sir, a lacky of the Marquis of Argyle, and occasionally acting as under warden.

DALGETTY. Then here is to thee once more, honest Murdoch. (*Drinks.*) But I see you would converse with my friend Ranald of the Mist, as he terms himself. Never mind me; I'll get me in this corner with my basket, and I'll warrant my jaws make noise enough to prevent my ears from hearing you. (*Retires to one side, where he seats himself, and while pretending to be busily eating, pays strict attention to all that passes.*)

ARGYLE. Are you aware, son of the Mist, that you will never leave this place excepting for the gibbet?

RANALD. Those who were dearest to me have trod that path before me.

ARGYLE. Then you would do nothing to avert your doom?

RANALD. I would do much, not for my own life, but to fulfil my pledge of vengeance.

ARGYLE. I care not for your cause. What will you do for your liberty?

RANALD. Anything but call myself the friend to your tribe.

ARGYLE. What I demand to know from you, in exchange for your liberty, is, where the daughter and heiress of Sir Duncan Campbell is to be found.

RANALD. On whose behalf do you want to know this?

ARGYLE. On that of my master, the Marquis of Argyle.

RANALD. And my reward is to be life and liberty?

ARGYLE. Such is our agreement.

RANALD. Then know, that the child whom I saved was bred as an adopted daughter of our tribe, until we were worsted by the fiend incarnate and mortal enemy of our tribe, Allan McAulay of the Bloody Hand, and by Lord Mentieth.

ARGYLE. Fell she into the power of Allan, and she a reputed daughter of your tribe? Then her blood has gilded his dirk and your life is not saved.

RANALD. If my life rests on hers, it is secure, for she still survives, but (*with scorn*) it has a more frail reliance—the promise of a Campbell.

ARGYLE. That promise shall not fail you. Where is she to be found?

RANALD. In the castle of the McAulays at Darnlinvarach, under the name of Annot Lyle. It is not long since that, by stealth, mine old eyes beheld her.

ARGYLE. You! you a chief among the Children of the Mist, venture so near your mortal foe? Old man, you trifle with me.

RANALD. That do I not! I did more. I was in the hall of the castle, disguised as a harper from the wild shores of Skianach. My purpose was to have plunged my dirk in the body of Allan McAulay, before whom our race trembles, and the vision of whose vengeance pursues me day and night. But I saw Annot Lyle, even when my hand was on the hilt of my dagger. She touched her harp to a song of the Children of the Mist which she had learned when her dwelling was amongst us. My

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hand forsook the dagger, and the hour of revenge passed away—and now, son of a Campbell, have I paid the ransom of my head?

ARGYLE. Ay; if your tale be true; but what proof can you assign for it?

RANALD. Bear witness, heaven and earth, he already looks how he may break his word!

ARGYLE. I must speak with your companion in captivity.

RANALD. Fair and false—ever fair and ever false. (*Throws himself in despair on dungeon floor.*)

DALGETTY. (*Aside.*) Now what the devil can this sly fellow have to say to me? I have no child to tell him about—at least, none that I know of. But let him come on—he will get good manœuvering here.

ARGYLE. You are a citizen of the world, Captain Dalgetty. You know the proverb, *gif-gaf*: "If you'll serve me, I'll serve you."

DALGETTY. I should know something of it, yes.

ARGYLE. Then you will understand me when I tell you that your freedom depends on your true and upright answer to a few trifling questions.

DALGETTY. Just to satisfy your curiosity and without any further purpose?

ARGYLE. None in the world. What interest would a poor devil like me take in your operations?

DALGETTY. Make your questions, then, and I will answer them peremptory.

ARGYLE. How many Irish are on the march to join Montrose?

DALGETTY. Probably ten thousand.

ARGYLE. Ten thousand! We know ourselves that scarce two thousand landed.

DALGETTY. Then you know more about it than I do; for I never had the slightest idea. But to speak candidly, Mr. Murdoch, is it reasonable for you to expect me to tell you the secrets of our army? If I do, what becomes of my pay and my booty?

ARGYLE. I tell you, if you be stubborn, your campaign shall end at the gibbet at the castle gate; but if you answer faithfully, I will receive you into my—a—into Argyle's service.

DALGETTY. (*Who has started at slip in Argyle's speech.*) Does the service afford good pay?

ARGYLE. He will double yours with Montrose.

DALGETTY. I wish I had seen you, sir, before taking on with him. And the Marquis, is he a kind master?

ARGYLE. Never man kinder.

DALGETTY. And bountiful to his officers?

ARGYLE. The most open hand in Scotland.

DALGETTY. True and faithful to his engagements?

ARGYLE. As honorable a nobleman as breathes.

DALGETTY. I never heard so much good of him before—you must know the Marquis well—or rather, you must be the Marquis himself. (*Throws himself suddenly on Argyle, knocking him down and grasping his throat.*) Lord of Argyle, I arrest you in the name of King Charles as a traitor. If you venture to call for assistance, I will break your neck. It is now my turn to lay down terms. Show me the private way by which you entered this dungeon, and I will spare your life. If not, I will first strangle you and then seek out a mode of retreat.

ARGYLE. Villain, you would not murder me for my kindness.

DALGETTY. Not for your kindness, my lord; but to teach you how to treat cavaliers who come to you under safe conduct.

ARGYLE. Spare my life, and I will do as you require.

DALGETTY. Where is the secret door into the dungeon?

ARGYLE. Hold the lantern to yonder corner, you will see the plate that covers the spring.

DALGETTY. (*Turning the bulls-eye full on plate.*) So far, so good. Where does the passage lead to?

ARGYLE. To my private apartment, behind the tapestry.

DALGETTY. From thence how shall I reach the gate?

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ARGYLE. Through the grand guard room.

DALGETTY. All crowded with soldiers, eh? That will never do, my lord. Yet you can grant me a passport. Are there writing materials in your apartments?

ARGYLE. Surely, and passports ready to be signed. I will attend you there instantly.

DALGETTY. It were too much honor for the like of me. I will trust you while my fingers are at your throat. Or I will put you under charge of my friend Ranald. Honest Ranald, you see how matters stand with us. I shall find means, no doubt, to set you at freedom, too. Meantime, do as you see me do; clap your hand on the weasand of this high and mighty prince, and if he offer to cry out, fail not, my worthy Ranald, to squeeze with right good will. (*Ranald takes his place on Marquis.*)

RANALD. If he offer at speech or struggle, he dies by my hand.

DALGETTY. That is perfectly right, Ranald. (*Takes lantern to find secret door, then places it to throw glare on* ARGYLE *and* RANALD.) [*Exit.*

ARGYLE. McEagh, I will give thee freedom, lands and wealth, all you can ask, if you will release me for one minute.

RANALD. Not for a forest of deer—not for a thousand head of cattle, nor for all the lands that ever called thee master, will I break the pledge I have plighted to him of the iron garment.

*Re-enter* DALGETTY *with writing materials, a bundle of papers, a bag of gold, pistols, dagger, cord and keys, which he piles on the floor.*

DALGETTY. He of the iron garment is bounden unto you, and this noble lord shall be bounden also; but first he must fill up this passport for us both. (MARQUIS *writes by light of lantern.*) And now, Ranald, lend me thy plaid. (*Muffles the head of the* MARQUIS, *who attempts a struggle.*) Hold down your hands, or, by heaven, I will stab you to the heart with your own dagger. (*Strips the* MARQUIS *of his cloak, and binds him with cord.*) Now, friend Ranald, this key will undo thy fetters; it hung there within the door. (RANALD *removes the chains.* DALGETTY *examines papers.*) These, my lord, are your most private papers; they will be of use to my Lord of Montrose; and this (*chinking the gold*) will be of use to Major Dugald Dalgetty. Ranald, put on that livery cloak, and follow at my heels. My Lord of Argyle, if you are not smothered, farewell.

END OF ACT II.

Too light winning makes the prize light.

## THE NATIONAL POLITICAL STRUGGLE.

THE republican convention which was held in Chicago on the 3d of June last, and for three days thereafter, nominated James G. Blaine, of Maine, for president, and John A. Logan, of Illinois, for vice president. The democratic convention was held in the same place commencing on the 8th of July and continuing for four days; the result of its proceedings, so far as candidates are concerned, being the selection of Grover Cleveland, of New York, as the choice for president, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for vice president.

Mr. Blaine is unquestionably the most conspicuous figure in the group. As a politician he is better known than in any other connection, though he has been in times past an editor and lawyer, in neither of which positions did he achieve great distinction, merely receiving such encomiums as are usually bestowed by a community upon one of their number whom they consider a "bright" or "smart" or "promising" young man; but when Blaine was elected to Congress, which occurred for the first time in 1862, he commenced to show that there was something in him, which not even those who had given him most credit for a sort

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of every-day ability at home had looked for. That influence, principle or instinct, or whatever else it may be called, among men, which enforces respect and attention by reason of superior qualities, was early manifested in Blaine's Congressional career; he seemed to be endowed with the intuitive faculty of leading and did lead, having, in his fourth term, in the year 1869, been chosen to the position of speaker. He was re-elected to that place in 1871, and again in 1873, and when finally defeated by reason of a democratic majority in the House in 1875, at once placed himself at the front of his party and made himself the general in all attacks upon what he was pleased to designate the "Confederate Congress." He was a candidate of his party before the Cincinnati convention, in 1876, for the position of nominee for the presidency and was defeated when nearest to success by a combination which resulted in the choice of Rutherford B. Hayes. Subsequently he was elected to the United States Senate, and was again a candidate for the presidency in the Chicago convention of 1880, and again defeated, James A. Garfield receiving the nomination. President Garfield made him Secretary of State, a position which he held until shortly after the former's assassination, when he resigned and until the meeting of the convention by which he was nominated, was in comparative obscurity. He is far from being obscure now, however, no matter what may be the outcome of the coming election.

Grover Cleveland, of New York, the democratic candidate, is one of the youngest men ever named for the exalted position of President, being only forty-seven years of age, seven years younger than his opponent. He comes of a very humble family. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but soon relinquished active practice to take the position of sheriff of Erie County, in which he lived, of which his residence, Buffalo, was and is the county seat. He held the position for several terms, giving general satisfaction, and in 1880 was nominated for mayor of Buffalo, and elected, notwithstanding the fact that it has generally been a republican city. His administration of that office was characterized by so much executive ability and freedom from absolute partisanship, that two years later he received the nomination of his party for governor of the State, being elected by the phenomenal majority of one hundred and ninety-two thousand, the greatest ever given by any State since the formation of the Federal government. Whether or not his political "climbing" results in his being landed in the national chair of state can best be determined after the votes are cast and counted. He is running against a wily, thoroughly trained and experienced politician, as well as a decidedly popular citizen, and at present not even a fair guess can be ventured.

The republican candidate for Vice-President, John A. Logan, commenced his political career as a member of the Illinois Legislature, being at that time, 1858, and up to the breaking out of the war, a radical democrat; the tender of a colonelcy in the Union army and a change of sentiment occurred simultaneously in his case, and he has since been, as he is now, an extreme republican. He served several terms in the House of Representatives, and is at present occupying the position of United States Senator for the second term.

Thomas A. Hendricks, the democratic candidate for Vice-President, differs in all respects from his competitor in that he has always been a democrat of moderate tendencies. He was a prominent figure in the convention for the first place on the ticket, but his forces were not rallied early enough, and the Cleveland men walked away with the prize while the former were deliberating. He has been consecutively a member of the Indiana legislature, governor of the State, Representative in Congress, United States Senator, and candidate for the same position he is now running for on the ticket with Samuel J. Tilden, in 1876. It is contended by the democrats, and some few even in the other party, that he and his associate were fairly elected on that occasion, receiving a

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popular majority of over a quarter of a million; but through the ambi-dextrous handling of the returns from three Southern States, they were "counted out."

The platforms have already been extensively printed, and need not be commented on at length here. That of the republicans is squarely anti-"Mormon" and declares for the extinction of polygamy; the democratic deals exclusively with national affairs and is silent on the Utah question, the latter, from a literary point of view, being greatly and altogether superior to the other. The election occurs on the fourth of next November; and that a warm and spirited canvass will take place in the interim is already well assured.

There are three other tickets in the field — greenback, anti-monopoly and prohibition; but it is hardly to be expected that they will figure largely in the contest and need not be analyzed at present.

*S. A. K.*

Oh! doubt it not, if thou wouldst wear the crown,
Self, baser self, must first be trampled down.

## DREAMLAND.

It is a matter of frequent remark that *the things* which are most feared, are *those* least understood; and to support *the* statement, we need only recall the influences which blind superstition has wielded over savage and civilized man. Perhaps this fact partly explains the feeling of awe which an account of a journey into the land of dreams inspires. Such great reverence exists for this unsurveyed country and for the usages of its people, that any wierd or inexplicable event is apt to give rise to the exclamation, "As strange as a dream!"

The dreamer creates and furnishes a kingdom unto himself; in sleep, every one owns and rules a world of his own, whilst in waking hours, all share together in this orb of common possession. During slumber, the disturbing influences of external nature upon the mental faculties are reduced to a minimum; all is physical composure and mental freedom; and the thoughtful man has seen reason to declare that "sleep is the image of death; so like it that I dare not trust sleep without prayer. Both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty." The flights of the soul thus unencumbered, seem often strangely unnatural after the spirit has been summoned again to its prison and condition of servitude in the body. It is often on these excursions into the great unknown that we gain a glimpse of the superiority of the spiritual over the temporal; that the idea of infinitude breaks over us with something of its grandeur; that time and space become unreal, and the pure mind reigns in its kingdom of purity; the corrupt, in its domain of corruption.

The compass which directs the spirit in such wanderings is the physical condition and natural tendencies of the dreamer; and a slight derangement in such compass sometimes produces a long cruise before the wind, and often in an undesirable direction. As Scrooge, in the "Christmas Carol," answers the question of his ghostly visitor, as to his reason for doubting the indications of his own senses, "Because, a little thing affects them, a slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, or a fragment of an underdone potato." Perhaps the brevity of the literature in this field of experience will be sufficient excuse for my introducing the following little episode:

A short time ago, I found it in the line of my duty to take a turn with others in keeping night-watch by the side of a sick friend. On one particular evening, when this office devolved upon me, I was already greatly fatigued, and to guard against an unseasonable nap on my part, about midnight I drank a cup



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of strong coffee, to which beverage I was entirely unaccustomed. The members of the family soon after withdrew, leaving with me the strict injunction to administer a dose of a certain medicine promptly at two o'clock. The stimulant effect of the coffee combined with my condition of fatigue and the quiet and dim light of the chamber, to produce in me an unexpected result. Very soon I became conscious of a state of undue mental activity, ideas coming and going in such quick succession as to be bewildering. The condition seemed strange from the first, and I referred it at once to the action of the coffee, at the same time determining to watch the attendant phenomena as closely as possible. I aroused myself and ascertained the time; *it was exactly twenty-five minutes past one.* Faster, and faster still, flowed the stream of thought; ideas appeared and vanished, returned, and as quickly fled. Grave and gay, weighty and frivolous, sublime and ridiculous, flitted and alternated through my brain of turmoil, till a vague fear was suggested that they might come in collision; and what would be the result if thoughts should strike and break?

This idea, though savoring strongly of stupidity, served to introduce a true hallucination, such as I can only compare with the descriptions given by the Opium and Hasheesh habitues, as forming the exciting period of their intoxication. The suggestion of ideas bodily clashing together implied individuality as physical somethings in the thoughts themselves, and immediately they assumed visible forms before my eyes. Their outline was not at first clearly defined, but rather hazy and dim; yet they seemed in shape human, and their habiliments and surroundings were in every way consistent with their nature. Now, the former bewildered whirl seemed many times increased; for the rush had become a visible movement before my eyes, as well as a mental steeple-chase. There arose a dull, whistling sound, as from the flight of swift-winged birds; I looked for its cause, 'twas the dash of my thoughts as they galloped wildly on. My personified ideas—more than figuratively "the inmates of my brain"—became yet more rampant in their madness, whilst I remained a powerless spectator. Still every one preserved its character. Now tramped by a form sombre and grave—and though, in general, speed seems incompatible with gravity, yet there appeared no inconsistency at the time—I was thinking of an algebraic problem awaiting solution.

Next followed a shadow with the face of a phantom, ashen, and so sad; trouble and pain, want and oppression, looked out, with the strength of the emotional language of dreams, in every glance, and the dress was that of wretchedness and distress—I was reflecting on some scene of poverty which I had met in my travels. Here came a merry, laughing sprite, light, airy, and glad, bedecked with garlands of flowers and fruits, and with a sweet greeting as she neared me; then she suddenly vanished — I was thinking of a young and loved sister, now passed away. Then there hurried on a romping, rollicking form, boisterous in its mirth, and literally quaking with hilarious laughter; the dress was that of the pantomimic clown, everything extreme; the face, that of one flushed with wine and pleasure—I was dreaming of a jest told me the day before by a merry friend of mine. And so they came; everyone looked at me, and in so doing told its story of joy, of sadness, of sympathy, or of what it may, and was gone. Such numbers came, and with such rapidity that soon, as he who grows weary in roaming through the alcoves and corridors of some art museum bestows but a glance even upon masterpieces, so was I worn with the endless chain of the inhabitants of my mind, as they passed in grand but terrible review. But more was to come. The forms ceased to vanish, though not to appear; they gathered; an innumerable host was present; the sound of loud music was heard; and with the precision of well directed military maneuvers, all fell into a whirling dance, their motions were as bewildering as those of swiftly

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revolving wheels, advancing, receding, coalescing.

I hid my face; a thought came over me of my own littleness, and I began to wonder what my true and inmost nature was—how much of it was truth, and how much the conscious or unconscious product of custom or prejudice. I looked up; there stood by my side the personification of that thought, a sober-looking, pensive form; I grasped the shadow, and with a suddenness of transformation, known nowhere but in dreams, the figure turned to a lump of ore in my hand; and I stood with it in the old college laboratory, and all the paraphernalia of the chemic art around me, whilst before me lay the task of analyzing the substance in hand—my spiritual status. I began; slowly the work went on; its importance seemed heavily impressed upon me. After a sufficiency of time the labor was completed; and I stood at the balances with the various ingredients now separated, awaiting the weighing. The calculations were made, and the result—see:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Personal prejudice, | 29 per cent. |
| Selfish ambition, | 21 |
| Pride of talent, | 18 |
| Love of praise, | 17 |
| Love of authority, | 10 |
| Love to man, | 3 |
| Love to God, | 2 |
| | 100 |

A feeling of remorse grew upon me as I looked at the figures; but the scene at once changed; and again I was in the sick room, and, I fancied, awake; the past events were remembered as is a dream after awakening. It was daylight; two o'clock had passed while I had slept, and the medicine had not been administered. My friend was worse; his relatives came into the room, and began to chide me bitterly for my neglect; the doctor came, and attributed the relapse entirely to the omission of that single teaspoonful of his potion; the house was a scene of greater distress than before; and finally the worst came, my friend died. Every acquaintance of his and mine blamed me for his death; as I walked the streets I was taunted for my neglect. At the funeral I suffered terrible reproach; the mother and the wife of the deceased were overcome with grief, and every tear was as a blood-drop wrung from me. My mind reeled under the weight, and I began to be haunted by the voice of the dead; continually he was calling me by name; his voice, as natural as during life, ever rung in my ears; never any sound but my name slowly and distinctly called out from books and furniture, from stones and trees, from everywhere. Once I was startled by a louder call than usual; I awoke and found myself still with watch in hand—*it was just twenty-six minutes past one!* I could never desire this life to be as long as that one minute. There was foundation for my belief in the ghostly voice, for my friend had just called my name, though only once, asking for a draught of milk.

The dreamer and the anodyne slave each knows something of infinity of time. To such shall we say there are sixty minutes in an hour? No! Sixty hours in every minute, and every minute of those hours fearfully complete in detail of surrounding. What is an eternity of time? Experiences more striking than this are on record; and some of an opposite nature, when the sleeper but closes and opens the eyes, and hours have passed. There are mighty events to take place in the twinkling of an eye, and—"time shall be no more." *J. E. T.*

*These specifications are but inadequate verbal expressions of comprehensive symbols, the structure of which is forgotten, but which conveyed to my understanding the fullest idea of those traits of character, which are best expressed by the terms used above.

Freedom is of all races and of all nationalities. It is older than bondage, and ever rises from the enslavements laid on by the hand of violence or custom or abuse of power; for the rights of men spring from eternal law, are kept alive by the persistent energy of constant nature, and by their own indestructibility prove their lineage as the children of omnipotence.—*Bancroft.*

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# THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

II.

THAT there is "a set time" for all phenomena, both in the natural and spiritual world, seems quite reasonable, yet the periods of the latter, their "times and seasons," may not be so easily observed or made subject to calculation.

The rising and setting of the sun, the revolution of the planets, the return of cometary bodies, and the swelling of the ocean tides of earth, are well defined. A broad view of human history might give the law of mental and spiritual tides, the influx of those great waves which now and again from the far-off ocean laves the shoals, sand bars and shores of this outlying speck of earth in the infinitude of space. Is it an impossibility to resolve this period into that of a thousand years in the reckoning of men, or as one day of God? By some seerlike gift, certain souls have been upon the watch-towers of observation, and have in their age discovered "the signs of the times." Had they been greeted with the query, "Watchman, what of the night? Their answer, if not in scripture phrase, "The day dawneth and the shadows begin to flee away," would have been equivalent to an assurance as decided and anticipatory in fact. Thus prior to the advent of the Savior, there were those gifted ones who were "looking for the salvation of Israel," and the presentation of the babe in the Temple was "the one thing needful" to justify the exclamation, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Historic evidences abound that there were such watchers in the beginning of the present century; everywhere in the religious world were those sick of tradition, of priestcraft, of superstition, and of ignorance, filled with all manner of ailments begotten of uncertainty and chronic almost by virtue of suspense, yet waiting, like those by the pool of Bethsaida, for an angel to come down and trouble the waters, so that whoever stepped in might be healed of their infirmities. "Spiritual wickedness in high places" had forced spiritual rebellion, and "Protestantism" became a power in Christendom as a re-action against that overshadowing crime; yet men everywhere, under the promptings of protest, felt the most abundant need of authority, for in its best aspect protest was without cohesion, and there was implied all the possibility of individual following, which meant the inauguration of chaos and the far-reaching triumph of uncertainty and doubt.

The spiritual atmosphere of Christendom was fully charged when in 1820 the first recognized ray of celestial sunshine —the first assurance of possible inspiration for many centuries, illuminated the afterward prolific experience of the boy Joseph Smith. Can any now enter into the sensations produced by those rudimentary efforts at spiritual intercourse and the renewal of associations, always possible and practicable, yet because of unused and dormant powers left to the rushing approach of "the dispensation of the fulness of times?"

From 1820 to 1830, when development was so far favorable as to admit of the organization of the Church, there was a marvelous yet ever enlarging process of preparation; the ministration of holy messengers, once dwellers in the flesh; the restoration of priestly authority and comprehension of priestly function; the completed translation of the Book of Mormon, and the setting in of that current of inspiration and revelation which finally became a flood-tide of intelligence and understanding are among the all-absorbing facts of history.

Nor may we with reverent feeling overlook the solemn yet soulsatisfying revelation of the presence of the Father and the Son, in the inauguration of the grandest movement of human destiny since "the morning stars sang together," or since the time that Adam fell "that he might have joy" through all climatic changes and succeeding day and night,

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so far as man and earth are inseparably and eternally concerned. Yet there are doubters as to this revelation of the Deity and of holy men, but assurance of pre-existence and continued existence after the present life, divests this experience of much that would otherwise provoke scepticism and distrust. An old axiom is the one which says that "history repeats itself," and phenomena often repeated finally may become quite common-place. The fact of communication once established, its extent is but a matter of need and may be augmented or suspended at the bidding of conditions.

One of the general testimonies in favor of the truths of early "Mormon" history is to be found in the progress of this "marvelous work." Local religious jealousies led to the persecution of the boy Joseph and his proselytes and followers, and the most virulent, fierce and active of this opposition came from believers in the Bible and New Testament, those historic documents of Judaism and Christianity, the "Word of God," so-called, handed down from the ages of the past.

Almost every convert to the new dispensation was susceptible to spiritual influence; many had been looking and praying for such a revelation—a restoration of the blessings of the past, and those so disposed were full of testimony and everywhere went out preaching with enthusiasm under the influence of an overpowering faith.

As was said in the days of Jesus, "These things were not done in a corner," and the tidings flew from State to State, the Canadas; then the islands of the sea heard the news, and missionaries who entered first into the harvest field found to their astonishment individuals, congregations and communities waiting for the message from afar. The great wave, while sweeping in its fulness this highly favored land, was surging around the earth in prophecy and tongues and waiting souls, before the arrival of the ambassadors of the faith. Still more, after converts were made and organization effected, the same inspirational impulse was felt to cluster together, and gathering was the topic and the intention, without a word of suggestion or counsel—it was indeed the product of revelation given personally from on high.

Is it to be wondered that such a movement included organization, and more particularly as this was subject to intelligences out of the flesh, to representatives of ancient system and organization, and to the approval of Deity in the persons of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost; that it was really and indeed "the Gospel of the Kingdom," the long-looked for, the fulfilment of "all the Prophets since the world began?"

These are the conclusions of fact, and they have the response of the spirit in the breast of each honest and obedient disciple in every land and clime. In spite of the anathemas of mankind, of sects without authority, of priests interested in the maintenance of hoary institutions or modern ones of man's device, the subjects of this new yet oldest faith increased in spiritual gifts, while those who declined investigation and repudiate these possibilities, decline in power and inevitably become subject to spirits of irregular and unauthorized character and so tenfold more the children of the evil one.

If, as is asserted, this is the establishment of the Kingdom of God on the earth, it might be presumed that in the work of preparation this influx of spiritual illumination would be felt outside of the science of religion. While that may be fundamental and of necessity the foundation, yet there are countless tributary auxiliaries, and there are also countless evils in the surroundings of mankind which bar their way not only to the reception but really to the hearing of the truth. That those who restored the Gospel were intelligences of vast experience is easily understood; many o them had attained to the resurrection and they were heirs to the Priesthood; they had officiated in the rule and government of God both in time and eternity. Some had passed from earth ex-

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perience from two to five thousand years ago, and dull scholars indeed must they have been in "the Schools of the Prophets," if they in this (to human reckoning) vast period of time, if they had not acquired an enlarged comprehension of the government and order of God. But all man's faculties are not religious; in fact there are those who are not susceptible save to the veriest rudiments of religious life. While faculties which seize on secular things are as exuberant as it is possible to become in flesh, may we not suppose that these gifted minds were, according to their organization, subject to influences from behind the vail?

Men of scientific temperament were thus actuated, and mental activity was never more decided, material progress never made such giant strides as since the first revelation in 1820 was given to the Prophet of the last and greatest dispensation; and to complete the analogies of history, a fulness of spiritual life should seize simultaneously, in our day as in ages past, those who are by organization most susceptible to its power.

Consider the marvelous discoveries that have been made in the last sixty years, and then say whether the "tidal wave" was confined to the revelations of the Gospel and the relationship of man to his Maker, or was it not more extended and diffuse?

The discovery of steam has revolutionized the methods of mankind, and its application has doubled the producing power existent upon the earth; so every railroad, steamship, factory, foundry, where it is used as an agent, is testimony to the spirit which revealed so gigantic and invaluable a force. What an impetus it has given to the creation of books, to the dissemination of knowledge and facilities for travel, fulfilling that scripture, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Gas and electricity are both products of the same period, and the telegraph and telephone are but the beginning of more extended facilities for that human accommodation and intercourse which seems more than ever desirable; then we have had the daguerreotype and photography which has given the masses familiarity with prominent men among their fellows, and multiplied mementoes of affection and regard amid the homes and families of the world. To these might be added many other discoveries, which may however be left to the suggestions of observation, yet all originating within the period of this great tidal wave.

What wonderful changes have taken place in regard to the extension of the principles of human liberty and freedom among mankind. England purchased freedom for all her slaves; America declared as a war measure, yet in keeping with modern ideas, her slaves forever free; Russia breaks the chains by gradual process of her uncounted serfs, and nations unite in the prevention of the coolie trade from Afric's heated shores. When you come to political freedom this period embraces—reform in England, the overthrow of monarchy in France and the establishment of a republic upon the ruins of a throne; Germany under Bismarck wrests from France her ancient provinces and from numerous petty principalities becomes one of the leading nations of the world; Italy throws off its allegiance to the temporal rule of the Papacy and its states under Emanuel become a united nation; Russia sweeps away ancient nationalities like Hungary and Poland, and absorbing these becomes the great Colossus or giant power of the world; and the enlargement of human liberty, the conceptions of human right broaden under the influence of this impulse of spiritual origin to the cry of, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make each crooked path now straight." Since this period opens, colonization has been the order of the day, and the spirit of advanced civilization makes its impress upon the heathen lands, and the dark places of the earth which were full of cruelty have felt the sunshine from the other side.

The teeming myriads of India have felt the genius of British rule, Juggernaut has gone down before the silent

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power and sublime force of law, the funeral pyre and the sacrifices of the Ganges have passed away, and famine now stands rebuked before the power of railroads, bringing bread and life from province to province as needed, and bearing her cotton to British looms for the markets of the world. Egypt is now in the early stages of redemption from taskmasters and slavery, China long ago opened her ports to the thunder of British guns, and Christian thought in some degree leavens the traditions of Confucius and the nobles of her splendid past. Japan assumes with almost inspirational activity the manners and many of the best features of advanced nations, while Australia and New Zealand (once penal colonies) have, during the Gospel era, risen to national importance, and from there, as from the islands of the sea, is a quota furnished to aid in laying, in the mountains, the foundation stones of a civilization to eclipse the whole.

There are also evidences of marvelous advance in mechanism, some of which outrank all the creations of the historic past, such as the Brittania tubular bridge, the bridge across the Niagara river, and the Brooklyn bridge, which outstrips the whole; steamships from three hundred feet for a few hundred passengers now are doubled in length and capacity, and are equal to Noah's ark, built under the special direction of Almighty God.

The history of nations, whose records have been undecipherable, have come to light; the vast remains of the American continent find solution in the Book of Mormon; Egypt, Assyria, Pompeii, Greece, Mexico and Palestine have yielded their treasures to the explorer, and every sealed book has found its key, until hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscription are read as we read our mother tongue.

The discovery of gold in California, in Australia and elsewhere has provoked travel, encouraged colonization, given an impetus to trade and manufactures, and aroused some of the best as well as probably some of the worst features and possibilities of human existence, unrestrained by society, religion or God, nations closed by jealousy and kingcraft have opened their gates at the demand of modern popular desire, and in the order of overruling Providence in His due time they will each contribute of their best elements that which will be needed on this favored continent for the kingdom which shall never pass away.

Nor need we suppose that but few spiritual intelligences have been engaged in these several enterprises. Their names are legion, probably many of them lived in the very lands to which they went as ministering servants, and were well acquainted with those through whom the spirit manifested itself in discovery, in invention, in exploration, in grand views of human capacity for progress, political, social and industrial.

Still further we need not necessarily assume that all these ministering spirits held the Priesthood, yet they were all subordinate to that rule, and having by virtue of experience and special learning become adepts and masters in mechanics and other mentioned directions, were selected and sent for the work they were qualified to perform. Morse was impressionable in regard to electrical science and he acknowledged that the gift was given of God, and other philosophers and statesmen have felt their faculties quickened by unseen forces, and been willing to believe that they were working in their way for humanity and God. Americus, Columbus, the fathers of this country and of its constitution were inspired of God, not perhaps in that strict sense as portrayed in the special missions of Moses, Jesus or Joseph Smith, but inspired by His Spirit subject to the influence of His messengers and servants, and directed by those angels who are subject to His authority.

Those men are rare upon the earth who can hold communion with the Father and the Son; those are rare who can hold communion with and receive the Holy Ghost; those are rare who can woo to themselves the companionship of angels and enjoy associations with the spirit of the just made perfect; but

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there are many who are susceptible to the influence of a departed father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife or dear friend. These have partly understood us in earth life, during its associations and experience of trial and intimacy, and no doubt they are anxious to aid us, to push us forward in the divine life, and answer before God the end of our creation.

Power to communicate with these will increase in Zion, the spiritual functions and perceptions will become educated by experience and opportunity, the duties of Temple ritual, the salvation of our dead, the necessity for lost genealogy, the growth of the latter day kingdom, will all be in the way of stimulus, until inspiration and revelation will be far less phenomenal and much better understood than it now is, even by good and faithful Latter-day Saints.

Moreover, what is there of intelligence that is original, new to man, probably, and men; but truth is eternal, principles are eternal, all science is eternal, and that now known was revealed from intelligences ahead of the present recipients; if men knew, if men understood, if men practiced, it was before they dwelt in flesh, perchance many a toiler by the midnight lamp, many a student of cause and effect, many a baffled yet finally satisfied discoverer, repeats the echo, restores the memory, or gives to use the profound reflections of another's spirit; yet originality is very, very rare indeed! Influences and impulses only wait perchance the mood, or have to foster and educate capacity to receive the truths they bear. So from sordid life, animalized and degraded, comes the music of the better time, and viewing the unraveling of destiny, the positive progress which comes of war or peace, the bravery of work, the glory of thought, the ability to receive and use, man aspires to the knowledge of the Godhead, and the marvelous universe is His. Old truths, ancient laws, eternally established powers, simply take on new lustre by new combinations and the fortuitous re-arrangement of lights and shadows which belong to all of human kind, but receive their best interpretation from a thoughtful and impressionable Latter-day Saint.

And when these, as a community, can use this privilege and power of revealment for salvation and for the glory of God; when they as a people purify themselves, one tidal wave will succeed another in the history of the Church, and while they know that in the beginning God raised up "a choice seer" for the opening of the dispensation, and while they know that wave was felt in all departments of human thought outside the Church; now the world having ignored God, and used that inspiration for self-aggrandizement and personal ends, He may in the time to come as a result of increased numbers and faith, allow that wave to spend itself in the midst of His people Israel, stimulating invention, prompting discovery, suggesting wisdom, advancing statesmanship, fostering all education by revealing all knowledge, and in His kingdom establishing "The New Order," to the overthrow of selfishness, dishonesty, trickery, tradition and evil by the force of revelation through His Spirit and by His ministers in the form of one more and still another great tidal wave.

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

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The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory.—*Carlyle.*

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## SOME STRANGE METALS.

Some of the metals which are familiar enough to the chemist, though rarely seen outside his laboratory, have so little in common with the metals of every-day life as to scarcely belong to the same class of substances. We commonly think of a metal as being heavy, yet sodium and potassium will float on

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water, and lithium is the lightest of all known solids. The fact is that the word "metal" is one of the hardest in the language to define. The metals all have a peculiar lustre, to be sure, which, from its association, have come to be metallic; but many minerals, as galena and black-lead, which certainly are not metals, have the same appearance, and so on through the list of properties. The chemical relations of the metals give good reasons for placing these substances by themselves, though even here the lines are not clearly marked.

One of the most distinctive properties of the metals is their power to form, when combined with acids, a class of bodies called salts—on account of their resemblance to common salt, which contains about forty per cent. of metal sodium. This metal is a bluish white, waxy solid, and has such a great tendency to rust, or unite with the oxygen in the air, that it must be kept in some oil, like petroleum, which contains no oxygen. If a bit of sodium be thrown upon a piece of ice, the metal takes fire, and any attempts to put it out by pouring water on it would only be adding fuel to the flame. The sodium-match is an application of this peculiar property of the metal. It is merely a bit of wood tipped with sodium, and which can, of course, be lighted on the stormiest day by the mere contact of a rain-drop. The matches are, however, decidedly dangerous, and their manufacture is generally prohibited.

Potassium, which is obtained from potash, is another metal very similiar to sodium, and will take fire upon ice or water, even more rapidly than this last-named metal. A small piece of potassium thrown into a jar of water apparently takes fire at once, and swims about with great rapidity, burning all the time with a brilliant violet flame. One may be forgiven if his ideas on combustion are somewhat upset by the sight of this phenomenon, but there is really nothing very strange about it. Water is a compound of hydrogen and oxygen, and the metals, sodium and potassium, have so strong an attraction for oxygen that they will take it wherever they can find it, even from water. This, of course, sets the hydrogen free, which is set on fire by the heat given off when the potassium and oxygen unite, and burns with a violet color because of the vapor of the metal. The same is true in the case of sodium; the flame is due to the burning hydrogen rather than the metal.

Sodium, potassium and lithium, with several other metals, form a group known as the alkali metals. There is another group to which iron belongs, which contains an interesting member called aluminum—sometimes aluminium—from its occurrence in common alum. Aluminum is a beautiful metal, much like silver in appearance, and possessing many valuable properties. It is very sonorous, easily worked, does not tarnish in the air, and is only about one-fourth as heavy as silver. It conducts electricity eight times better than iron. Added to this, it occurs in greater quantity than any other metal in the world. Every clay-bank, every granite-bed, is a mine of aluminum, but as yet no cheap and ready means of obtaining the metal has been found, in spite of all attempts. Napoleon offered a large reward to any one discovering such a process, as, on account of its lightness, he wished to use the metal in his army for helmets and cuirasses. It is hardly possible to give an exact statement of the amount of aluminum in different clays, since the composition of these earths varies greatly. Clays are impure silicates of aluminum, and, generally speaking a good brick clay contains a tenth or more, by weight, of the metal. This would be sufficient to plate the upper surface of the bricks, as they are commonly laid in sidewalks, with a layer of metallic aluminum a fifth of an inch deep. Or this same amount of metal would form a layer one-third of an inch deep on the outside of the bricks as they are laid in our houses. So we find this hidden metal everywhere about us, and a princely fortune waits the man who can bring it to the light. *A. D. L.*

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Time tries the troth in everything.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year, In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY, 1884.


## ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE ELDERS.

I WOULD rather have a son in the vineyard, saving the souls of men, than to have him heaping up gold at home and becoming a millionaire. Yes, I thank God that the young men of Israel are rising up and going forth into the vineyard and magnifying the Holy Priesthood, and preparing themselves to fulfil their high destiny in this important dispensation. As I look over the history of this Church and kingdom of God on the earth, and think of the army of faithful laborers in the kingdom who have passed to the other side of the vail, and realize that I soon shall follow them, and as I draw near to the close of my testimony and labor in the flesh, my anxiety greatly deepens and increases concerning the rising generation which I am to leave behind me in these mountains of Israel. I am thoroughly satisfied in my own mind that there never was a generation of young men and maidens since the world was, that had awaiting them the same high destiny that awaits the young men and maidens who dwell in these valleys, surrounded by the everlasting hills, upon whose heads rest the blessings which the old Patriarch Jacob sealed upon the heads of his sons, Joseph and Ephraim, and their posterity. Through their lineage the sons and daughters who inhabit these mountains claim, and, as God lives, will inherit the blessings sealed upon the head of Ephraim in the last days.

We are living in a momentous age, and events as weighty as ever rested upon the earth will have to be met by the generation which follows us. The whole earth is groaning under the weight of darkness, crime, corruption and abominations, and its inhabitants are preparing themselves for the outpouring of the just judgments and indignation of an avenging God. In the midst of this scene of events, where will either heaven or earth look for a people, except the sons and daughters of Zion, to hold the helm of state, or to prepare a place of safety that mortal men may stand in holy places and be preserved, while the great judgments of God sweep the wicked from off the earth, in fulfilment of the revelations of St. John and other Apostles and Prophets who spoke as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost? Though heaven and earth pass away, not one jot or tittle of what has been predicted will fall unfulfilled. Neither God nor angels look to any other people than the Latter-day Saints—the Elders of Israel, the young men of Zion, to go forth bearing the Holy Priesthood to warn this Christian, Gentile generation with the Gospel of Jesus Christ of the judgments which are to come; and their testimony will prove a savor of life unto life or of death unto death to all who hear it.

Therefore, ye Elders of Israel, and young men who are in the vineyard of the Lord, or who dwell in Zion, prepare yourselves for that which is to come. Take upon yourselves the whole armor of God, and bear a true and faithful testimony unto all people where providence may call you, that your garments may be clean from the blood of all men, for the eyes of all the heavenly hosts of God, angels and men, are watching over you with feelings of the deepest interest. You are called and ordained of God to prepare this great and mighty work for the coming of the Son of Man. The Lord has said, through the mouth of His servant Joseph, that "you are commanded of God to go to all the great and notable cities and villages, reproving the world in righteousness of all their unrighteous and ungodly deeds, setting forth clearly and understandingly the desolation of abomination in the last

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days; for with you, saith the Lord Almighty, I will rend their kingdoms: I will not only shake the earth, but the starry heavens shall tremble; for I, the Lord, have put forth my hand to exert the powers of heaven; ye cannot see it now, yet a little while and ye shall see it, and know that I am, and that I will come and reign with my people. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Amen."

Thus, ye Elders of Israel, with the word of the Lord resting upon you, what manner of men ought ye to be? Gird up the loins of your minds—watch and be sober. Be ye clean that have the words of the Lord, that ye may be free from the blood of this generation. If you labor all the days of your life and save one soul, how great will be your joy in the kingdom of God with that soul! How much more if ye save many souls!

The Lord has called His servants into the vineyard to prune it for the last time, and He is also often showing us, by revelation, the great events that are at our doors—the gathering of Israel, the return of the Ten Tribes, the fall of Babylon, the judgments of God, the overthrow of the wicked, and all that is to transpire in the hour of God's judgment, and the final coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven to reward every man according to the deeds done in the body. I say, after the Lord has set all these things before us, He says unto us, "If you believe me you will labor while the day lasts, for soon night will come when no man can work." There are great events at the door. This generation knows not what awaits them. When the people reject the testimony of the Elders of Israel and turn them from their doors, they little know what they are doing or what their reward will be; and while our nation is laboring for the destruction of the Church and kingdom of God, and trample under their feet the laws and Constitution which have been bequeathed unto us by our forefathers through the inspiration of Almighty God, they little know of the seed they sow or the fearful harvest they are doomed to reap. These eternal truths rest with weight upon my mind.

The historian says: "The decline and fall of Rome was attributable to the general corruption of the people, and to the engrossing love of pleasure and idleness. Work, in the last days of Rome, was regarded as only fit for slaves. Its citizens ceased to pride themselves on the virtues and characters of their great forefathers, and the empire fell because it did not deserve to live. When national character ceases to be upheld, a nation may be regarded as next to lost. When it ceases to esteem and to practice the virtues of truthfulness, honesty, integrity and justice, it does not deserve to live."

The historian, in this respect, has only drawn the picture of what has followed all cities, nations and kingdoms of the whole earth from the creation of the world until now, and will continue until the end of the world. The history of Sodom and Gomorrah, the antediluvian world, and of Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh, Tyre and Sidon, Babylon the Great, as well as Jerusalem itself, all have fallen when they were ripened in iniquity, and all this in fulfilment of the word of the Lord through the mouths of holy men, who spoke as they were moved upon by the inspiration of eternal truth. The Lord has already swept off two great nations from the American continent, in fulfilment of His word, when they were ripened in iniquity, and what inspired man can look with indifference upon the vortex into which the American government is hastening, through the same process, to their utter destruction and overthrow? Who will save the American flag and Constitution? I heard Joseph Smith say, the Elders of Israel would have it to do, and he was a Prophet of God. Therefore, prepare yourselves, O ye nations of the earth, for that which awaits you, for the God of heaven has a controversy with the nations! The Lord will disappoint no one for the want of the fulfilment of any of His words; and when I reflect that there is not one of the Apostles dwelling in the flesh who opened the doors of salvation in the

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British dominions in 1837, and but two who assisted in baptizing some seven thousand in 1840, and that our mission and labors will soon be found upon the other side of the vail—I say, while these reflections rest upon me, I feel desirous to urge upon my brethren, the Elders of Israel, to labor faithfully while the day lasts. Try to save the souls of men. Bless and not curse. Keep pure and clean before the Lord. Pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit to guide you. Be patient in well doing. If you are persecuted and derided for the Gospel's sake, remember that Jesus has trod that road before you, and descended lower than ever you will be called to go; and if you are cast out of doors and get hungry, have to travel on foot, get weary and sore, and are without money, remember that others, even your fathers after the flesh, have passed through the same ordeal. Brigham and Heber, Willard and John, Parley and Orson, Wilford and George A., have traveled over the same road, preached in the same halls and streets, got hungry the same as you are. We are all in the same old ship of Zion, and thanks be to God for the privilege.

Be of good cheer. Though earth and hell conspire against you, they shall not prevail if you are built upon my rock, saith the Lord. May the blessings and power of God, with His Holy Spirit, rest upon all the Elders and Saints of God in the vineyard of the Lord, as well as those in Zion. *Wilford Woodruff.*

Where law ends, tyranny begins.

## CHINESE GORDON.

At the present time there is scarcely a more conspicuous name upon the public tongue than that of the distinguished military genius bearing the above sobriquet. The events that gave him the peculiar name, which has clung to him ever since, occurred more than twenty years ago, and occupy an important place in the modern history of the great Chinese Empire. The story of Gordon's achievements and the debt of gratitude the people of the "Flowery kingdom" owe him are familiar themes in the east, but have been so long forgotten in the western world that we seldom read or hear how the present Governor-General of the Soudan, came by the popular name Chinese Gordon. The following extract taken from a sketch in the *Century* shows the origin of Gordon's appellation and acquaints us with the nature of the expedition in which he is engaged:

"Twenty-one years ago the Chinese Empire, after submitting to a peace dictated by the allied powers amid the ashes of its imperial palace, was threatened with ruin by the rebellion of the Taipings. The heart of the empire had fallen into the hands of the rebels, who, under Chung-Wang, a kind of Chinese Mahdi, had routed the armies of China and menaced the dynasty with overthrow. For five years Shanghai itself was only preserved from capture and loot by the presence of a British garrison. Repeated attempts were vainly made by the Chinese authorities to win back their lost provinces; and as year after year passed by, it seemed as if this cancer, preying on the vitals of the empire, would eventually destroy it. At the beginning of 1863 the Taipings, numbering one hundred thousand fighting men, occupied the whole of the country stretching from Shanghai to Nankin. They held every walled city for a distance of several hundred miles to the south and west. Inflamed with fanaticism, flushed with victory, they were in undisturbed possession of the garden of China. Their head-quarters at Soochow, a strongly fortified citadel, commanded the whole province. The towns and villages were in ruins, and vast tracts of country were depopulated. It was while affairs were in this position that Gordon, then major in the British

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army, was appointed commander of the imperial forces. They consisted of four thousand Chinese mercenaries, officered for the most part by foreign sailors with a turn for filibustering, undisciplined, and demoralized by repeated defeats. In addition to this rabble, Gordon had nothing to rely upon beyond a firm base, ample munitions of war at Shanghai, and a couple of steam-tugs. The situation seemed a hopeless one, and Gordon might well have despaired. But Gordon is a man not given to despair. As was said of another whom in many respects he much resembles, 'Hope shone in him as a pillar of fire after it had gone out in other men.'

"This faith was justified by his works. In twelve months after he assumed command he had suppressed the Taiping rebellion. With his handful of natives, reënforced as the campaign went on by prisoners captured in the field, he defeated the rebels, and stormed their fortresses one after another, until, on his recall, he left the Chinese Goverment in a position to overturn the last stronghold of the rebellion in the city of Nankin. Never had a victory more brilliant been achieved with forces so inadequate, and seldom had the genius of a commander been more conspicuous in the transformation which it wrought in the fortunes of war. Because he crushed the Taipings and saved China, he acquired the name of Chinese Gordon; and because he had proved his ability to do such marvels in China, he was this year dispatched to Khartoum to accomplish a task from which an army might have recoiled. It was no unfounded expectation that the man who, with four thousand unwarlike Chinese, could crush the Taiping insurrection, might be able, with the aid of six thousand Egyptians in Khartoum, to secure the evacuation of the Soudan. To reconquer a province studded with fortresses and garrisoned with one hundred thousand men, was a far more formidable enterprise than the extrication of some scattered garrisons from the valley of the Upper Nile. Gordon, who had done the one, was confident that he would not find it impossible to do the other. That confidence was shared by his countrymen, and in that lies the secret of the justification of his mission to the Soudan.

"General Gordon, is in person slight and short, and although but fifty years of age, has seen service the value and variety of which offers a striking illustration of the extent of the work which falls to the share of England in the government of the world. Entering the army when a youth, his first campaign was that of the Crimea, where he displayed the courage and *sang froid* which have distinguished him through life. After the fall of Sebastopol he was employed first in defining the frontier between Russia and Turkey in Europe, and then in laying down the correct limits of the frontiers of Armenia. Hardly had he finished this task, when the outbreak of the Chinese war hurried him to the further East. He took part in the operations that resulted in the capture of Pekin; and, after the war with China was over, he served for some time in the small British force that defended Shanghai from the Taipings. In 1863 he assumed the command of the imperial troops, and, as has already been remarked, he achieved a success that startled none so much as the Chinese themselves. In the series of actions that led to the final victory, Gordon, then only thirty years old, displayed that rare faculty for organizing and inspiring irregular troops which has always been the chief secret of his success. Never was this genius for command better displayed than when Gordon organized his bodyguards out of the Taiping prisoners captured on the field, and imbued every Chinaman under his command with a belief that he was both invulnerable and invincible. He always led his troops into action himself, armed with no weapon save a small cane, but the superstition of his soldiers transformed it into a magic wand of victory, and an almost perfect immunity from wounds established a belief that he had a charmed life, similar to that with which the Russian army associated the name of Skobeleff. For the next six years,

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from 1865 to 1871, Gordon was employed in superintending the fortification of the Thames, a period of service which is associated with incessant activity on behalf of the gutter-snipes and Arabs of the streets of Gravesend, where legends of 'the good colonel' still linger among the boys who passed through his ragged-school.

"After spending six years at Gravesend, Colonel Gordon was dispatched to represent the English Government on the Danubian Commission. The work was not very congenial. The Danube, the Mississippi of Europe, has an International Commission to control its lower channel. Representatives of all the great powers, and also of the riverine states, direct the engineering works necessary to keep its mouths open for navigation; and it was on this Commission that Colonel Gordon spent the next two years of his life. From the mouth of the Danube he was summoned by the late Khedive of Egypt, and appointed ruler of the head waters of the Nile and Governor-General of the Equator. After spending a couple of years in these remote regions, he was in 1877 appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, and he continued to wield absolute power for the next three years over a region considerably larger than India. Before he finally quitted the Soudan he executed a mission to Abyssinia, which was not the least adventurous of his African exploits. Returning to England in 1880, he accepted the post of Military Secretary to Lord Ripon, who was then going out as Governor-General of India. The appointment, however, was a mistake, and before work began Colonel Gordon had resigned. The next few years he spent in travel. During a visit to South Africa he was induced to undertake the settlement of the Basutan difficulty; but the Cape Government took alarm at his frank recognition of the justice of the rebels' complaints, and the appointment was canceled.

"There was some talk at one time of appointing him President in Zululand when the late King Cetewayo was restored, but it came to nothing. Gordon spent some time in the Seychelles, where he believed he had discovered the tree of forbidden fruit; and ultimately, after visiting England, he settled for a time at Jerusalem. Here he was speedily absorbed in the identification of historical sites and in dreamy speculations concerning the future of the east, in which, texts of Hebrew prophecies supplied clews for the elucidation of the problems of European diplomacy. He was at Jerusalem when the summons came from the King of the Belgians which indirectly led to his return to his old post at Khartoum.

"The Soudan, or the Black Country, is a vast and undefined region stretching south of Egypt to the Equator. The greater part of it is desert, and although its area exceeds that of India, its population is not three times that of the State of New York. Along the river, however, there is a strip of verdure, and in the southern and south-eastern provinces, especially in the country between the two Niles and that near the lakes and the source of the White Nile, the soil is very rich. Khartoum, the capital of the whole region, and situated at the junction of the two Niles, is an important commercial centre. Egyptian government in the Soudan was a mere matter of periodical pillage, accompanied by the torture of men and the ravishing of women. Its only redeeming feature was that it prevented internecine wars; and when occasionally a good governor-general was appointed, the Bashi-Bazoukery was reduced to a minimum, and the force of the Egyptian Government was exerted for the repression of the slave-trade, which is the staple industry of the Soudan. But the system of government was essentially Turkish. When General Gordon was appointed Governor-General, he informed Ismail, the late Khedive, thrice over that his appointment would be fatal to the continuance of the old system. 'Nevermore,' said he, 'will Egypt be able to govern the Soudan in the old Turkish or Circassian fashion after I have resided there long enough

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to teach the people that they have rights. If you send me, you must continue my system or lose the Soudan. Ismail was deaf to the warning. He sent Gordon. His successor did not continue Gordon's system, and the result is before us. Egypt has lost the Soudan exactly as he predicted.

"General Gordon was asked to go to the Soudan at three o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, the 18th day of January, 1884. He left at eight o'clock that night, and reached Khartoum in exactly one month. Mounting a fleet dromedary, he rode forth from Korosko to Abou Hamad, and, like Cæsar, the fortunes of the English Government rode with him through the desert. If he had fallen, the Cabinet would not have long survived. Fortunately he got through alive, and the first success of his mission enabled them to defeat the attack of the opposition. The popular manifestations of enthusiasm which had accompanied his course culminated in his triumphal entry into Khartoum. He had dispatched a telegram on his way to the terrified garrison: 'You are men, not women. Be not afraid. I am coming.' And when he arrived he told the thousands who came to kiss his feet and hail him as the savior of the Soudan: 'I come without soldiers, but with God on my side, to redress the evils of the Soudan. I will not fight with any weapons but justice. There shall be no more Bashi-Bazouks.' The scene that followed his arrival was dramatic. The books recording the debts of the overtaxed people were burnt publicly in front of the palace. The kourbashes, whips, and other implements of torture, were all placed in the burning pile. The jail was demolished and the prisoners set at liberty. At night the town was in a blaze of illumination, and the negroes indulged in a display of fireworks to mark their appreciation of their deliverer. The next day General Gordon began the work of evacuation. Natives of the Soudan were appointed to the command of all the most important posts. Colonel de Coëtlogon, who had commanded the garrison, was sent home. 'I consider Khartoum as safe as Kensington Park,' wrote General Gordon. The fellah troops were ordered to Egypt; two thousand women and children were sent down the river to Berber. General Gordon recognized the Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, and issued a proclamation announcing that, as henceforth the Soudan and its Government had become independent, it would look after its own affairs without interference by the Egyptian Government in anything whatever. They could do as they pleased about slaves and the slave-trade. The petition-boxes were reëstablished, and all men were allowed free access to the palace. Over the throne of the Governor-General they read, 'The hearts of men are in the hands of God.' The first part of his mission had been brilliantly accomplished.

"What, then, was the task which General Gordon rode forth into the desert to accomplish? His mission was pacific, but he has been fighting round Khartoum. The inconsistency is solely on the surface, and that there should be even an apparent inconsistency is due alone to the extent to which General Gordon's action has been trammeled by orders from home. The main end of the policy he was dispatched to carry out was to withdraw from the Soudan the garrisons of twenty thousand Egyptian troops, as well as the employees, native Christian women and children, who could not remain with safety when the country was evacuated. There were from ten to fifteen thousand of the latter non-military class in Khartoum alone. General Gordon was informed that the Egyptian Government was 'earnestly solicitous that no effort should be spared to insure the retreat both of the civilian population and of the garrison without loss of life.' In order to secure their safe retreat he was left to act on his own discretion, both as to the most opportune time and the best method; and he was given full discretionary power to retain the troops for such reasonable period as he might think necessary, in order that the abandonment of the country might be accomplished with the least possible

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risk to life and property. Before retiring he was to hand over the country to the representatives of the different petty sultans who existed before its conquest, and to attempt to form a confederation of these potentates. In accepting the duty thus imposed upon him, General Gordon asked what should be done 'if the Mahdi's adherents attack the evacuating columns? It cannot be supposed that they are to offer no resistance.' And he went on to say that it would be reasonable in such a case to allow them to follow up the Mahdi to such a position as might insure their future safe march. He would, he said, carry out the evacuation to the best of his ability, with avoidance, as far as possible, of all fighting. 'I would, however,' he added, as if anticipating the storm of misrepresentation that would be launched against him, 'hope that Her Majesty's Government will give me their support and consideration should I be unable to fulfill all their expectations.'

"There is a possibility that General Gordon might have succeeded in arranging with the Mahdi for the safe retreat of the garrison and the Egyptian and Christian inhabitants. If, as soon as he had arrived at Khartoum, he could have ridden through into the presence of the Mahdi, he might have come to an understanding with him which would have prevented bloodshed. That at least was General Gordon's opinion, and upon that opinion he was prepared to act. So convinced was he as to the urgent need for coming into personal communication with the Mahdi, that he even comtemplated getting himself made prisoner in order that he might be carried as a captive into his presence. Unfortunately his heroic scheme was vetoed by the home Government. His life, it was held, was too precious to be risked in that fashion. Foiled in this matter, General Gordon cast about for the best alternative policy. At Khartoum he found a general desire to have Zebehr, the king of the slave-traders, established as ruler in the capital of the Soudan. Zebehr, a man of supreme ability, although stained by much cruelty, could command a large local following, and his obvious interest would lead him to do what he could to expedite the safe evacuation of the country. One thing was certain: a pacific arrangement with the Mahdi having been rendered impossible, the retreat of the garrisons and the civilians was physically impossible, unless the tribes who alone could furnish means of transport were assured that the new ruler of Khartoum would not punish those who assisted the retiring Egyptians. A permanent friendly power must therefore be established at Khartoum, otherwise the tribes on the line of retreat would forthwith go over to the Mahdi. But when Gordon telegraphed for Zebehr, Zebehr was denied him. The Anti-Slavery Society had protested. The prejudice, well-founded and deep-rooted, against the king of the slave-traders arrayed public sentiment in England against the selection of such a ruler at Khartoum; and, despite the opposition of the most of the influential of the ministers, the Cabinet refused to allow Zebehr to proceed to Khartoum. Once more Gordon's plans were upset by his employers, and he was left face to face with a situation growing daily more perilous and anarchic. He sent two thousand women and children down to Berber, from whence he hoped they could be sent on to the sea, General Graham's victories near Suakim being relied on to open the road. To secure the opening of the road and the safety of Berber, General Gordon urged that two squadrons of cavalry should be sent through from Suakim. That also was denied him; and then the Government, having vetoed in succession every plan by which his pacific mission might have been successful, telegraphed to him to desert his garrison and come home. Gordon's reply was a flat refusal. His soldiers had followed him to death and danger. 'I cannot desert my garrison.' So he remained at his post, and he will remain. Behind the ramparts of the beleaguered city he will stand or fall with those whom he was sent to save. If he cannot take them with him, he will die at his post."

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1884. No. 11.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

TRANSLATION OF THE RECORDS.—II.

SINCE writing the preceding chapter the following detailed description of the manuscript in the hands of David Whitmer has been published by the Lamoni (Iowa) *Herald*, the organ of the Reorganized (Josephite) Church:

"With but one or two exceptions, proper names begin with capitals, and the capital I is always written for the pronoun I; and sentences are generally begun with capitals, when they do not begin with the character &. The lines were closely and finely written, and from edge to edge of the sheets. The paper was evidently ruled by hand. The pages contained about thirty-eight lines each, and average fourteen words to a line, or over two hundred and forty-six thousand words in the manuscript. The writing was very legible, and the manuscript was well preserved. It measures about one and one-half inches thick, eight inches wide, and thirteen inches long; four hundred and sixty-four pages, exclusive of preface and testimonials. The word 'and' is nearly always represented by the character '&.'"

TESTIMONY OF THE THREE WITNESSES.

It now becomes our pleasing duty to investigate that very interesting and important incident in the translation of the Book of Mormon—the revelation of the plates to the three special witnesses whose testimony prefaces that holy record. The names of these witnesses are Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris. We will first introduce the Prophet Joseph's account of the matter, and afterwards append some of the testimonies of those most interested. In the "History of Joseph Smith" it is written:

"In the course of the work of translation, we ascertained that three special witnesses were to be provided by the Lord, to whom he would grant that they should see the plates from which this work (the Book of Mormon) should be translated, and that these three witnesses should bear record of the same, as will be found recorded, Book of Mormon first edition, page ——, and second edition, page ——.

"Almost immediately after we had made this discovery, it occurred to Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and the afore-mentioned Martin Harris (who had come to enquire after our progress in the work) that they would have me enquire of the Lord to know if they might not obtain of Him to be these three special witnesses, and finally they became so very solicitous, and teased me so much, that at length I complied, and through the Urim and Thummim I obtained of the Lord for them the following revelation:

"Revelation to Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris at Fayette, Seneca County, New York, June, 1829, given previous to their viewing the plates containing the Book of Mormon.

"Behold, I say unto you, that you must rely upon my word, which if you do with full purpose of heart, you shall have a view of the plates, and also the breastplate, the sword of Laban, the Urim and Thummim, which were given to the brother of Jared upon the mount when



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he talked with the Lord face to face, and the miraculous directors which were given to Lehi while in the wilderness, on the borders of the Red Sea; and it is by your faith that you shall obtain a view of them, even by that faith which was had by the prophets of old.

"And after that you have obtained faith, and have seen them with your eyes, you shall testify of them by the power of God, and this you shall do that my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., may not be destroyed, that I may bring about my righteous purposes unto the children of men in this work. And ye shall testify that you have seen them, even as my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., has seen them; for it is by my power that he has seen them, and it is because he had faith; and he has translated the book, even that part which I have commanded him; and as your Lord and your God liveth, it is true.

"Wherefore, you have received the same power, and the same faith, and the same gift like unto him; and if you do these last commandments of mine which I have given you, the gates of hell shall not prevail against you, for my grace is sufficient for you, and you shall be lifted up at the last day. And I, Jesus Christ, your Lord and your God, have spoken it unto you, that I might bring about my righteous purposes unto the children of men. Amen.

"Not many days after the above commandment was given, we four, viz., Martin Harris, David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery and myself, agreed to retire into the woods, and try to obtain by fervent and humble prayer, the fulfilment of the promises given in the revelation, that they should have a view of the plates, etc. We accordingly made choice of a piece of woods convenient to Mr. Whitmer's house, to which we retired, and having knelt down we began to pray in much faith to Almighty God to bestow upon us a realization of these promises. According to previous arrangements, I commenced by vocal prayer to our heavenly Father, and was followed by each of the rest in succession. We did not, however, obtain any answer or manifestation of the divine favor in our behalf. We again observed the same order of prayer, each calling on and praying fervently to God in rotation, but with the same result as before. Upon this our second failure, Martin Harris proposed that he should withdraw himself from us, believing, as he expressed himself, that his presence was the cause of our not obtaining what we wished for; he accordingly withdrew from us, and we knelt down again, and had not been many minutes engaged in prayer, when presently we beheld a light above us in the air of exceeding brightness; and, behold, an angel stood before us; in his hands he held the plates which we had been praying for these to have a view of; he turned over the leaves one by one, so that we could see them and discover the engravings thereon distinctly. He then addressed himself to David Whitmer, and said,'David, blessed is the Lord, and he that keeps His commandments.' When immediately afterwards, we heard a voice from out of the bright light above us, saying, 'These plates have been revealed by the power of God, and they have been translated by the power of God. The translation of them which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear.'

"I now left David and Oliver, and went in pursuit of Martin Harris, whom I found at a considerable distance fervently engaged in prayer. He soon told me, however, that he had not yet prevailed with the Lord, and earnestly requested me to join him in prayer, that he also might realize the same blessings which we had just received. We accordingly joined in prayer, and ultimately obtained our desires, for before we had yet finished, the same vision was opened to our view, at least it was again to me, and I once more beheld and heard the same things, whilst at the same moment Martin Harris cried out, apparently in ecstacy of joy, 'Tis enough; mine eyes have beheld,' and jumping up, he shouted hosannah, blessing God, and otherwise rejoiced exceedingly.

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"Having thus, through the mercy of God, obtained these manifestations, it now remained for these three individuals to fulfil the commandment which they had received, viz., to bear record of these things, in order to accomplish which they drew up and subscribed the following document."

Then follows the testimony of the three witnesses which we have already inserted.

In the year 1878, Elders Orson Pratt and Joseph F. Smith visited David Whitmer at his residence in Richmond, Missouri. After their interview (which occurred on the 7th of September), they made a report of its results to President Taylor and the Council of the Apostles; from this report we make the following exceedingly interesting extracts which form part of a conversation in which David Whitmer and his two distinguished visitors were the chief participants:

"Elder O. Pratt to D. Whitmer.—Can you tell the date of the bestowal of the Apostleship upon Joseph, by Peter, James and John?

"D. W.—I do not know, Joseph never told me. I can only tell you what I know, for I will not testify to anything I do not know.

"J. F. S. to D.W.—Did Oliver Cowdery die here in Richmond?

"D. W.—Yes, he lived here, I think, about one year before his death. He died in my father's house, right here, in January, 1849. Phineas Young was here at the time.

Elder O. P.—Do you remember what time you saw the plates?

"D. W.—It was in June, 1829—the latter part of the month, and the eight witnesses saw them, I think, the next day or the day after (*i. e.* one or two days after). Joseph showed them the plates himself, but the angel showed us (the three witnesses) the plates, as I suppose to fulfil the words of the book itself. Martin Harris was not with us at this time; he obtained a view of them afterwards (the same day). Joseph, Oliver and myself were together when I saw them. We not only saw the plates of the Book of Mormon but also the brass plates, the plates of the Book of Ether, the plates containing the records of the wickedness and secret combinations of the people of the world down to the time of their being engraved, and many other plates. The fact is, it was just as though Joseph, Oliver and I were sitting just here on a log, when we were overshadowed by a light. It was not like the light of the sun nor like that of a fire, but more glorious and beautiful. It extended away round us, I cannot tell how far, but in the midst of this light about as far off as he sits (pointing to John C. Whitmer, sitting a few feet from him), there appeared as it were, a table with many records or plates upon it, besides the plates of the Book of Mormon, also the sword of Laban, the directors—*i. e.*, the ball which Lehi had, and the Interpreters. I saw them just as plain as I see this bed (striking the bed beside him with his hand), and I heard the voice of the Lord, as distinctly as I ever heard anything in my life, declaring that the records of the plates of the Book of Mormon were translated by the gift and power of God.

"Elder O. P.—Did you see the angel at this time?

"D. W.—Yes, he stood before us. Our testimony as recorded in the Book of Mormon is strictly and absolutely true, just as it is there written. Before I knew Joseph, I had heard about him and the plates from persons who declared they knew he had them, and swore they would get them from him. When Oliver Cowdery went to Pennsylvania, he promised to write me what he should learn about these matters, which he did. He wrote me that Joseph had told him his (Oliver's) secret thoughts, and all he had meditated about going to see him, which no man on earth knew, as he supposed, but himself, and so he stopped to write for Joseph. Soon after this, Joseph sent for me (D. W.) to come to Harmony to get him and Oliver and bring them to my father's house. I did not know what to do, I was pressed with my work. I had some twenty acres to plow, so I concluded I would finish plowing and

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then go. I got up one morning to go to work as usual, and on going to the field, found between five and seven acres of my ground had been plowed during the night. I don't know who did it; but it was done just as I would have done it myself, and the plow was left standing in the furrow. This enabled me to start sooner. When I arrived at Harmony, Joseph and Oliver were coming toward me, and met me some distance from the house. Oliver told me that Joseph had informed him when I started from home, where I had stopped the first night, how I read the sign at the tavern, where I stopped the next night, etc., and that I would be there that day before dinner, and this was why they had come out to meet me; all of which was exactly as Joseph had told Oliver, at which I was greatly astonished. When I was returning to Fayette, with Joseph and Oliver, all of us riding in the wagon, Oliver and I on an oldfashioned wooden spring seat and Joseph behind us; while traveling along in a clear open place, a very pleasant, nice-looking old man suddenly appeared by the side of our wagon and saluted us with 'good morning, it is very warm,' at the same time wiping his face or forehead with his hand. We returned the salutation, and, by a sign from Joseph, I invited him to ride if he was going our way. But he said very pleasantly, 'No, I am going to Cumorah.' This name was something new to me, I did not know what Cumorah meant. We all gazed at him and at each other, and as I looked around enquiringly of Joseph, the old man instantly disappeared, so that I did not see him again.

"J. F. S.—Did you notice his appearance?

"D. W.—I should think I did. He was, I should think, about five feet eight or nine inches tall and heavy set, about such a man as James Vancleave there, but heavier; his face was as large, he was dressed in a suit of brown woolen clothes, his hair and beard were white, like Brother Pratt's, but his beard was not so heavy. I also remember that he had on his back a sort of knapsack with something in, shaped like a book. It was the messenger who had the plates, who had taken them from Joseph just prior to our starting from Harmony. Soon after our arrival home, I saw something which led me to the belief that the plates were placed or concealed in my father's barn. I frankly asked Joseph if my supposition was right, and he told me it was. Sometime after this, my mother was going to milk the cows, when she was met out near the yard by the same old man (judging by her description of him) who said to her: 'You have been very faithful and diligent in your labors, but you are tired because of the increase of your toil; it is proper therefore that your faith may be strengthened.' Thereupon he showed her the plates. My father and mother had a large family of their own, the addition to it therefore of Joseph, his wife Emma and Oliver very greatly increased the toil and anxiety of my mother. And although she had never complained she had sometimes felt that her labor was too much, or at least she was perhaps beginning to feel so. This circumstance, however, completely removed all such feelings and nerved her up for her increased responsibilities.

"Elder O. P.—Have you any idea when the other records will be brought forth?

"D. W.—When we see things in the spirit and by the power of God they seem to be right here; the present signs of the times indicate the near approach of the coming forth of the other plates, but when it will be I cannot tell. The three Nephites are at work among the lost tribes and elsewhere. John the Revelator is at work, and I believe the time will come suddenly, before we are prepared for it.

"Elder O. P.—Have you in your possession the original manuscripts of the Book of Mormon?

"D. W.—I have; they are in O. Cowdery's handwriting. He placed them in my care at his death, and charged me to preserve them as long as I lived; they are safe and well preserved.

"J. F. S.—What will be done with them at your death?

"D. W.—I will leave them to my

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nephew, David Whitmer, son of my brother Jacob, and my namesake.

"O. P.—Would you not part with them to a purchaser?

"D. W.—No. Oliver charged me to keep them, and Joseph said my father's house should keep the records. I consider these things sacred, and would not part with nor barter them for money.

"J. F. S.—We would not offer you money in the light of bartering for the Mss., but we would like to see them preserved in some manner where they would be safe from casualties and from the caprices of men, in some institution that will not die as man does.

"D. W.—That is all right. While camping around here in a tent, all my effects exposed to the weather, everything in the trunk where the Mss. were kept became mouldy, etc., but they were preserved, not even being discolored (we supposed his camping in a tent, etc., had reference to his circumstances after the cyclone, in June last), except only, as he and others affirm, the room in which the Mss. were kept. That was the only part of the house which was not demolished, and even the ceiling of that room was but little impaired. 'Do you think,' said Philander Page, a son of Hiram Page, one of the eight witnesses, 'that the Almighty cannot take care of His own?'"

We will next give the testimony of Oliver Cowdery. It is as given by him at a special conference held at Council Bluffs, on October 21st, 1848, his words being reported by the late Bishop Reuben Miller, of Mill Creek. He said:

"Friends and Brethren, my name is Cowdery—Oliver Cowdery. In the early history of this Church I stood identified with her, and one in her councils. True it is that the gifts and callings of God are without repentance. Not because I was better than the rest of mankind was I called; but, to fulfill the purposes of God, He called me to a high and holy calling. I wrote, with my own pen, the entire Book of Mormon (save a few pages), as it fell from the lips of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as he translated it by the gift and power of God, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, or, as it is called by that book, 'holy interpreters.' *I beheld with my eyes and handled with my hands the gold plates from which it was translated.* I also saw with my eyes and handled with my hands the 'holy interpreters.' That book is *true*. Sidney Rigdon did not write it. Mr. Spaulding did not write it. I wrote it myself as it fell from the lips of the Prophet. It contains the everlasting gospel, and came forth to the children of men in fulfilment of the revelation of John, where he says he saw an angel come with the everlasting Gospel to preach to every nation, and kindred and people. It contains principles of salvation; and if you, my hearers, will walk by its light and obey its precepts, you will be saved with an everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God on high. Brother Hyde has just said that it is very important that we keep and walk in the true channel, in order to avoid sand-bars. This is true. The channel is here. The holy Priesthood is here. I was present with Joseph when an holy angel from God came down from heaven and conferred on us or restored the lesser or Aaronic Priesthood, and said to us, at the same time, that it should remain upon the earth while the earth stands. I was also present with Joseph when the higher or Melchisedek Priesthood was conferred by the holy angel from on high. This Priesthood was then conferred on each other, by the will and commandment of God. This Priesthood, as was then declared, is also to remain upon the earth until the last remnant of time. This holy Priesthood or authority we then conferred upon many, and is just as good and valid as though God had done it in person. I laid my hands upon that man—yes, I laid my right hand upon his head (pointing to Brother Hyde), and I conferred upon him this Priesthood, and he holds that Priesthood now. He was also called through me, by the prayer of faith, an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ."

And last comes the testimony of Martin Harris. From the various letters and other matter published by or regarding

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him, we extract the following, which is a portion of an interview between him and Elder D. B. Dille.

In answer to the inquiry, "What do you think of the Book of Mormon? Is it a divine record?" he answered: 'I was the right hand man of Joseph Smith, and I know that he was a prophet of God. I know the Book of Mormon is true—and you know that I know that it is true. I know that the plates have been translated by the gift and power of God, for His voice declared it unto us; therefore I know of a surety that the work is true; for did I not at one time hold the plates on my knee an hour and a half, while in conversation with Joseph, when we went to bury them in the woods, that the enemy might not obtain them? Yes I did. And as many of the plates as Joseph Smith translated, I handled with my hands, plate after plate.' Then, describing their dimensions, he pointed with one of the fingers of his left hand to the back of his right hand and said: 'I should think they were so long,' or about eight inches, 'and about so thick,' or about four inches; 'and each of the plates was thicker than the thickest of tin.'

"I then asked Mr. Harris if he ever lost three thousand dollars by the publishing of the Book of Mormon?

"Mr. Harris said, 'I never lost one cent. Mr. Smith paid me all that I advanced, and more too.' As much as to say he received a portion of the profits accruing from the sale of the books.

"Mr. Harris further said: 'I took a transcript of the characters of the plates to Dr. Anthon, of New York. When I arrived at the house of Professor Anthon, I found him in his office and alone, and presented the transcript to him, and asked him to read it. He said if I would bring the plates, he would assist in the translation. I told him I could not, for they were sealed. Professor Anthon then gave me a certificate certifying that the characters were Arabic, Chaldaic and Egyptian. I then left Dr. Anthon, and was near the door, when he said, 'How did the young man know the plates were there?' I said an angel had shown them to him. Professor Anthon then said, 'Let me see the certificate!' Upon which, I took it from my waistcoat pocket and unsuspectingly gave it to him. He then tore it up in anger, saying, there was no such things as angels now, it was all a hoax. I then went to Dr. Mitchell with the transcript, and he confirmed what Professor Anthon had said."

There is one point we wish to emphasize for the consideration of those who do not believe in the divinity of the Book of Mormon. It is the exact agreement of the statements of the three witnesses, (not only in the main points, but also in the minor details,) with regard to all the circumstances in which they were engaged connected with the coming forth and translation of that book. If any fraud had been practiced, or there had been a conspiracy to deceive the world, these witnesses in the lapse of so many years would doubtless have told conflicting and contradictory stories, especially in regard to minor points, but as it is, their statements are harmonious one with another, each building up and strengthening that which the others testify. Their testimony is unchangeable and undeviating, and the whole consistent with the narrative of the Prophet Joseph and the condition of things by which they were at that time surrounded.

TESTIMONY OF THE EIGHT WITNESSES.

The information contained in the "History of Joseph Smith" regarding the testimony of the eight witnesses is surprisingly meagre. It consists of but one single line, and is in these words: "Soon after these things had transpired, this additional testimony was obtained." Then follows the testimony as printed. The "these things" mentioned are the circumstances attending the reception of the angelic visitation by the three witnesses. So all we know is that shortly after the testimony of the three witnesses was received, Joseph obtained the testimony of the eight; but we are not informed whether he showed the plates to all the eight at once, or at various times, or whether some of them had seen the plates at times anterior to the

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day they were seen by the three. These items, of course, are of minor importance while the central truth remains intact that they handled, lifted and examined the plates. These eight, like the three, never denied their testimony. All are now dead, and all, except one, died faithful in the Church. That one was John Whitmer; and even he, though he had turned from the truth, yet, in the midst of mobocratic violence, still adhered to his testimony when that testimony was liable to bring trouble upon his head, as the following extract from the "History of Joseph Smith," under date of April 5th, 1839, shows. The circumstance there related occurred at the time Joseph and others of the brethren were confined in prison at Liberty, Missouri, and the conversation took place in the presence of a number of mobocrats.

[Theodore] "Turley said: 'Gentlemen, I presume there are men here who have heard Corrill say 'Mormonism' was true, Joseph Smith was a Prophet and inspired of God, etc. I now call upon you, John Whitmer: You say Corrill* is a moral and good man; do you believe him, when he says the Book of Mormon is true, or when it is not true?" There are many things published that they say are true, and again turn round and say it is false.' Whitmer asked, 'Do you hint at me?' Turley replied, 'If the cap fits you, wear it; all I know, you have published to the world that an angel did present those plates to Joseph Smith. Whitmer replied, 'I now say, I handled those plates; there were fine engravings on both sides. I handled them;' and he described how they were hung, and 'they were shown to me by a supernatural power;' he acknowledged all. Turley asked him, 'Why the translation is not now here?' He said, 'I cannot read it, and I do not know whether it is true or not.' Whitmer testified all this in the presence of eight men."

Incidental to the publication of the first edition of the Book of Mormon, the Prophet says in his history:

"I wish to mention here, that the title page of the Book of Mormon is a literal translation, taken from the very last leaf on the left hand side of the collection or book of plates which contained the record which has been translated, the language of the whole running the same as all Hebrew writing in general; and that said title page is not by any means a modern composition either of mine or any other man's who has lived or does live in this generation. Therefore, in order to correct an error which generally exists concerning it, I give below that part of the title page of the English version of the Book of Mormon, which is a genuine and literal translation of the title page of the original Book of Mormon, as recorded on the plates:

"The Book of Mormon, an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates, taken from the plates of Nephi.

"Wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the house of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile; written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and revelation.

"Written and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed—to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof—sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile—the interpretation thereof by the gift of God.

"An abridgment taken from the book of Ether, also, which is a record of the people of Jared, who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to heaven; which is to shew unto the remnant of the house of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off for ever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations. And now, if there are faults, they are the mistakes of men; wherefore condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of Christ.

"The remainder of the title page is, of course, modern."

As might reasonably be expected, considering the peculiar circumstances under which it was printed, some few, though mostly unimportant typographi-

* John Corrill, who apostatized in Missouri and wrote a work on "Mormonism."

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cal errors, crept into this first edition. These were mostly corrected in the third edition, the revision being made, as we have been informed, under the personal supervision of the Prophet Joseph Smith. During the time that President George A. Smith was Church Historian, a careful and exhaustive comparison of the two editions was made in his office, and it was found that the corrections only amounted to about thirty in number; and these were generally verbal or grammatical alterations. For instance the following changes were found to have been made:

*67 my to they,
83 hath to had,
380 went to sent,
387 prisoners to provisions,
453 sign to signal,
521 Angelah to Angola.

In some few cases the difference is somewhat greater, as:

38 preparation to foundation,
31 That state of awful woundedness to awful state of blindness.

In seven instances omissions of words or parts of sentences have been supplied; and in fifteen, corrections have been made by omitting superfluous words or tautological expressions.

*George Reynolds.*

* The figures refer to the pages in the first edition.

## THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night, and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go,—
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of Fate blowing wild;
Ah, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

*Charles M. Dickinson.*

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# POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

V.

THE extent and limit of governmental powers relative to the commercial interests of society vary greatly among the different civilized nations of the earth. The functions of government in the regulations of trade are, too, taking a distinctive range in the direction of existing political discussions of our own country. Ever since this nation assumed control of its own commerce, Congress has deemed it to be its duty to protect the interests of the people by modifying the natural intercourse of international products. A political superstition or tradition, that the more the government has to do with the business interests of the people at large, the greater the prosperity. A fact patent to every student of history, that there has been a gradual decline in the power which nations have possessed to control the lands and work out the channels of trade, is not wanting. Among the Romans the land was the property of the state. The state was more a natural person in its powers than an artificial one, and whatever rights individuals acquired, they considered them a beneficent endowment of the parent government.

The theory that the government could create rights has gradually broken down until the most advanced nations have begun to consider its government an artificial personage, holding only those powers which its constituents confer upon it. England has step by step given up the ownership of her soil and allowed her citizens to become landholders; but the great difficulties of the present system of landholding in England are directly or indirectly traceable to governmental interference. The absence, therefore, of State meddling with lands and commerce generally is characteristic of national and material progress.

The United States believed that to increase the prosperity of its people and establish home industry, it became necessary to regulate the natural intercourse between us and other nations, hence a protective tariff. And as great landlords grew up in England by her interference with the lands, so great monopolies have grown up in this country under the tariff system. But the protectionist (aggressionist) will say it at once opened home manufactures and started these industries long before they could otherwise have been commenced. What would the people of Utah say if a tax indirectly were levied upon them to start silk factories. What would be the result? Capital which should be used for the development of the soil and most available resources of the country would be withdrawn and put into silk factories. The people of a new country naturally find stock raising most profitable at first, then comes farming and afterwards manufactures, and any artificial means employed to reverse so natural an order must prove detrimental to the community at large. It would be just as consistent for the people of a Territory to claim a protective tariff in order to give capitalists an opportunity to make silk and woolen goods, as it is for the general government to discriminate against the whole people as consumers in favor of a few as manufacturers. Protectionists try to evade the comparison by saying that we are one politically, and therefore should be one commercially, while at the same time they must acknowledge that the new divisions of our country bear the same relative position commercially that America does with England.

New countries have natural advantages over old ones and *vice versa*, why not let these differences suffice, and make no discriminations, for discriminations always produce an unnatural class distinction hurtful to the interests of the majority. The wail goes up that we cannot compete with the pauper and prison labor of the old world. Let us stop for a moment and examine this pet theory of the protectionist, prick the bubble and see how much solid argument it contains. In the first place the great majority of the workingmen in the

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old world are not prisoners or paupers; how can they compete with pauper and prison labor. They make no great disturbance over it, and it is seldom or never mentioned among them. We make a wonderful bluster about it way off here, while those at home who would be the first, naturally, to complain of such labor never exhibit the least concern. If there were anything about it but shallow sophistry, the regular workmen of the old world would raise as great a howl over prison and pauper labor as we do over the Chinese question.

In the next place these prisoners wont and cannot be made to work with the same interest that regular workmen have. Recently while visiting Blackwell's Island, I remarked to the superintendent that the city must profit considerably from convict labor of the hundreds there confined. With a look of absurdity he remonstrated by saying that it required about all their labor was worth to get the little out of them that they did. We have convict labor in our own country, but it never occurs to the laborer or the aggressionist that we should lament their competition; but the tariff man will manufacture a pitiful story, and draw the gloomiest picture of prison labor thousands of miles away. Anciently the crafty sought religious ghosts to frighten the people into wretched submission, now it is a political ghost in the form of prison labor.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, who had gone to England, some time ago, to establish a particular branch of American industry wrote that journal to the effect that the English laborer was about as well off as the American, and he saw and heard comparatively nothing of prison and pauper labor, so much talked about in the United States. In a recent discussion over tariff with a gentleman I met on the train, he compared the condition of the people of British America, where free trade prevails, with that of the United States under protection. I remonstrated by saying that the difference was due rather to the industrial habits and ingenuity of the people of the two countries than to any artificial difference which governments could create. If tariff makes the difference between the prosperity of the people of the United States and British America, what makes the difference between England and British America, or England and the East Indies, or the Australians, or go still farther between the English and the Hotentots? It is nonsense to talk about tariff making the differences which exist in the prosperity of different peoples. The differences are to be sought for in their physical and mental constitutions.

I was a short time ago in the southern part of Canada and took the trouble to inquire into the habits and life of the Canadians. They were not reported as an industrious people. Along the rivers and lakes they were fishers and hunters, and in Michigan considered the lowest class. The aggressionists in Utah hold up our lead traffic and say what would become of Utah if the tariff were taken off from lead. It reminds me of the freight agitation which our freighters raised on the advent of railroads. Most of our readers will remember the almost universal prophetic declarations that the railroads would kill Utah, for freighting was the chief source of our money. Teams would be worthless, they said, and money would all be taken out of the country. What were the facts? New channels for new and extended industries opened and prosperity increased. No man was able to point out the new channels, but the industry of the people and their ingenuity established them. Do those who talk of our lead industries mean to say that even their total extinction will kill the industry and ambition of the people? Give the people more for their money and they will need less money.

On the train from Chicago to East Saginaw, I fell in the company of one of the delegates of the latter place to the Democratic National Convention. He was a member of the committee who drew up the platform; and when I asked him why the party was neither protectionists nor free traders, but stood

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straddle of the fence, he explained by saying that there was an immense amount of capital invested on the strength of a heavy tariff, and that it would not do to let the flood gates of free trade open upon them and sink their money. He thought they should be let down gradually. He evidently did not discriminate between the functions of party principles and the law-making body. Why should the party compromise? The conservative ones should be the law makers, not the party. Congress must work to the principles as they are destined to lead to the final result, and that final result should be declared by the party that its constituents may know what is actually meant.

I do not believe in protection even for revenue only. In the first place if the States were taxed, the people would feel and realize more keenly the burden of such a direct tax. They would look after their law makers and see that they did not squander so much money. They would reverse the dangerous political order of regarding our congressmen and legislators generally. Instead of thinking matters were going right until it was proven that they were going wrong, they would begin to think that they were going wrong until it was proven that they were going right. Finally, if taxation were direct, the burden of government would fall more upon the shoulders of the rich who own the property, and less upon the poor. Whereas indirect taxation falls more upon the poor, who are the majority of the consumers. Well but wouldn't wages fall if free trade were established? Certainly, but the cost of living would be correspondingly less, so that if the working man pays less for the necessaries of life, he can afford to work for less. *J. M. Tanner.*

When there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—*Lavater.*

## REMARKABLE DREAMS.

THE present times seem to be more than usually prolific of prophetic dreams among the Latter-day Saints. In nearly every settlement the people have been warned of events soon to occur; and visions of the future glory of the Kingdom of God upon this earth have passed like a panorama before many of those who love God and obey His commandments.

Some two or three years ago, I had retired for the night, when suddenly a glorious messenger appeared at my bedside and awoke me from my slumber. The light of his presence filled the room, so that objects were discerned as clearly as at noonday.

He handed me a book, saying, "Look, and see what is coming to pass." I took the book in my hands and, sitting up in bed, examined it carefully and read its contents. In size this book was about seven by ten inches, opening like a copy-book and bound in beautiful covers, on the front of which was stamped in gold letters its title, which was THE BOOK OF THE PLAGUES. The leaves were printed only on the front side of each, and were composed of the very finest quality of pure white linen, instead of paper. The typography throughout was in the finest style of the printer's art. Each page was composed of a picture printed in colors as natural as art can copy nature, which occupied the upper half of the space, below which was the printed description of the scene represented.

On the first page was a picture of a feast in progress, with the long table set upon a beautiful lawn, over which were interspersed clumps of fine shrubs and towering trees. In the background through the foliage, could be discerned a stately suburban villa, adorned with all the ornaments of modern architecture. The landscape presented the appearance of midsummer. The sky, and indeed the whole atmosphere, appeared of a pecu-

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liar sickly brassy hue, similar to that which may be observed when the sun is wholly eclipsed, and the disc is just beginning again to give its light. Throughout the atmosphere small white specks were represented, similar to a scattering fall of minute snow flakes in winter. About the table a party of richly dressed ladies and gentlemen were seated in the act of partaking of the rich repast with which the table was laden. The minute specks falling from above were dropping into the food apparently unheeded by all, for a sudden destruction had come upon them. Many were falling backward in the agonies of a fearful death; others drooping upon the table, and others pausing with their hands still holding the untasted food, their countenances betraying a fearful astonishment at the peculiar and unlooked for condition of their companions. Death was in the atmosphere; the judgments of God had come upon them as silently and swiftly as upon the proud Sennacharib and his host of Assyrians.

In one corner of this picture was a small circular vignette, showing the front of the store of a dealer in pork. The wide sidewalk was covered by an awning supported on posts at the outer edge, and on this walk were shown barrels of pork, long strings of sausages, fresh slaughtered hogs, piles of smoked bacon and headcheese; and along the edge of the walk, next to the store, beneath the front windows, leaned a number of large hams and pieces of side meat, reaching across the whole front, except a small space at the doorway. There were twelve of these pieces, and on each piece was painted a large letter, in order to make as a whole the word ABOMINATIONS.

Below this scene was the description: *A Feast among the Gentiles, commencement of the Plague.* And in smaller type below, a note saying that the particles of poison, though represented in the picture, are so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

On the next page was another picture. It was a street scene in a large city. In the foreground were the residences of wealthy city merchants. The character of the buildings gradually changed; along the view and in the distance were shown the great buildings of trade and commerce in the heart of a large metropolis. On the sidewalks throughout the long vista, the busy, throbbing, rushing crowd had been cut down like grass before the mower.

Again it was a midsummer scene. The same atoms of poison were falling through the air, but their work was done; the same sickly brazen atmosphere that seemed thick with foul odors laid upon the earth, in which no breeze stirred a leaf of the foliage. Upon the balconies of the richly decorated residences, across the thresholds of the opened doorways, along the walks and upon the crossings, lay the men, women and children, who a few days before were enjoying all the pleasures of life. Further on, the dead were everywhere. Houses of business that had been thronged with customers stood with open doorways, frowning upon streets covered with the dead. Across the thresholds of the banks lay the guardians of wealth, but no thieves were there to take the unlocked treasures within. The costly merchandise of a thousand owners laid untouched upon the counters and shelves. In the noonday glare of the sickly sun, not a soul was shown alive; not one had been left to bury the dead—all had been stricken or had fled from the death-dealing plague and the doomed city. Along midway upon the street, a hungry drove of those horrible ugly slaughterhouse hogs, (which may be seen in the pens attached to the filthy slaughtering places in the outskirts of many cities), was tearing and devouring the dead and feasting upon the bodies of rich and poor alike with none to molest them.

Below this picture was the description: *Progress of the Plague among the Gentiles. A street scene in a large city.* Nearly fifty of these pictures I carefully observed, wherein the fearful effects of this and other plagues were almost as vividly portrayed as if I had actually seen them.

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The last scene in the book was descriptive of the same plague as the first. A beautiful park-like, grassy prairie was surrounded by elm and cottonwood trees, the area embraced being about eighty rods across. In the centre of this enclosure was a large cone-shaped tent of a bright purple color, about thirty feet in height by twenty in diameter at the base. Midway in height in this tent was a floor dividing the inside into two stories. Near this tent was another, a round wall tent, about thirty feet in diameter, and nearly as high as the first. This was clean and white. Leaving a space of about a hundred yards from these central tents were hundreds of small rectangular wall tents in rows, reaching as far as the surrounding trees, each tent clean and white, and appearing to be of a size suited to the wants of an ordinary family. Not a human being, animal, bird or vehicle was in sight. Not a breath of air appeared to be stirring. The same atmosphere as in the previous pictures, with the atoms of poison, was represented, and the same time and season of the year.

Below this picture was the description: "A camp of the Saints who have gathered together and are living under the daily revelations of God, and are thus preserved from the plague." I understood from this that each family was in its tent during the hours of the day that the poison falls, and thus were preserved from breathing the deathly particles.

Handing the book to the messenger, who all this time had remained by my side, he vanished from my view as suddenly as he had appeared. I awoke my wife, who was soundly sleeping, and commenced to relate to her what I had just beheld. After telling her the description of the two pictures at the beginning of the book, and commencing on the third, this third picture and all up to the last was suddenly taken from my memory, so that I have never been able to recall them; but still I remember that they were scenes about the plagues and judgments.

In the revelations given to the Prophet Joseph, among the many plagues and judgments portrayed, that given in the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. xxix: 17—20, has always seemed to me to fully coincide with what has been related in the account of that dream. But whether that plague or another is meant, it does not matter. Plagues will come and the wicked must suffer; but the Saints will be preserved by the very principle for which the wicked persecute them, which is present revelation from the Almighty. *Add-Caput-Ville.*

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The curious traveling stones of Australia are paralleled in Nevada. They are described as almost perfectly round, about as large as a walnut, and of an ivory nature. When distributed about upon a level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they will begin traveling toward a common center, and there lie huddled up in a bunch, like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, returns to the heap, but at four or five feet lies motionless. They are composed of magnetic iron ore.

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## THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

NOMINALLY the principal officer of the Queen's household is the Lord Chamberlain, who is a peer of the realm, draws two thousand pounds a year, and plays a large part at coronations, royal marriages, christenings and funerals. Actually, up to within a recent date, the principal personage in the household of Queen Victoria was a Scotch gillie, who brought to London his kilt and his bare legs, which always formed a prominent feature in any public appearance of the Queen. There is not known, at least in modern history, a parallel to the precise position which John Brown held in the Queen's household. His title was "Per-

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sonal Attendant," and he literally fulfilled it, going out with Her Majesty on whatever errand she might appear, whether driving in state to open a session of Parliament, hurrying in a pony-carriage under the wet skies of Balmoral, or walking or riding amid the beauties of the Italian lakes.

The Queen has herself recorded, in simple language, the early growth of the attachment to the Scotch gillie. None but he could lead her pony over the Scotch mountain passes, and when the then young Queen had to be carried some distance, it was John Brown who, perhaps having read something of Sir Walter Raleigh, took off his plaid, and wrapping the Queen in it, he and another bore her bundle-wise over the pass. The last time John Brown appeared in public pageantry was at the opening of the Law Courts in the Strand. There was a magnificent procession of all that was great and famous in England. Peers and Commons, with Mr. Gladstone at their head in the stately robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer; judges in their scarlet and ermine, looking as if they had stepped out of a burlesque; Col. Fred Burnaby, "Silver-Stick-in-Waiting," — a most massive "Stick," six feet four in length, and burly to boot, looking bigger than ever in his tight white leather trousers, his gigantic boots and his short jacket; Bishops, Archbishops, Prince of Wales the Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal family; and then a stout, well made man in Highland costume, who walked with head erect amongst the best of them, serene in the unmeasured confidence of his sovereign. This was John Brown; and when the procession halted, and the Queen of England, surrounded by her nobles, stood and faced the scarcely less brilliant throng that filled the hall, there were doubtless as many eyes turned upon plain John Brown as upon the Archbishop of York, or the Home Secretary. A few months later John Brown was dead, and through the official Court Circular the Queen proclaimed her sorrow in words singularly similar to those in which, a year or two back, she had lamented the death of her trusty counselor, the Earl of Beaconsfield.

In all there are in the Queen's household just under a thousand persons, each with his appointed post and sufficient salary, for the maintenance of whom the nation sets apart the sum of three hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds. The Lord Chamberlain is assisted by a Vice-Chamberlain, who draws a salary of nine hundred and twenty-four pounds. This, like the Lord Chamberlainship, is a political office, and is held by a member of the House of Commons. The Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse has two thousand pounds a year, which, considering that the privy purse is not filled with more than sixty thousand pounds, is not an illiberal recompense. The office is not a laborious one, all Her Majesty's needs being provided for under other heads in the grants for the various departments of the household. This sixty thousand pounds a year is understood to be transferred pretty much in a lump sum to those "savings" for which Queen Victoria rightly or wrongly receives credit from the popular mind.

In this same department ranks the Mistress of the Robes, who receives five hundred pounds a year; a Groom of the Robes, who has eight hundred pounds, and Ladies of the Bedchamber, of whom there are eight, at a salary of five hundred pounds a year each. These ladies rarely rank under a duchess, and always belong to the highest families. It will be remembered that the Queen was barely seated on the throne, when the Constitution was shaken by what was known as the bedchamber question. Sir Robert Peel, being in a position of great difficulty, required the removal of certain ladies who were closely allied with his political opponents. The Queen stood by her rights, declared she would not be dictated to in the matter of her bedchamber. Sir Robert Peel assented to the principle, but at the same time resigned, and was not to be brought back till he gained his way. An arrangement is made by which the Ladies of the Bedchamber are in attendance for a fort-

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night at a time. They settle the turns among themselves, and usually get three a year. The Maids of Honor, of whom there are likewise eight, receive a salary of three hundred pounds a year each, and are in attendance in couples for a month at a time.

Formerly both Maids of Honor and Bedchamber Women were under strict discipline, and really did some work for their wages. The Countess of Suffolk, in her correspondence, lifts the veil and allows us to peep at majesty served by its Bedchamber Women. "The Bedchamber Women came into waiting before the Queen's prayers," writes the Duchess, "which was before she was dressed. * * When the Queen washed her hands, the Page of the Back-Stairs brought and set down on the side table the basin and ewer. Then the Bedchamber Woman set it before the Queen and knelt on the other side of the table, over against the Queen, the Bedchamber Lady only looking on. The Bedchamber Woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen's hand. The Bedchamber Woman pulled on the Queen's gloves when she could not do it herself. The Page of the Back-Stairs was called in to put on the Queen's shoes. When the Queen dined in public, the Page reached the glass to the Bedchamber Woman and she to the Lady in Waiting. The Bedchamber Woman brought the chocolate and gave it without kneeling."

Services of this kind are not confined to women. There are Lords in Waiting, who do about as much as Ladies in Waiting. These receive the oddly precise sum of seven hundred and two pounds a year. Of lower rank are the Grooms in Waiting, who receive £335.12.6 per annum apiece. There are four Gentleman Ushers of the Privy Chamber, at two hundred pounds per annum; four Daily Waiters, at one hundred and fifty pounds, and four Grooms of the Privy Chamber, at the modest recompense of seventy-three pounds per annum. But though the income is small, these offices are eagerly competed for, and are held by Vice-Admirals, Colonels and other distinguished personages.

There are five Pages of the Back-Stairs—not a lofty description, but the salary is fair, reaching four hundred pounds per annum. These gentlemen really have work to do. They wait at the royal dinner table, and one is always in attendance at the door of Her Majesty's apartment from eight in the morning until she retires for the night. There are six pages of the Presence, so called, apparently, because they do not actually dwell in the Presence, their duties being to attend upon the Lords, Ladies and Maids of Honor, and upon any of Her Majesty's visitors. For this they receive one hundred and eighty pounds a year; There are nine Housekeepers and upwards of sixty Housemaids. The Household has its ecclesiastical staff. The Bishop of London is always Dean of the Chapel Royal, and draws for his service a salary of two hundred pounds a year. There is a complete sanitary establishment at a cost to the tax-payers of two thousand seven hundred pounds a year. This consists of two Physicians in Ordinary, four Physicians Extraordinary, four Apothecaries for the Queen herself, and two for the combined Household, one Dentist, an Aurist, an Oculist and a Surgeon-Chiropodist. There is also a Poet Laureate, at the present time Lord Tennyson, who receives one hundred pounds a year, a sum that seems insignificant beside the income of one of the Pages of the Back-Stairs. The sister-art of painting is even more shabbily treated, the Painter in Ordinary receiving only fifty pounds a year.

More clearly pertaining to the Household, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is the department of the Lord Steward. Like the Lord Chamberlain, he is a Peer of the Realm, a friend of the government of the day, and the recipient of two thousand pounds a year. His functions are defined in the same precision as those of the Lord Chancellor or the Commander-in-Chief. It is written that "the estate of the Queen's Household is entirely committed to the Lord Steward to be ruled and governed according to his discretion. All his rules and commands in court are to be

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obeyed." His authority reaches over all the Officers and Servants of the Queen's Household, excepting those of the Queen's Chamber, Stable and Chapel. He has authority to hold courts for administering justice and settling disputes among the domestic servants of the Queen. He is assisted by a Treasurer and Controller of the Household, who each receives nine hundred and four pounds per annum. The Master of the Household has one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight pounds a year and practically does the work of the Lord Steward.

There is a Clerk of the Kitchen, whose importance is indicated by his salary of seven hundred pounds a year. The Chief Cook draws the same sum. There are four Master Cooks, who have a salary of six pounds a week, with the privilege of taking four apprentices, whom they charge premiums of from one hundred and fifty pounds to two hundred pounds. There are two Yeomen of the Kitchen, two assistant Cooks, two Roasting Cooks, four Scourers, three Kitchen-Maids, a Store-Keeper and two Steam-Apparatus Men—this last a modern addition to the Royal Household unknown at the time of Henry VIII, who was a family man, and paid much attention to the regulation of the Household, and established precedents many of which exist to this day. There is a Gentleman of Wine and Beer Cellars, who draws five hundred pounds a year, and has the duty of purchasing wines for the Royal establishment. He has under him two Yeomen at one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and a Groom at eighty pounds. There is a Principal Table-Decker, who has two hundred pounds a year, is assisted by a second Table-Decker at one hundred and fifty pounds, a third at ninety pounds, and an assistant at fifty-two pounds. There is also a Wax-fitter, who sees the candles properly disposed, whilst the Deckers lay the dinner-cloth, and see that the plates, dishes and cutlery are fairly set forth.

Furthermore, there is quite an army of porters, at the head of whom is the First Gentleman Porter; but as may be supposed, it would be a mistake to ask him to take your portmanteau upstairs upon arrival at one of the royal palaces. He probably looks around and sees that the First and Second Yeomen Porters, the Assistant Porter and the three Groom Porters do their work. There are a First and Second Lamplighter at one hundred pounds each a year, nearly twice as much as is paid to the Wax-fitter, and just the same as the Poet Laureate is thought to be worth. There is also a Barge-master and Waterman, who get four hundred pounds a year, although there is now no royal barge, nor any going to and fro by water, as was once the wont of English Majesty.

This list does not comprise the full muster of the Queen's household, but it may sufficiently indicate its vastness and its dignity. There is one personage who should not be omitted from the list, and though he comes last, he is by no means least. This is the Queen's Rat-Catcher, who is specially attached to Buckingham Palace. A peculiarity about this personage is that he is provided for outside the civil list. His salary is fifteen pounds a year, and every session the House of Commons, being on Committee of Supply, considers this vote, and gravely agrees to it. It is not much, little more than a hundredth part of the salary of the Hereditary Grand Falconer, who has twelve hundred pounds a year. But these are persons who draw their money from the treasury of the Royal household, and to that extent rank as servants. The Rat-Catcher is of the household, and yet apart from it. He resides near the scene of his labors, and his fifteen pounds a year, proposed by a Minister of the Crown, is voted with all the machinery of Parliament going at high pressure.—*Youth's Companion.*

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No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others.

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water, the harder he is when taken out.

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# THE ARMY.

I.

PHILOSOPHERS have derived much satisfaction from a circumstance growing out of the late rebellion. Great Britain was disposed, for various historical and commercial reasons, to cast its sympathies with the Southern States, and, as far as consistent with the rules of international law, to countenance their struggles for independence. To express sympathy for them, even to the extent of recognizing their independence, was proper; but not so the open and notorious use of a British harbor for the building and partial equipment of the "Alabama" and other less widely known rebel cruisers.

The rebellion ended, the Federal government endeavored to secure an adjustment of this breach of comity, and demanded reparation from England, for the great damage she had rendered possible to our merchant marine. A war seemed imminent; the analogies of history suggested it, and the passions of the citizens of both countries would have countenanced it. But, singularly enough, reason prevailed; the dispute was submitted to arbitration, and the horrors of war averted by the payment to the Unted States of fifteen million dollars. It was this anomalous proceeding, so full of promise for the future, that inspired the hopes of those who fancied they beheld the dawn of the day of reason, before the twilight of the day of war had faded.

But such hopes were premature; war is still waged. The life of the individual is but the diminutive of that of the nation. The latter has its birth, its period of infancy, youth, manhood, decrepitude, and, finally, its day of dissolution. Draper, in writing the "Intellectual Development of Europe," has traced the life of each of the nations of Europe through all or some of these stages. Not only may we trace a parallel between the physical development of the individual and that of the state, but in one we may find the same characteristics of mind and passion which are evinced by the other. As the individual is actuated by sentiments of love or hate, so is the nation; as the former is prompted by motives of jealousy or revenge, in a similar way do we find nations thus moved.

The individual has learned that it is wise to submit difficulties to courts for settlement; likewise have nations concluded that boards of arbitrators and international courts are beneficial institutions. Yet, individuals are by passion led into personal encounters; and similarly nations rise up in arms for the adjustment of those wrongs, which are inflicted with gross insult. In primitive society might was right; by strength property was acquired, by strength it was retained; there was no justice but force, no mercy but might; there were no courts but battlefields, and the victors were the judges.

The nation and the individual have plodded along through the dim past hand in hand, ever becoming less bloody and ferocious, and more regardful of the peace and happiness of society and the rights of fellows, until now we find war less frequent and atrocious, moderated by rules and the influences of religion.

In tracing the military development of the world, we find the same rate of improvement that has characterized other professions. In weapons, advance was early made from the club and sling to the spear and sword and shield. The Greeks and Romans used these weapons together with chariots, bows and arrows and others of a similar character, either their own invention or the heritage of other nations. They also protected their heads and bodies by armor. Cities were walled from a very early day. In the storming of fortified sites vast engines for propelling stones, battering rams, movable towers and Greek fire, were brought to a great degree of perfection at an early period. These and similar devices continued to be the instruments of attack and defence until the application of gunpowder to the art



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of war. Since which time there has been progression from the cumbrous flintlock of uncertain fire and aim to the deadly long range gun of the modern infantry. From the catapult it was a long step to the clumsy ordnance of the early days of gunpowder; but it has been a longer step from the culverin of the middle ages to the one hundred ton guns of the present day. Similarly the fortification of cities has been reduced to the most perfect science, and the armament of ships has been extended so far that now vessels of war are pointed out to us with walls of steel and wood several feet in thickness. The sling has been replaced by the Gatling guns and the Hotchkiss revolving cannon, which literally pour forth showers of lead. The torpedo, a submarine enemy, renders precarious the existence of the heaviest ironclad; other torpedoes, guided by electricity, move through the water, here and there, at pleasure. A gun which throws dynamite is the latest engine of destruction. The cannon is still being enlarged and improved in order that the sides of the ironclad may be penetrated; the sides of the ironclad are being thickened and strengthened in order that resistance may be effectually offered.

Strategy has remained unchanged. We find Napoleon fighting his battles on the same plans made use of by Cæsar and Hannibal. The objects of a commander are still to oppose a superior force to an inferior one, to turn the enemy's flanks, to penetrate his centre, to cut off his line of communications. Tactics have undergone such changes as were rendered necessary by the improvement of weapons.

With primitive weapons, deep masses of men, ranks behind ranks, were found most effectual. The Grecian phalanx and the Roman legion were masses of troops, which, by reason of mere mass and momentum were found irresistible. Cavalry, which in the middle ages became the principal arm, was at this early period, as now, a mere adjunct to the more important infantry arm. At the time of the crusades, during the age of chivalry, nearly all fighting was of a desultory character; large armies were comparatively unknown, and war was waged by bands of mounted knights and their retainers. Somewhat later the value of infantry was again demonstrated; this time by the Swiss, who were compelled to adopt the method of warfare on foot by the natural ruggedness of their native country. Several Swiss victories over the proud knights of Austria, had the effect of bringing mounted troops into disrepute. Since this time they have continued to grow of less importance, until now they are but a small proportion of an army, and are used not so much in the battle itself as for such duty as cutting lines of communication, for picket and raiding services, and, of course, in Indian warfare.

With a gun so imperfect as the old "blunderbuss," requiring thirty-two motions in the execution of the command "load," and of such inaccurate fire and short range, it would of course result that ranks would still be deep and that mass would be an important factor where hand to hand fighting was still possible. But as the gun was improved in range and effect it was found that the massing of men must be avoided; and so from the time of Gustavus Adolphus, who fought with six ranks, I believe, the number of ranks has continually decreased until now but two ranks are used in the drill and the movements of troops, while a single rank, at open intervals, supported by similar lines, is almost exclusively used in battle.

While the mere fighting of a battle or campaign is done with much more scientific weapons than were known to Cæsar or even to Napoleon, yet we find that the principle of strategy which either applied, stand to-day as the perfection of military generalship. Youths in military schools are taught the principles upon which the battle of Pharsalia was fought, they are thoroughly instructed in the many campaigns and encounters of Napoleon; while our late civil war is considered so barren of what is regarded as the highest in war, that its many campaigns are passed over in silence.

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To say, however, that our war was not fought strategically, is not to say that it was not fought bravely, since in the one great battle at Gettysburg the casualties were more numerous than during the entire Franco-Prussian war. As a rule the number of killed and disabled in a modern battle with improved methods, is less, proportionately, than in the struggles of ancient days. Hand to hand encounters were prolific of casualties. It may be questioned, then, how a war accomplishes the end aimed at or feared. It is because of its vast expense under modern methods, and of the injury inflicted upon commerce; because of the accumulated wealth of the warring nations and the further losses probable to the unsuccessful combatants, which should prolong the conflict. France wars with Germany; the ground remains untilled, the looms unworked, her fleets are drawn from the seas, and the very arteries and veins of national existence are clogged. France has already expended hundreds of millions of francs, her people are out of employment; starvation fronts them; disgrace and further humiliation await her; she still has existence, she can better afford to indemnify the Germans than prolong the controversy.

The inhabitants of Europe are to-day groaning under the military loads they have to bear. They are heavily taxed to support millions of armed men and furnish the munitions of war; they are impressed into the service at the sacrifice of business hopes and social aspirations. And yet it would be folly for any one of these nations to disarm without a general disarmament. The latter has been discussed, but all are suspicious of their neighbors. It will be a long stride towards the millennial reign of peace, when the people of Europe are freed from the intolerable burdens of military despotism.

It is with feelings of satisfaction that we turn to the contemplation of the United States in this respect as in many others. We feel no military yoke, as we feel no yoke of kingly power or prerogative. While European nations are forced to arm themselves against the jealousies and ambition of their neighbors, we, by reason of isolation or the weakness of our neighbors, are freed from such burdens. Our skeleton army is required for little more than frontier duty and the preservation of forts from decay, with a little fancy duty occasionally in the way of parades.

*Richard W. Young.*

# LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

IN FOUR ACTS.

## ACT III.

*Three months are supposed to elapse between Acts II and III.*

SCENE I.—*A cabin used by* MONTROSE *as a tent during his march from Inverary.*

SENTINELS *heard exchanging cries. Distant reveille.*

*Discover* MONTROSE *awakening on couch. Knocking heard.*

MONTROSE. Who comes there, so early?

*Enter* ANGUS MCAULAY.

ANGUS. 'Tis I, my lord, I have news for you which it is worth your while to rise and listen to.

MONTROSE. (*Coming forward.*) McAulay can bring no other—are they good or bad?

ANGUS. As you may decide. Argyle is nearer to our rear than we had imagined. He is moving on Inverlochy with three thousand men, the flower of the sons of Campbell.

MONTROSE. The voice of McAulay is ever pleasant in the ears of Montrose, and most pleasant when he speaks of some brave enterprise at hand. When will Argyle reach the vale of Inverlochy?

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ANGUS. By noon, this very day.

MONTROSE. (*Quickly.*) This day! What are our musters?

ANGUS. About one to their two.

MONTROSE. Then do not hesitate. We will at once to the right-about and countermarch. We, too, can reach Inverlochy by noon, and this shall be a day of battle to us both.

ANGUS. It is gallantly said, my noble lord, and our men were worse than cowards did they not do justice to such a general.

MONTROSE. Let the chiefs and leaders be called together as quickly as possible. We must arrange our plans and decide who best can guide us through these wild mountains the nearest road against our enemy. (*Exit* ANGUS.) So, false Argyle, have we not punished thee enough already? This day decides thy fate and ours. (*Enter* DALGETTY *very ragged*, RANALD, KENNETH.) What, my good friend, Major Dalgetty!

DALGETTY. I pray leave to congratulate you, my most noble general, on the great battles you have achieved since I was detached from you. It was a pretty affair, that march on Inverary, and Argyle has suffered somewhat for infringing the law of arms against my person.

MONTROSE. But where were you, my good Major? We have long given you up for lost.

DALGETTY. It is a long story, my lord, you see—

MONTROSE. Then pray make it short, Major, for pressing matters are at hand.

DALGETTY. Then I may tell you that under heaven, I made my escape by the excellent dexterity which I displayed and by the assistance of this old highlander and his grandson, here.

MONTROSE. A service which shall be requited in the manner it deserves.

DALGETTY. There, you see now it is no small honor to be serving Major Dalgetty. Kneel down, Ranald, kneel down, and kiss his excellency's hand. (RANALD, *with arms folded, makes a low bow only.*)

MONTROSE. What is your name, my friend?

RANALD. It may not be spoken here.

DALGETTY. That is to say, he desires to have his name concealed, in respect he hath in former days, slain certain children, and done other things which, if known, would excite no benevolence among some of your followers. (*Aside to* MONTROSE.) He is an outlaw by profession, and by name called Ranald McEagh. The other is his grandson.

MONTROSE. I understand. These persons are at feud with the McAulays. We will think of the best mode of protecting them. But where have you been, these three months?

DALGETTY. So please your Excellency, I got well out of the castle of Inverary, and would soon have rejoined you; but I was wounded in the pursuit that Argyle gave us. I escaped his clutches through the help of this Highlander and his people, who nursed my wound and have guided me back to my command.

MONTROSE. And you have arrived in good time to be of service, worthy major.

DALGETTY. My lord, in leaving Argyle somewhat suddenly, I failed not to bring with me some tokens of his esteem. Perhaps these papers arrive too late to be of use. (*Hands papers to* MONTROSE *who examines them with eagerness.*) *Aside.*) I will not occupy his valuable time by accounting to him for the gold.

MONTROSE. (*Reading papers.*) Does he not fear me? But he has felt me. He would fire my own castle of Murdoch. I have fired his castle of Inverary. O, for a guide through these passes to Inverlochy!

DALGETTY. If your excellency needs a guide, this poor man, Ranald, knows every pass in the land.

MONTROSE. Indeed! Can you answer for his fidelity?

DALGETTY. I will pledge my pay and arrears, my head and neck, upon his fidelity. A cavalier could say no more for his father.

MONTROSE. We will employ them, but we must have a care against the breaking out of this feud. Let their presence here, and the purpose for

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which we employ them, be a secret between you and me. [*Exit.*

DALGETTY. Now, you see, friend Ranald, how all goes swimmingly. You will be under my protection and I will take Kenneth to attend my person.

RANALD. You may do so, but lift not your hand upon him; for he is man enough to pay a foot of leathern strap with a yard of tempered steel.

DALGETTY. A most improper vaunt! (*Enter* ALLAN *followed by* ANGUS.) Now, by heaven, here is the very man who will spoil all.

ANGUS. You returned, Major, we all thought you dead.

ALLAN. (*Suspiciously.*) Who are these men?

DALGETTY. This is a—a—Ranald MacGillihuron of Benbecula, who escaped with me out of Argyle's prison; and this is his grandson, Kenneth. Ranald is a harper, and he also hath, like yourself, the capacity of second-sight. (ALLAN *gazes with such intentness on* RANALD *that the latter is about to grasp his dagger, when* ALLAN *extends his hand in friendly greeting.* DALGETTY *watches with great anxiety.*)

ALLAN. You come from the distant island of Benbecula?

DALGETTY. (*Aside.*) Now where is Allan's boasted second-sight that he cannot tell a deadly enemy from a brother prophet?

ALLAN. (*To* RANALD.) Come hither, come more this way. I would converse with you apart; for men say that in your distant islands the sight is poured forth with more clearness and power than upon us who dwell nearer the Saxons. (*They retire, conversing.*)

DALGETTY. Angus McAulay, when begins the march on Inverlochy?

ANGUS. Within the hour, and I must now see to the safe conveyance of Annot Lyle.

DALGETTY. Annot Lyle! Is she following the campaign.

ANGUS. Surely, we could neither march nor fight, advance nor retreat, without the influence of the Princess of Harps.

DALGETTY. Princess of Harps! Princess of broadswords and target, I say.

*Exeunt* ANGUS, DALGETTY, KENNETH.

ALLAN. (*Advancing with* RANALD.) Does the sight come gloomy on your spirits?

RANALD. As dark as the shadow on the moon when she is darkened in her mid-course in heaven, and prophets foretell of evil times.

ALLAN. There is a matter in my visions which greatly perplexes me. Repeatedly have I had the sight of a Highlander who seemed to plunge his weapon into the body of my cousin, Mentieth—

RANALD. (*Aside.*) Mentieth.

ALLAN. The young lieutenant of Montrose. But by no effort, though I have gazed till my eyes were almost fixed in the sockets, can I discover the face of this Highlander, or even conjecture who he may be, although his person and air seem familiar to me.

RANALD. Have you reversed your own plaid, according to the rule of experienced seers in such case?

ALLAN. (*Shuddering.*) I have.

RANALD. And in what guise did the phantom then appear to you?

ALLAN. (*Convulsively.*) With his plaid also reversed.

RANALD. Then be assured that your own hand and none other, will do the deed of which you have witnessed the shadow.

ALLAN. So has my anxious soul a hundred times surmised. But it is impossible! Were I to read the record in the eternal book of fate, I would declare it impossible—we are bound by the ties of blood, and by a hundred ties more intimate—we have stood side by side in battle, and our swords have reeked with the blood of the same enemies—it is IMPOSSIBLE that I should harm him.

RANALD. That you WILL do so is certain. You say (*with emotion*) that side by side you have pursued your prey like bloodhounds—have you never seen bloodhounds turn their fangs against each other, and fight over the body of a throttled deer?

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ALLAN. It is false! These are not the forebodings of fate, but the temptation of some evil spirit from the bottomless pit. [*Exit.*

RANALD. Thou hast it! The barbed arrow is in thy side! Spirits of the slaughtered, rejoice! Soon shall your murderers' swords be dyed in each other's blood.

*Martial music at change.*

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SCENE II.—*A plain near Inverlochy.*

*Enter* ARGYLE, SIR DUNCAN, NEAL *and* HIGHLANDERS, *armed.*

DUNCAN. I rejoice in the prospect, my lord, that Graham of Montrose will be crushed by none others than us.

ARGYLE. (*His arm is in a sash.*) You are too scrupulous, Sir Duncan. What signifies it by whose hands the blood of Graham is spilt? It is time that that of the sons of Campbell had ceased to flow.

DUNCAN. My lord, my lord, consider that we now have a personal opportunity of settling with Montrose for his depredations. He has left a heavy account in Argyleshire against him, and I long to reckon with him drop of blood for drop of blood.

ARGYLE. How know you that we venture personally with him. James Graham has not ventured to show us his banner.

*Distant flourish—Royal salute.*

DUNCAN. You may hear, my lord, from yonder signal, that Montrose must be in person among these men.

ARGYLE. (*Timidly.*) And has probably horse with him which we could not have anticipated.

DUNCAN. But shall we look pale for that, my lord, when we have foes to fight and wrongs to revenge?

ARGYLE. Curses on that fall! It was to be that a tumble from my horse should disable me from active service.

DUNCAN. It is true, my Lord of Argyle, you are disabled from using either sword or pistol; you must retire on board the galleys.

ARGYLE. No, it shall never be said that I fled before Montrose; if I cannot fight, I will, at least, die in the midst of my children.

DUNCAN. Nay, my lord, retire; your life is precious to us as a head; your hand cannot be useful to us as a soldier. (*To Neal.*) See him on board, Neal, where he will be in safety. We have other duties to perform. (*Exit* ARGYLE *with* NEAL *and* HIGHLANDERS.) (*Looking after him.*) It is better it should be so, but of his line of a hundred sires, I know not one who would have retired while the banner of Campbell waved in the wind, and in the face of its most inveterate foes. [*Exit with followers.*

*Drums, flourishes, military music at change.*

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SCENE III.—*Field of Inverlochy. Castle in the distance. Lake and Mountain.*

*At change, enter* HIGHLANDERS *who come forward and sing:*

BATTLE SONG.

Awake! To arms! To arms! we cry,
The Campbell banner invites us;
We gain the battle to-day, or die,
Our deadly enemy fights us.
The terror of war is on the wind,
And death is hovering o'er us—
But craven the heart of the faltering hind
That halts in the path before us.

CHORUS.

To arms! Ye Caledonia's sons!
To arms! The lawless foeman comes.
To arms! We fight to save our homes.
God and the King our cry.

Awake! awake! our foes appear,
The pibroch's note is sounding;
Our Highland hearts, devoid of fear,
Exultantly are bounding.
For soon our wrathful arms shall be
In strife of war engaging,
And naught but death or victory
Shall stay the battle's raging.—CHORUS.

*Enter* MONTROSE, MENTIETH, ANGUS, ALLAN, MUSGRAVE, HALL *and followers, armed.*

MENTIETH. (*Looking.*) They are going to put their horses out of danger. Yonder goes Argyle and his men.

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MONTROSE. You are wrong, Mentieth, they are saving their precious chief. Give the signal for assault at once—send the word through the ranks. (*Exit two* HIGHLANDERS.) Gentlemen, upon them instantly! [*Exeunt.*

*Drums, flourishes, shouts. Enter* DALGETTY, RANALD. (RANALD *has bows, arrows and broadsword, with target.*)

DALGETTY. Ranald, my trusty comrade, you have no firearms, I dare to aver, and in what manner you propose to do battle, before you come to hand blows, it passeth my apprehension.

*During this scene, numbers of* HIGHLANDERS, *arrayed for war, can pass irregularly or in order, hurriedly and with moderate haste. Bagpipes may also be introduced.*

RANALD. (*Showing bow and slapping quiver.*) With the weapons and with the courage of our fathers.

DALGETTY. Bows and arrows! ha, ha, ha! Have we Robin Hood back again? Bows and arrows! ha, ha! Oh, that Dugald Dalgetty should live to see men fight with bows and arrows. Well, Ranald, since they are the word e'en let us make the best of it. Here is game already.

RANALD. (*Drawing Dalgetty.*) Bide we here. See you the glitter of that breastplate. It is Sir Duncan. I (*fighting heard*) will have no hand against him.

*Enter* SIR DUNCAN, *fighting. Kills soldier, who falls off.*

DALGETTY. Surrender, Sir Duncan and we will give you fair quarter.

DUNCAN. That for your quarter. (*Shoots at* DALGETTY, *who staggers around scarcely knowing whether he is hit or not.* RANALD *throws away bow and attacks* DUNCAN *with sword, cutting him down.*)

*Enter* ALLAN *and several* HIGHLANDERS, *who go to raise* DUNCAN.

ALLAN. Villains! It was my positive orders that Sir Duncan be taken alive Which of you has dared to do this?

RANALD. I have.

ALLAN. Dog of an islander, follow the chase and harm him no farther, unless you mean to die by my hand.

RANALD. That I should die by your hand, red as it is with the blood of my kindred, is not more likely than that you should fall by mine. (*Makes sudden and desperate blow at* ALLAN, *but is successfully parried.*)

ALLAN. (*Astonished.*) Villain, what means this?

RANALD. I am Ranald of the Mist! (*They are about to fight when* DALGETTY *interposes.*)

DALGETTY. Hold up your sword, and prejudice this person no farther, in respect that he is here in my safe conduct.

ALLAN. (*Furiously.*) Fool! stand aside; and dare not come between the tiger and his prey! (*Makes cut at* DALGETTY, *who staggers up stage.* RANALD *and* ALLAN *fight.* RANALD *falls wounded and* ALLAN *is about to give the fatal blow.*)

*Enter* MONTROSE, MENTIETH, ANGUS, MUSGRAVE, HALL, *hastily.*

MONTROSE. For shame, gentlemen, brawling together on so glorious a field of victory. Argyle's forces are completely routed, and the day is altogether ours.

*Quick curtain.*

END OF ACT III.

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AMERICAN INVENTIONS.—An English journal gives credit to Americans for at least fifteen inventions and discoveries which, it says, have been adopted all over the world. First, the cotton-gin; second; the planing machine; third, the mower and reaper; fourth, the rotary printing press; fifth, navigation by steam; sixth, the hot air or caloric engine; seventh, the sewing machine; eighth, the India rubber (vulcanite process) industry; ninth, the machine manufacture of horse shoes; tenth, the sand blast for carving; eleventh, the gauge lathe; twelfth, the grain elevator; thirteenth, artificial ice manufacture on a large scale; fourteenth, the electro-magnet and its practical application; fifteenth, the composing machine for printers.

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# APOSTASY.

II.

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats." *I Tim., iv: 1—3.*"

A CLERGY which could descend to a mere wrangling after temporal power, and forget or ignore the very spirit of the Gospel whose exponents they were, would hardly fail to partake of the spirit and follow the practices of the infidel nations around them. A primal teaching in the church was that "marriage is honorable in all and the bed undefiled," but three centuries of the Christian era had not passed when restrictions were placed upon matrimony. While marriage was allowed it was discountenanced and celibacy considered more holy and excellent. Those who held such views, many of them, would not yield to the flesh enough to marry, but were not above taking to their houses and even beds women who had sworn perpetual chastity, and affirming, most solemnly, there was nothing criminal in this relationship.

After the time of Constantine the vices of the clergy, especially those who officiated in large cities, were augmented in proportion to their honors, wealth, and the favor in which they were held by the emperors. Rites and ceremonies from paganism, undue reverence of martyrs and saints, and respect of relics which began about the fourth century, caused the church to drift farther and farther from the primitive faith and worship. In his history of the fourth century, Mosheim says: "Good men were commingled with bad, yet the number of bad began gradually to increase, so that the truly pious and godly appeared more rare. When the character of most bishops was tarnished with arrogance, luxury, effeminacy, animosity, resentments and other defects; when the lower clergy neglected their proper duties and were more attentive to idle controversy than to the promotion of piety and the instruction of the people; when vast numbers were induced, not by rational conviction, but by fear of punishment and the hope of worldly advantage to enroll themselves as Christians, how can it surprise us that on all sides the vicious appeared a host, and the pious a little band almost overpowered by them? Against the flagitious and those guilty of heinous offences, the same rules of penance were prescribed as before the reign of Constantine; but as the times continually waxed worse, the more honorable and powerful could sin with impunity, and only the poor and unfortunate felt the severity of the laws." (Reid's Mosheim, page 149.)

This is damaging evidence against the claim, made by many, of pure apostolic succession. The apostolic spirit would not and did not remain among those who yielded themselves to every species of luxury and vice, nor was it possible for the power of Christ, Peter or Paul to be transmitted through such a descent. We make more extracts as proof in point. Lord Macaulay, one of the greatest intellects of modern times, has the following to say upon this part of the subject:—"Christianity absorbed and assimilated too much with old pagan rites and ceremonies, and sacrificed much of its own system. It triumphed over Gothic ignorance, Syrian asceticism, Roman policy, and Grecian ingenuity but it retained much of the characteristics of the vanquished, in fact so much, it was no longer the early church."

Our distinguished authority did not assert more than he could prove as may, in part, be seen from the following quotation from Augustine, bishop of Hypps:—"The yoke once laid upon the Jews was more supportable than that laid on many Christians in this age." For the Christian bishops introduced with but slight alterations into the Christian worship, those rites and institutions by

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which formerly the Greeks and Romans and other nations had manifested their reverence toward their imaginary deities, supposing that the people would more readily embrace Christianity if they perceived the rites and symbols handed down to them by their fathers still among the Christians, and saw that Christ and the martyrs were worshiped the same as their Gods and heroes had been. At this time there was of course little difference between the worship of the Christians, and that of the Greeks and Romans. In both of them there were splendid robes, mitres, tiaras, wax tapers, croziers, processions, images, golden and silver vases, and so on *ad infinitum*. The superstitious notions concerning saints, angels and images, which had been continually increasing were very much augmented in the fifth century. The help of departed saints was implored by vast multitudes, and no one tried to check this absurd devotion, nor was there any debate upon the subject as to whether the martyrs had power to intercede in behalf of human affairs. Disembodied spirits were supposed to be frequent visitors to the spot where their bodies had been buried, and this opinion drew a great conflux of supplicants to the sepulchres of saints. The images of those who had a reputation for sanctity when alive had extraordinary devotions paid them, and many Christians held the same view as pagan priests—that the spirits of departed heroes and saints were present in their images, and that intercession made to an image would receive the same attention as if made directly to the person whom it represented. It had been the custom of pagan priests to have images of their gods and goddesses in their temples, and Christians were not slow to follow the practice, it being introduced by the Cappadocians in the third century. As departed pagan heroes had become deified, so saints and martyrs succeeded in all respects to honors which had been paid the former. The analogy between the two religions made the transition very easy to the bulk of the common people. In this as in all other corruptions the clergy took the lead, not being averse to the pomp and ceremony of paganism, and were particular to accept all the forms of ancient idolatry which would make the transition easier. So close was the resemblance between the two churches, the Christians had the same temples, the same altars and often the same images with the pagans, only giving them new names. Dr. Middleton in his "Letters from Rome," page 160, writes of having seen a statue of a young Bacchus, which was worshiped in the guize of a female saint. Upon page 167 of the same work he says:—"As men are greatly influenced by names, it was even contrived that the name of the new divinity should as much as possible resemble the old one Thus the saint Apollinaris was made to succeed the god Apollo, and St. Martina the god Mars. It was further contrived that, in some cases, the same business should continue to be done in the same place, by substituting for the heathen god a christian saint of a similar character, and distinguished for the same virtues. Thus there being a temple at Rome, in which sickly infants had been usually presented for the cure of their disorders, they found a christian saint who had been famous for the same attention to children; and consecrating the same temple to him, the very same practices are now continued as in the times of paganism." Proof of the great corruption could hardly be stronger than this, but we again quote from authority equally eminent and learned. Dr. Priestly in his "Corruptions of Christianity," vol. I, page 343, says,—"The noblest heathen temple now remaining in the world is the Pantheon or Rotunda at Rome, which as the inscriptions over the portico inform us, having being impiously dedicated of old by Agrippa to Jupiter, and all the gods, was piously reconsecrated by Pope Boniface the fourth to the blessed virgin and all the saints. With this single alteration it serves exactly for all the purposes of the popish, as it did for the pagan worship for which it was built. For as in the old temple every one might find the god of his



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country, and address himself to that deity to whose religion he was most devoted, so it is the same thing now. Every one chooses the patron whom he loves best; and one may see here different services going on at the same time at different altars, with distinct congregations around them, just as the inclination of the people lead them to the worship of this or that particular saint."

The saints and martyrs being held in such high estimation, as a matter of course, their relics or whatever had been intimately associated with them, came to be highly valued and the priests had an unfailing revenue in selling the bones, dresses, etc., pertaining to their deceased compeers. This foolish practices received its greatest impetus from Gregory the Great in the sixth century, and from Constantine, predecessor of Gregory the second. Upon relic worship, Dr. Priestly has the following to say:—We cannot wonder at the great demand for relics, when we consider the virtues that were ascribed to them by the priests and friars who were the vendors of them in that ignorant age. They pretended they had power to fortify them against temptation, to increase grace and merit, to fright away devils, to still winds and tempests, to secure from thunder, lightning, blasting and all sudden casualties and misfortunes; to stop all infectious disorders, and to cure as many others as any mountebank ever pretended to do." The worship of images met with some opposition but it finally triumphed, assisted materially by the decision of the "Council of Trent," which failed to determine how far the worship should extend, and it was probably carried too far. The following is the decision as found in "Thewall's Idolatry of the Church of Rome," page 382. "On the Invocation, Veneration and Relics of the Saints and on Sacred Images:

"The images, moreover, of Christ and the Virgin Mother of God, and the other saints are to be had and retained, particularly in the churches, and due honor and veneration are to be given to them, not because any divinity or virtue is supposed to reside in them, upon account of which they are to be worshiped; or that any thing is to be sought from them; or that trust is to be placed in images, as was formerly the case among the Gentiles, who placed their trust in idols, but because of the honor which is referred to the prototypes which they represent. So that through the images which we kiss, and before which we uncover our heads and prostrate ourselves, we adore Christ, and we venerate the saints whose similitude they represent, which is sanctioned by the decrees of councils, but especially those of the second Nicene Synod, against the opposers of images." As above inferred the reverence of images was even much greater than allowed by the decision of the council, and the fathers of the church could not but acquiesce in a practice which, in time, became almost universal. At the consecration of images solemn ceremonies were observed and solemn prayers offered up which corresponded closely with solemnities and ceremonies observed by heathens which *they* worshiped as idols. It was wittily observed by a heathen author that the length and solemnity of the consecration depended upon the value of the material used in the manufacture of the image—which is literally true. A solemn consecration, it seems to us, would hardly be necessary if the image was to be simply a remembrance, as it would serve the purpose just as well without a consecration as with it. If an image is a mere representation to refresh the memory, and if there is no real and sacred virtue attached to it why have there been so many pilgrimages made, at different times, to *particular images*, as for instance to the shrine of St. James, of Compostilla in Spain, and that of our Lady of Loretto of Italy. A whole volume might be written, upon this phase of our subject, showing how literally prophecy has been fulfilled and the law of God transgressed in the worship of wood and stone, to the loss of the spirit of truth, but we have shown enough to prove our point and will forbear, after making one more quotation,

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and proceed to investigate other corruptions. Dr. Priestly, says:—page 361, volume 1,—"At length, therefore Christians came to be idolaters in the same gross sense in which the heathens had ever been, so being equally worshipers both of dead men and their images and bones."

An important, though not a vital principle in the Christian faith was the business of confession. The early Christians were accustomed to have public confession of sins, and when a person had been excommunicated he had to make a public confession of his guilt, before he could be received into the church—the same as now practiced by the Latter-day Saints. The heresies of one generation are the dogmas of the next, and, ere long, auricular was substituted for public confession, and subsequently came the doing of private penance, and the sale of indulgences—another name for the licensing of crime. In the fifth century, Leo the Great gave permission to confess privately to a priest, though the practice of public confession had already fallen into partial disuse. "In this way," says Mosheim, page 197, "the ancient discipline, the sole defence of chastity and modesty was removed and the actions of men were subjected to the scrutiny of the clergy, which was greatly to their interest." Not until the thirteenth century, however, did private confession receive direct pontifical assistance. In the fourth council of the Lateran, A. D. 1215, Innocent III published seventy decrees, and in one of them held it to be an article of faith that every one is bound by a positive and divine ordinance that it is the duty of every one to enumerate and confess his sins to a priest. The same council and the pontiff, denied the conflicting opinions, for some time rife in the church, in relation to transubstantiation, or the presence of real flesh and blood of Christ in the eucharist. The decision was favorable to this strange belief, and subsequently the doctrine of the actual presence became universal in the Romish church.

The sale of indulgences above mentioned, within itself extremely reprehensible, was the means of leading the clergy and priests to the perpetrating of flagrant crimes and horrid blasphemy; and as it was the first prop which Luther endeavored to strike from under the papal chair, we will give the subject more extended notice. Doing of penance first followed auricular confession, and sins might be atoned for by repetitions of the psaltar, bowings, scourgings, alms, pilgrimages, etc. The word indulgence at first meant the relaxation of penance in particular cases, and the penances at first were voluntary, but were finally imposed, and could not be dispensed but by leave of the bishops, who often sold them for immense sums of money. In the twelfth century, the popes, seeing the source of gain to the bishops, limited their power and finally drew the whole sale of indulgences to Rome, and even went so far as to pretend to abolish the punishment due to wickedness in a future state. In 1518 Leo X decreed that the popes had the power to remit both the crime and the punishment of sin, the benefit extending to the dead as well as the living. This Leo had recourse to these indulgences in supplying his exhausted finances. He promised the forgiveness of all sins, past, present and to come, and disposed of his indulgences to whoever would use them, and so they passed from hand to hand—disposed of by common peddlers, who used the artifices of trade to increase the price of them. Texel, a dominican friar, was particularly distinguished for pushing the sale of these indulgences. Among other blasphemous utterances, he promised that if a man had lain with the mother of God, he and the Pope could pardon the crime. He also boasted he had saved more souls from hell with indulgences than had St. Peter with all his preaching. It would be impossible to recite all the blasphemies of which this horrid practice was the cause.

It is revolting to dwell upon such details—the prostitution of power to ends so base and vile. And we are told the spirit of Christ and the Gospel has come from such a source, and that not a link

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in the chain of succession is lacking to establish the claim of divine authority. The thought is revolting. In truth, the time came long since, when blind leaders gave "heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, * * having their conscience seared with a hot iron."

*J. L. Robison.*

## ARCHITECTURE OF COMMON HOUSES.

II.

VENTILATION.

IN our last chapter we gave a few hints upon the selection of a site, and the arrangement of rooms for the building of a home. One of the most important things to consider in building a home, is how the building is to be ventilated, and let it be here remarked, that to secure and keep good health, your home must be well ventilated.

It is estimated by careful investigators that about forty per cent. of all fatal diseases are due to impure air. We think we can stand some bad air, and the way is to attribute death, when it comes, to some disease with another name. But the bad air is the prime cause in a vast number of cases. Carbonic acid by its presence in any quantity indicates a foul state of the air. The normal amount is about seven parts in ten thousand, that is, one cannot breathe more than that without bad effect. The constant need is for pure air. Standing out of doors in ordinary weather, the human body is ventilated each hour by at least one hundred thousand cubic feet of pure air. Indoors every occupied room should have from six hundred to one thousand cubic feet of space to each person there, and at least sixty square feet of room to each, while the air should be so changed by currents as to keep the carbonic acid below eight parts in ten thousand.

Opportunity for the ingress of pure air, and the egress of that which is impure, is absolutely requisite in the construction of every house. Previous to the introduction of stoves as a warming apparatus for houses, these were moderately well ventilated by the open grate and the fireplaces which they contained. The pure air, because cold, rushed down the chimney, and becoming warm by passing the fire, spread through the house, furnishing life to its inmates. Through the same opening the rarified air, being lightened, ascended, and thus constant renewal was had. In those days ventilation was not studied, because additional means for it were not needed; necessity being the mother of invention, where no necessity existed, means were not considered. Hence in those days ventilation was not discussed; and yet men, and especially women, maintained a degree of health and vigor and hardiness of constitution which are both the marvel and envy of modern times.

Wherein consists the remarkable change since then? Whence the dyspepsia, nervous derangements, consumption, etc., of our times? Through the closing of fire places by the invention of stoves. By this change in household arrangements, the inmates of our houses have been largely deprived of the life-giving oxygen, the vital air of the atmosphere. Every breath we draw, every lamp that burns, every fire that warms us, consumes this air in large quantities; and if it is not replenished by constant ingress from the stores of nature, we must grow dull, pale, weak, inert and finally succumb to disease and death. And yearly, millions go down to untimely graves, and the groans of the dying are constantly heard, as the result of want of ventilation. It has taken a long time for us to learn the fact, and even now it is imperfectly understood.

Houses, then, should be properly ventilated. If no other means have been provided, every window should be arranged with pulleys and fastenings so as to be readily lowered from the top and raised from the bottom. An opening is necessary part of the time, at

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least, in all weathers, if the room is inhabited. There must be a constant change of air, and this cannot be effected through closed windows and impervious doors.

Pure air is a subject which ought to claim the careful attention of every intelligent person. If only a small portion of the attention which we give almost all ordinary wants of life, be given to this all important subject, much of the suffering and sickness might be avoided. It is a well known fact that transoms or fan lights over doors are a certain and safe way of securing good ventilation, and it should always be the aim in building houses, to make provisions for transoms over doors. All systems of ventilation resolve themselves into letting air into a room and pushing air out; and the laws of nature provide for this; but the difficulty lies in securing just the quality of pure air required at any given space, without causing unpleasant draughts.

Up to the present there have been two modes of ventilation suggested. First, where the inlet is from above and the outlet below, and, second, where the inlet is from below and the outlet above. It is evident the first method is based on the idea that the rarefied air will first ascend to the top of the apartment, where it will cool and then descend, forcing out the vitiated air previously cooled. The objections to this system are that the carbolic acid and vapor from the body and lungs being specifically lighter than the air in the room will naturally ascend, and by gradually mixing with the pure air as it flows in, will necessarily vitiate it and in descending will be respired in this condition.

The most usual mode of practicing the second system whether in connection with warming or not has been to admit the pure air from below, and expel it from above. This is an obvious mode of ventilating, which is daily illustrated by a window open at top and bottom, when it will be found the air enters the room from below, and goes out from above; or by an open door, where by holding a light it will be seen that the flame is forced inward when held near the floor, and outward when held near the top of the door. This system, however, is not perfect, as it has failed in many instances, owing, no doubt, to local and atmospheric conditions. There are two other systems that are sometimes used, but their costliness precludes them from ever coming into general use. These systems have to be operated by special machinery, and we will not treat on them in connection with the ventilation of common homes.

Great care should be exercised in the ventilation of bed rooms, as it has been calculated that over one-third of our lives are passed in them. The following is one of the best and simplest modes of securing ventilation of bed rooms, and it has never been known to fail: a piece of wood three inches high, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part, but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air not felt as draft will enter and leave the room.

In the kitchens the usual way to secure proper ventilation at all times, is the making of a flue near the smoke flue, and connected on the outside by caps. In this manner the heat from the smoke flue furnishes proper draught for the carrying off of all odors, resulting from cooking, etc.

There are hundreds of houses in the country that are built over dark, noisome holes full of dampness, impure air, decaying vegetables and rotting timbers. These holes in the ground are called cellars, but they are so unsuited for the purposes for which they are designed to serve, that they deserve rather to be called "death-traps." Light is as essential to the healthiness and purity of a cellar as it is to the dining room or parlor. The requisites of a good cellar are, freedom from dampness, light and a

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temperature low enough to prevent decay, and there is no difficulty in securing these conditions if proper care is taken. Plenty of light should be secured for all rooms. A dark house is always unhealthy. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, etc., among children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it. The action of light tends to develop the different parts of the body in just proportions which characterize the species. In warm climates the exposure of the whole surface of the body to the action of light has been observed to be very favorable to the regular conformation of the body. Humboldt confirms this in the account of his voyage to the equinoctial regions. He says: "Both men and women (whose bodies are constantly inured to the effects of light) are very muscular, and possess fleshy and rounded forms. It is needless to add that I have not seen among this people a single case of natural deformity." Let daylight shine through your house without let or hindrance. Let carpets and curtains fade rather than those who occupy the house. Windows should be large and airy, and it will be much better to have the glass bill count up than to spend the same for iron in the shape of tonics. Every nook and corner should have light at least during some part of the day. Health is the most important object to be attained in the construction of our dwellings. Dr. Johnson says: "To preserve health is a moral and religious duty, for health is the basis of all social virtues. We can be useful no longer than we are well." Perhaps the most essential agents of health are proper heating and good ventilation. Modern improvements are excellent things until used in excess, when they become more troublesome than useful. This is especially true of heating. The great number of stoves now on the market show what progress has been made during the last few years, to furnish heat for our dwellings, but stoves are unhealthy when not properly taken care of. The danger from the cast-iron stove is in its weakness not in its strength, for you may fill a room with air, every mouthful of which has passed between red hot iron plates, and the essential properties of the air will not hurt when properly cooled. Carbon which is thrown off from an iron stove is not poison. But trying to breathe it in large quantities will strangle you. But carbonic acid, which is also liberated from burning coal is an active poison, and one per cent. of it in the air we breathe may prove fatal. All stoves for heating should be so constructed that all foul air may be carried off as soon as formed and fresh air supplied in its place, and great care ought to be exercised in selecting heating stoves. Steam heating is coming largely in fashion, but the great expense incurred in introducing it, prevents its use in the majority of houses.

To secure a happy home, one must be careful to study the effects of ventilation, light and heating, as these things alone are the most important points for health, happiness and old age. In our next we will endeavor to point out helps in furnishing a home to suit the requirements of all. *W. S. Hedges.*

## LIFE ON THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

II.

THE long controversy in Congress and in most of the States over the right of the Indians to establish independent governments within the confines of the States—as they had done in Georgia and Alabama—resulted, May, 1830, in the passage of a national law "providing for the exchange of lands with the Indians within any of the States or Territories, and for their removal west of the river Mississippi."

"The first section authorized the President of the United States to cause so

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much of any territory belonging to the United States, west of the river Mississippi, and not included in any State or organized Territory, and to which the original Indian title was extinguished, as he might judge necessary, to be divided into a suitable number of districts, for the reception of such tribes or nations of Indians as may choose to exchange the lands where they now reside, and remove to the west.

"The second section authorized the President to exchange the lands embraced in any such districts with any tribe or nation of Indians then residing within the limits of any of the States or Territories, for the land claimed and occupied by them within such States or Territories.

"The third section authorized the President to *solemnly* assure the tribes with whom the exchange was made, that the United States would *forever* secure and guarantee to them and their heirs or successors, the country so exchanged with them, and, if they prefer it, the United States would cause a patent or grant to be made and executed to them for the same.

"The fourth section authorized the President to ascertain such improvements on the lands of the Indians as added value to the same, and cause such value to be appraised, and to pay the amount of the same to the parties rightfully claiming such improvements.

"The fifth section authorized the President to render such aid as was necessary and proper, to enable the emigrants to remove to and settle in their new home; and such aid as was necessary for their support for one year after their removal.

"The sixth section authorized the President to cause each tribe that emigrated to be protected at their new residence, against all interruption or disturbance from any other tribe of Indians, or from any other person or persons whatever.

"The seventh section provided for the same superintendence and care in their new home that was extended to them where they then resided.

"The eighth and last section appropriated the sum of five hundred thousand dollars to enable the President to give effect to the law."

This was the beginning of the reservation system as we are familiar with it now. But from its adoption, notwithstanding the solemn assurance of the United States that the limits of the Indian's territory should not be reduced, there has in reality been no interruption in the course pursued in the beginning, followed during all the years since the whites came to America and that is still in fashion, of crowding the red man oft his lands as soon as they become desirable in the eyes of the superior race. Only last summer the doctrine was reiterated by Senator Logan, chairman of the committee on Indian affairs. The committee was on a tour of inspection of the Indian agencies, a duty performed at the Crow agency in the following manner: The agent was duly apprized of the intended visit and had arrangements made for the transportation from the nearest railway station, of the distinguished gentlemen comprising it, viz: Senators Logan, Cameron, Dawes and suite. The agency buildings were cleaned up, beds prepared and the government attachés of the reservation on hand to do honor to the occasion. A council of the chiefs was called as it was understood that a proposition would be made by the Great Father to cut down the Crow reservation and throw open to the white settlers and ranchers the magnificent grazing region, lying between the Boulder Creek, the present western limit, and the Big Horn River, a reduction in the size of the reservation of nearly seventy per cent. The committee left its special palace car and drove over to the agency, a distance of eighteen miles, in the morning, and immediately on arrival went into council with the chiefs. The council lasted nearly two hours during which the elaborate preparations for dinner were completed.

On the breaking up of the council, which had been most unsatisfactory, the Indians positively refusing to consider

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any new proposition to cede their territory until the conditions of their last previous treaty were fulfilled by the government, Senator Logan, speaking very hotly, ordered the teams; said there was no use talking with such men, and that if they wouldn't consent to the cession willingly, they must be made to. He and the others then entered the carriages, drove back to their palace car, discussed the good cheer its larder afforded, and left the Crows, agency, Indians and treaty, greatly honored, but awfully disappointed, to be at some time remembered in the preparation of a report to the Senate, which we shall read with interest when it appears. The visit of inspection occupied two hours and forty minutes; and we have reason to suppose that it was a fair average visit, such as Senate and House committees usually pay. As a matter of fact the Indian, his interests and rights and claims upon the government, are barely alluded to, consideration of such questions being universally deferred until the legislators return to Washington and are surrounded by the land-grabbers and speculators, whose influence is the ever potent power that issues and enforces the command to the poor Indian: "Red man, move on!"

The "home work" on each reservation, comprises the missionary and educational labor performed. This at the Crow agency is remarkable only in the reports of the agent and in the little mind of the Methodist minister employed there at government charge. Ostensibly a school is kept for the benefit of Indian children, who are supposed to be taught the rudiments of English, and religious services are held to promote the Christian faith among the degenerate savages. The facts on the Little Rosebud agency are that the religious services are confined exclusively to the comforting of the little band of Methodists, who hold all the government offices there, and but for the offices would not be there, nor in any other Indian country. The school is kept to teach *their* children, and if any good Indian should profess to be converted to Methodism, *his* children also attend. In this way *twelve Indian children* have been enrolled as pupils. The population of the agency is thirty-five hundred, and at least one fifth, children of school age. There is a little farming done, under the direction of a paid instructor of agriculture. Altogether *thirty* Indians have been induced to engage in this civilizing pastime, and the fruit of their labors as seen in the growing fields, is the most satisfactory of any produced on the reservation, unless we except the stock raising by the "squaw men."

This is the most important from a commercial standpoint. No better range for cattle exists in the world than that of the Crow reservation. The luxuriant mountain grass grows so thickly as to cover the rolling hillsides and lovely valleys, the broad tablelands and river bottoms with a verdant mat of nutritious food, affording provender summer and winter to thousands of cattle, and ever tempting the greed of the white man, who would like to herd his own droves there. To accomplish this—the sordid love of gold is so much greater than self-respect or honor—white men sometimes marry Indian women, and this fact admits them to the reservation as residents, and secures them equal rights with the Indians to the use of the range, the streams and the game. They are called "squaw men," who thus shield themselves in the bosoms of Indian women to rob the fallen race of the few remaining privileges they enjoy. One of these, it was reported to us, formed such a connection six years before, when he was worthless, having lost a fortune, with nothing left but a few cows and an ardent admiration for the finest looking squaw on the reservation. Last spring he sold out his stock herds, and netted forty thousand dollars, which he continues to enjoy in the society of his red wife and several little half-breed papooses.

The trader on the reservation, in the course of a few years, becomes wealthy. He buys at ridiculously low prices, always paying in goods out of the store at

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equally absurd high prices, the robes, furs and skins of the Indians. These are bound in bundles and shipped to Chicago and the east, where good prices are received, especially for buffalo robes. As the buffalo becomes scarce, its robe is more sought after and commands better prices, thus we were informed that fine four year old cow robes, Indian tanned, will readily fetch from fifteen to twenty dollars in New York. Such robes are bought of the Indians for from four to six dollars in store goods, and are sold at retail by the traders to occasional visitors, such as we were, at from eight to twelve dollars, cash. A universal characteristic of the men we saw about the agencies is their utter indifference to the rights of the Indian. When they consider him with favor it is by condescension, not that he has a just claim for consideration upon them. There is occasionally to be observed a friendly interest in certain favorites, who become such from the accommodation or profit they may render the agents or their associates. But a genuine regard for the rights and welfare of the Indians is rarely met.

*De Vallibus.*

## THE POET'S PASSION.

How distant often seems what is beloved,
When silent worship is the highest key;
Who hath not by this real of life been moved,
A memory of the past—or yet to be?

Not by the forms we see e'en now and then,
Whose surface, contour, may arrest the sight;
Oh, things may be quite fair to common ken,
And yet lack soul which thrills like song at night!

The landscape may be lovely as a dream,
Its harmonies as if of Paradise;
And one will catch, ah, e'en its brightest gleam,
When to another, it is simply—nice!

The sculptor's art from marble may evoke
True inspiration bursting to his will;
What patient toil, what touch, what artist stroke,
But to the soulless, it is marble still!

Tell all the masters who have pencil used,
And on the canvas bid their thought to swell;
Till 'rapt souls gaze as if themselves transfused,
But millions simply ask, "Why, will it sell?"

So if 'tis music, glorious and sublime,
Echoes from far, of symphonies above,
And then rehearsed by gifted men in Time,
Are there not querists, "What doth music prove?"

Oh dull, uncomprehending mortals we,
Sightless to beauty, to its glory dead;
Or if 'tis visible, but gold most see,
And barter turns it into paltry lead!

Yet beauty is, its ideals grace the world,
Itself hath beauty 'neath its varied skies;
And oft the human soul hath half unfurled,
Trophies of labor, skill, which heaven doth prize.

But all these seemings, landscape as it is,
Man's art, his science, music, painting, all,
Are nothing to the glory which is his,
As man, as woman, where there is a soul!

What gulfs between, how one illumined lives,
Another, sordid, nearly void of good;
Light, love, and blessing is the wealth he gives,
While death, not life, the other understood.

In woman, sunshine from the soul steals out,
With beauty glorified a queen she stands,
Or, like a meteor as it sweeps about,
No good distilling from her outstretched hands.

Worship instinctive give we to the true,
And at a distance love or homage pay;
'Tis soul, not form, the first is ever new,
The latter vanisheth within a day.

Soul is immortal, beauty is its dress,
Its own expression, without counterfeit;
Time and Eternity but this express,
Perfection's stamp, is Heaven's ideal yet.

Silence befits the poet, yet for speech
He waits in patience till the influx swells,
Till eloquence can his ideal reach,
Then his vocation in his music tells.

Oh beauty, soulful beauty be to me
The glimpse of heaven, assurance of its truth;
The dream of life, the is—and yet to be—
God's welcome promise of eternal youth!

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST, 1884.


## WILLIAM W. TAYLOR.

WE are called again to mourn the loss of a friend and brother, whose association has been to those best acquainted with him a source of the greatest pleasure and comfort; whose agreeable disposition made him one of the most lovable of men, and whose splendid character won from all who met him the sincerest respect. Elder William W. Taylor, though but thirty years of age at the time of his death, had already made for himself a name that will long be remembered and cherished by those among whom he lived and labored. Early in life he displayed the rare qualities of head and heart that lie at the foundation of a great man's career. He was in a remarkable degree a lover of truth and all principles of probity and honor for their own sake. To him there was no greater pleasure than the practice of those principles, and he rarely if ever lost an opportunity of proving his devotion to them. The instance quoted in the editorial of the *Deseret News* of his absolute fidelity to principles of honor serves as an illustration of his life's practice and as an example of his teachings to his fellow men: "When a mere boy, he with a companion went to the old adobe yard, where a skating pond had been prepared, for entering which a charge of twenty-five cents was made. William and his friend were anxious to get on the pond to skate, but they had no money. They succeeded, however, without the knowledge of the proprietor, in effecting an entrance. When William thought of what he had done, he felt condemned, and to satisfy his conscience resolved to repay the man with the first money he could earn. He earned a dollar, and he immediately took it to him and insisted upon his taking a four-fold payment for the wrong he had done him."

William Whittaker Taylor, the son of President John Taylor and Harriet Whittaker Taylor, was born September 11, 1853, in the Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah. He resided in the same Ward all his life, and was never absent from the Territory, except on brief visits, with the exception of the time spent upon a mission to Great Britain. During his school days, and at a very early age in life Brother Taylor evinced strong religious convictions and a desire to be useful in the work of the ministry. Thus at an age quite unusual, he became a teacher in the Sabbath school, and performed the duties of Teacher in the Ward for several years, before being called to go upon his mission abroad. He was also chosen by Elder Edward W. Davis and regularly sustained by the general conference as first counselor in the presidency of the Elders' quorum, an office which he faithfully filled to the satisfaction of his brethren. It was in this office and while attending the meetings of the Elders' quorum in the years 1874-5, that we became personally acquainted with Brother William, and formed a friendship that has been constant and to us one of the most gratifying and profitable of our lives.

At the October conference, 1875, Elder Taylor was called to go upon a mission to Great Britain, leaving home on the 26th of that month. He spent nearly two years abroad, returning October 16, 1877, during which the duties of a missionary, a messenger of life and salvation, were performed with that zeal and energy which was characteristic of him in all his labors. He won the esteem of the Saints abroad, and was a favorite among the Elders associated with him. No blemish attached to his ministry among the people there, and he bore to them a faithful testimony, warning the wicked and teaching them repentance, while comforting the faithful with words

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of encouragement and an example of purity and integrity that is remembered by them and has its influence to this day, and will for all time to come.

On returning home he was appointed clerk of the High Council of Salt Lake Stake of Zion, and was sustained as a home missionary in the Stake. The laborious duties of the former office were well and carefully performed, though often requiring him to labor long hours both day and night, the sessions of the High Council generally being in the evening and frequently lasting until midnight. In recording the proceedings of these Councils and taking the minutes of Stake conferences, missionary and quorum meetings, etc., he became an expert, and leaves lasting evidence of his capability, in this respect, in the carefully preserved records made by him.

In April, 1880, Brother Taylor was chosen to be one of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies, succeeding in that office Elder A. P. Rockwood, deceased. To his careful attention and indefatigable labor may be fairly ascribed much of the success that has attended the local organizations of the Seventies, brought about since the instructions were received to fill the quorums and put them in order. He was well adapted for this work and will be remembered for his assiduous connection with it.

In political matters, Brother William had, for one of his age, unusual experience, having attended many conventions, labored several times as an officer of the Territorial Legislative Assembly, and at its last session, as a member of the Council, in which capacity he displayed excellent judgment and rendered most satisfactory service to his constituents. He was elected last February to the office of Assessor and Collector of Salt Lake City, which office he held at the time of his death. On the Saturday previous to his demise, he performed the last public labor of his life, as delegate to the convention for the nomination of county officers.

On Tuesday morning, August 5, 1884, at 4 o'clock, Brother William peacefully passed away. He had been confined to his bed but a few days, and his sufferings were not prolonged, but from the beginning of his illness he had no faith that he would recover. Prest. George Q. Cannon and other brethren administered to him and seemed to have strong testimony that their prayers would avail, but it was ordered otherwise, and his noble spirit, called to a higher sphere, could not be retained on earth.

"In the morning of his days, in the midst of a career of great usefulness, at a time when his services were in great demand here, and when his future earthly life appeared full of bright promise, he has been called away to labor in a higher and more extended sphere. His family and friends and associates will miss him. Their grief is profound, and would be inconsolable if it were not for the promise and comforting hopes of the Gospel. That glorious plan, however, assures us that in leaving this state of existence, he goes to enter upon a better one, and that there he will find opportunity for the fullest exercise of the choicest qualities which made him so loving and attractive while here. That God who gave him life has seen fit to call him hence, and it is for us who remain to bow in humble submission to the will of Him who rules both in heaven and on earth, and will in all eternity."

## FISH LAKE.

THIS beautiful sheet of water lies in Sevier County, at the very summit of the Wasatch range, ten miles east of Koosharem, Grass Valley, and at an elevation of about ten thousand feet above sea level. Leaving the Sevier Valley at Rocky Point above Salina, the road takes a south-easterly direction, winding for several miles through a series of elevations much resembling immense

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mole hills overlapping one another, tinted with almost every color of the rainbow, and sparsely covered with scrub cedar in every stage of growth and decay. It is therefore with a feeling of relief that the eye rests, in this parched region, upon a green valley known as King's Meadows. It is evening, and the shadows begin to merge into one general shade. Before us, as we arrive, lies the verdant green, dotted by covered wagons and tents. Nearer are the horses contentedly grazing, while in the distance, around blazing camp fires, we catch the radiant faces and hear the merry chat of excursionists who have arrived before us. It was here, at a recent date under the stars of heaven, that President Woodruff and Brother Wheelock, veterans of the Nauvoo exodus, recounted to a multitude of our mountain youths there assembled in a circle, the wonderful scenes of Zion's Camp, and recalled predictions concerning the future of God's kingdom, made by the Prophet in their hearing that they had seen literally fulfilled, and others so grand that even they could scarcely comprehend their fulfilment.

A three hours' drive the next morning through a canyon thickly wooded with pitch pines and cedars which are being utilized by charcoal burners, brings us into an open rolling country appropriately named Grass Valley. One thing that strikes us besides the abundance of forage lining the gently sloping hillsides is the conspicuous absence of cattle, which, a few years ago, roamed in thousands over the verdant valley. As we descend the sloping grade, our eyes catch sight of a number of white specks on the opposite side of the valley, slowly crawling in line up the steep mountain side. But as we are out to view the beauties of nature, we must not forget to notice the lovely rivulet now almost at our feet. Who would think that this clear, limpid stream gliding noiselessly its serpentine course between mossy banks and through green meadows—should form part of that muddy, turbulent Sevier, which, controlled, makes thousands of smiling fields and homes, but which, uncontrolled, rushes on carrying destruction in its path? A picture of infancy and after life.

We are now to the top of the mountain. The hardy pitch-pines and cedars are replaced by the more graceful quaking asp, balsam and timber pines. The grasses and flowers, in the valley long ago withered and dried, here, following close upon the heels of the melting snow drifts, stand out in their gayest attire, the one adorning the other like gems sparkling from a velvet-green setting. The air, sultry and loaded with dust in the valley, has suddenly changed to a fresh, cool, invigorating breeze that makes one wish his lungs were larger.

A few miles more of undulating country—basin-shaped valleys whose centres contain miniature lakes encircled by belts of meadow grass, and whose sides are dotted in places by isolated quaking asp groves that break ground nearer and nearer the water's edge each year—brings us to the wonder of wonders; but before starting let us take a retrospective view of the valley we have just left. Wonderland! There lying before us is the joint product of nature and art—the tesselated fields. The grain varying in color from a light yellow to a dark green, makes a beautiful contrast with the brown, summer-fallowed squares interspersed; and as every creek, road or other division is sharply defined, the whole has the appearance of a checker board, except that the spots are infinitely more varied. Truly what is common-place in the foreground becomes beautiful in the perspective. How true this is of life, when old age is the foreground and childhood the perspective!

But to stop philosophizing, let us continue our journey, and instead of taking the mainly traveled road seek some eminence from which the anticipated scene shall burst upon us at once. Here we are at the top of the mountain to the west. Beneath us a few feet lies a large snow bank slowly "leaking away its life." A short distance beyond peep from luxuriant vegetation the bluebell and larkspur. One thousand feet below

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and scarcely twice that distance away, lies the chief of our mountain scenery, Fish Lake. A slight breeze ruffles its surface into ten thousand mirrors, sparkling in the sunshine. It is hemmed in on almost every side by a graceful rim of quaking asp trees, which, on its eastern shore, uncovered by foliage and shrubbery usually skirting the water's edge, and as if marshaled into line, expose their bold nakedness for nearly its entire length of seven miles. A few feet in the background tower the less graceful but sturdier firs and pines, lining a mountainside so steep that one imagines he could touch their tops when standing on the the ground above. On the western side' we notice a curious feature, which we shall examine more closely when we take an excursion on the lake. It is a sort of dyke or embankment thrown up by nature or art wherever the water would naturally form an inlet or bay. Thus while the circular form of the lake is preserved, it is at the same time separated in places from the small meadow plats thus formed by a trellis work of trees and underbrush growing on the embankment.

On both the eastern and the western sides, at intervals of half a mile, extend groves of quaking asp, willow and birch, their cones reaching far up the mountain sides, and betokening the birth of as many babbling brooks, incessantly making music to the gambols of the trout that seek their playful freshness during the spawning season. The wind has ceased, and the lake lies before us a motionless sea of glass. Crystal Mirror would be a more appropriate name, lovers of fish to the contrary, notwithstanding. Even at this distance the bottom is plainly visible: First a broad belt of brownish-red, then a smaller one of burnished silver, succeeded by one of gray, gradually merging into a deep blue, while on the other side as the lightest breath of air finds its way through the tall trees and strikes the surface, the color is changed to a dark green. What causes these changes of color? We shall see, presently. We are now descending the mountain-side, and as we follow the windings of the galloping stream, it may not be uninteresting to note the dewy depths of the surrounding vegetation, as they smile forth, from fragrant bosoms, health and happiness to the beholder; or to pass the hand over the velvet moss on the log fallen athwart the stream, where the cool, sprinkling spray keeps it moist; or even to let the eye penetrate the shady depths of a nook in the stream where, protected by overhanging birch-roots, the wary trout deposit their spawn.

But we are now to the lake shore, and before embarking on the raft lying yonder, let us examine this curious levee. Can it be that the ancient Nephites also made excursions to this beautiful vale, and that it is the work of their hands, or has it been from time immemorial, as it is at the present, the fishing ground of their dusky brethren? Or is it but a freak of nature? It seems too regular and studied for the fantastic whims of this dame. It is about six feet wide on the top, varying in height from four to ten feet, and everywhere made of the same material—a conglomerate of earth and boulders, the latter, protruding, still almost hidden by creeping vines, growing out of the crevices. The most plausible theory is advanced by Messrs. Spencer, Madsen and Stevenson, who, at different seasons, have made this peculiar feature a careful study. They declare that boulders rolling from the mountain-sides lodge in the shallow water skirting the shore. The ice breaking up in the spring is driven by the waves with irresistible force, carrying the boulders before it to low water mark. Sand and gravel are scooped up in the same way. The bulwark thus formed is raised a little each year by the expanding force of the ice pressing against it, while new deposits are left on top by melting heaps of ice, whose undersides, lying in winter close upon the bottom, have imbedded in them sand and gravel.

We push our rude craft out upon the still, clear water, and observe that the red belt before alluded to, now takes the definite shape of numberless sub-aque-

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ous plants. Detaching a few with our guiding poles, we notice that, fern-shaped, they grow here from four inches to a foot, culminating in a tassel gradually changing in color from a dark brown to a maroon. The shining rim fringing the red is nothing more than the glimmering of sand and gravel marking the descent of a submarine terrace. The water now becomes deeper and vegetation more luxuriant. Other plants are added: one whose leaves very much resemble those of the pine; another, a kind of grass, grows ten feet long, gently spreading in wavy folds upon the ground. A thrust of the pole to the bottom reveals the fact that the vegetation here forms a mat three feet thick, and from its peculiar smell, we judge that there underneath must be the land of fish. The bottom is now about twenty-five or thirty feet deep, and we paddle our way to reach the blue line. Suddenly, within an oar's length, the bottom vanishes from our sight, and we conclude that here must be a "jump off," and begin to speculate about the origin of this novel freak of nature. From the narrowness of its northern end (a few hundred yards), and the wideness of its southern (about a mile and a half), together with the general trend of the adjoining ravines, we conclude that this was once a large canyon. A landslide, damming up its mouth, compelled the imprisoned water to flow from what was before its source, forming as it now does the source of the Dirty Devil River. There are also good grounds for attributing to it a volcanic origin. A high mountain terminating abruptly in the north end of the valley, suggests the idea that what was once its continuation has, by an earthquake, been suddenly rent in twain, leaving the chasm now occupied by the lake.

### THE CONFERENCE.

As most of our readers will already have learned, the occasion of so general an excursion to Fish Lake was the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association Conference of Sevier Stake. A spacious bowery, built a year ago by the enterprising brethren of the adjacent villages, on an open eminence overlooking the lake from the northwest, had already been refitted. The road formerly following the inside edge of the embankment, where the water was no deeper than to the hubs of the vehicles, was this year impracticable, owing to the increased depth of the lake. A new road and dugway, costing upwards of two hundred dollars, was therefore cut through the groves along the western mountain side by members of the Young Men's Association of the adjoining settlements. The attendance was large, there being upwards of six hundred people present. Besides President Woodruff and Elder Joseph A. West, of the General Superintendency, no less than seventeen of the eighteen ward associations were represented, including all the Stake officers.

There were present of the Stake fourteen Bishops and their Counselors, together with the Stake Presidency—a feature alike pleasing and encouraging to the young men, and one that might be emulated in some other Stakes. The reports, both verbal and statistical, were very favorable; and from the latter we gathered the following interesting items: Of eight hundred and seventy-five young men in the Stake, seven hundred and thirty-seven, or nearly eighty-four per cent. are members of the Associations, while a large number of the non-members are regular attendants, who, through fear of having appointments given them, do not enter their names. Of eighteen Associations, seventeen issue manuscript papers, thus giving great opportunity for cultivating the art of writing. The conference throughout was replete with good instruction and wise counsel to the young, given by Presidents Woodruff, Spencer, Thurber, Seegmiller, Elders Wheelock, Palmer, West, Sisters Horne and Richards, and others; and while the closest digest would swell this sketch to undue proportions, I cannot refrain from presenting a few of the leading points: Brother West, commenting on the fact that frequently young men, on taking up subjects to speak, began by explaining that

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they had not prepared their subject, preferring rather to let the Spirit enlighten their minds, and quoting, as a reason, Christ's saying: "Take no thought about what ye shall say," etc.; stated that this was a wrong interpretation, for we are enjoined to seek information from all good and useful books, and we should therefore get information on a subject from every source. It is the office of the Holy Ghost to arrange this information —to *bring to the mind* things past, present, and reveal things to come. But how is it possible to bring to mind anything that has not been stored there? The caution of our Savior was not intended to discourage research, but to prevent the learning by rote, sectarian fashion, of parrot-like speeches. This view was corroborated by President Woodruff and other speakers following.

On the subject of the relation of the sexes, President Woodruff said that virtue reigns in Zion, and herein lies her strength. Every young woman of Israel has the right to expect perfectly honorable, respectful treatment from the young men of Zion, whose virtue should be as dear to them as that of their sisters. Young men, study all good books, but especially the Scriptures. If you do not see the force of this counsel now, you will see it with regret when you have been called on missions. From the ranks of the young men of these mountains must rise the rulers of the world. This kingdom will ultimately triumph over all others; not by the sword, but by the power of Truth and the favor of Almighty God. The Prophet Joseph and the Apostles will judge this generation. Every man and boy will be held responsible for the Priesthood he receives, for it is a power given to man only to glorify God.

THE CAMP.

This sketch would yet be incomplete without a picture of our camping ground and amusements. After meeting, Saturday, the martial band was discoursing some lively music, and Brother Thurber, with his usual tact for sport, stalking back and forth with his gun, military fashion, soon inspired the company with a desire to march. Falling into procession, and following the band, over which waved the stars and stripes, we made a wide circuit of the camp, and after cutting several curious figures on the greensward, were wheeled into a circle. "Halt," cried our captain, as he brandished aloft his sword (a quaking asp pole). "I propose a stump speech by Brother Bagley." This was loudly seconded by the whole company and happily responded to. In the midst of the applause following the grandiloquent oration, came the command, "Silence!" Again ascended the knotty sword: "I now propose three cheers for Zion." The long pent-up feelings of the multitude found voice, and the echoing hills reverberated their gladness. We then assembled around President Woodruff's headquarters, and after singing "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," and never before have I heard it come from so near the heart, President Woodruff pronounced the evening benediction, and, by request, recited some of the stirring episodes of Zion's Camp, after which the company dispersed to their several quarters.

It is dusk, and as we sit making pictures in the blazing fire, we are suddenly aroused from our reverie by the falling of a log eaten in two by the flames. We now begin to realize the novelty of our situation. Before us, their hands behind them, palms to the fire, stand a few of the veterans of earlier days, the radiating rays glistening upon their silvery locks and revealing the broad backs and stooping forms bent under the loads of care that must soon fall upon younger shoulders. A moment's listening suffices to convince us that they are drawing from the store of memory on the only subject that would be suggested to them by the camp fire and President Woodruff's late reminiscences — early times. Following the departing rays in another direction, our eye falls upon the broad, white canvas, while, underneath, the playful beams darting from spoke to spoke, descry to us the dim, shadowy outlines of frying-pans, camp kettles and other cooking utensils. A

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slight breeze is blowing from the lake, and we hear the tiny waves musically kissing the pebbles on the shore. From the grassy hillside and sloping plain on the north come to our ears the sounds of various bells; some discordant, regular, others musical, while the most melodious are those coming from so great a distance that we catch but an occasional tinkle as the wind changes. And now comes a ringing winnow which seems to say, "I've lost my mate," for in a moment is heard the answer in a different inflection,"Here I am." Following a succession of dull thuds, as of something striking the earth at regular intervals, Frank, the sturdy old horse, hobbled, pushes his head and shoulders out of the darkness from between the wagons, and, staring with both eyes and ears, announces his arrival with a short neigh, which, translated, means, "It is time for grain."

But our description refers to only one of the many camps forming this interesting group; let us, therefore, take a more comprehensive view. What an illumination! A hundred fires gleaming from the edge of a semi-circular grove,and lighting up at the same instant, in various shades,wagons, tents, trees and people; while around a blazing fire in an open space in the centre, lazily lounge a group of Indians, some standing, some lying upon the ground, all alternately turning their cold sides to the fire. The sounds striking the ear are about as varied as the component parts of the panoramic view before us. On making a tour of the encampment, we discover the old folks quietly taking their rest, and the young people hurrying to another part of the grove, where blazing fires have been kindled. On our way thither, we encounter the sign, "Ice Cream," and conclude, as we button more tightly our overcoats, that while the latter article is always good, Nature will furnish plenty of the former on our camp kettles before morning. We are now in the midst of gay groups of young men and ladies seated in different circles that vie with one another in songs, toasts and recitations, while in another circle the martial band is doing its best to enliven this the last night in the woods.

Such, then, is a meagre, a very imperfect description of *one* trip to the mountains. For outdoor conferences, we have only words of commendation. We need not all journey to Fish Lake, for nearly every canyon traversed by a mountain stream presents almost equal attractions. Why not enjoy, then, what is legitimately ours—the cool, crystal water, the health-giving verdure, the pure, bracing atmosphere; forget awhile the cares of life and place ourselves in sweet communion with Nature and with Nature's God? *N. L. Nelson.*

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

PICTORIAL BIBLE AND COMMENTATOR FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, by Ingram Cobbin, V. D. M. Agent for Utah, R. S. Horne.

THE above work is one that promises to have a large sale in this Territory, meeting as it does with general favor of Bible students and instructors. It is written in familiar narrative style and conveys in great simplicity the lessons and history of the Bible from the Creation to Revelation. The volume, which contains one thousand and thirty-six pages and four hundred and fifty illustrations, is replete with chronological tables and a large variety of information, arranged in analytical order so as best to assist research and contribute to a fuller understanding of the inspired word. The tables present the famous characters and events of history in a most convenient form for use in the subjective lectures of the Improvement Associations, affording at a glance the information it often requires hours of research to find.

The volume is well bound in French morocco, gilt edges, and is sold at four dollars per copy, being reduced by the agent from five dollars, the regular price. It will be mailed to any address on receipt of price and twenty-five cents for postage. Local agents are desired in various parts of the Territory, to whom liberal terms will be given. Address: R. S. Horne, Salt Lake City, U. T.

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1884. NO. 12.

## HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

### AMERICAN EDITIONS

As WE have already learned, the first edition of the Book of Mormon was published by the Prophet Joseph in 1830, he having, in the previous year, copyrighted the work in his own name in the clerk's office of the northern district of New York. The printer was Mr. E. B. Grandin, of Palmyra, who was paid three thousand dollars for the edition of five thousand copies. The testimonies of the witnesses are at the end of the book instead of at the commencement as in later editions, while the following explanatory preface is found immediately following the title page:

"PREFACE.

"*To the Reader.*—As many false reports have been circulated respecting the following work, and also many unlawful measures taken by evil designing persons to destroy me, and also the work, I would inform you that I translated, by the gift and power of God, and caused to be written, one hundred and sixteen pages, the which I took from the Book of Lehi, which was an account abridged from the plates of Lehi, by the hand of Mormon; which said account, some person or persons have stolen and kept from me, notwithstanding my utmost exertions to recover it again—and being commanded of the Lord that I should not translate the same over again, for Satan had put it into their hearts to tempt the Lord their God, by altering the words, that they did read contrary from that which I translated and caused to be written; and if I should bring forth the same words again, or, in other words, if I should translate the same over again, they would publish that which they had stolen, and Satan would stir up the hearts of this generation, that they might not receive this work: but behold, the Lord said unto me, I will not suffer that Satan shall accomplish his evil design in this thing: therefore thou shalt translate from the plates of Nephi, until ye come to that which ye have translated, which ye have retained; and behold ye shall publish it as the record of Nephi; and thus I will confound those who have altered my words. I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work; yea, I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the Devil. Wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, I have, through His grace and mercy, accomplished that which He hath commanded me respecting this thing. I would also inform you that the plates of which hath been spoken, were found in the township of Manchester, Ontario County, New York."

The second edition was published in Kirtland, by P. P. Pratt and E. S. Goodin, and the third in Nauvoo, by Robinson and Smith in 1840. This edition was printed from stereotype plates manufactured by Shepard and Stearns, of Cincinnati, Ohio. On its title page is the statement that it has been "carefully revised by the translator."

Since the arrival of the Church in the valleys of Utah, a large number of copies of this sacred record have been struck from the stereotype plates by the *Deseret News* Printing establishment*; and more recently from the electrotype plates of the edition which was divided into chapters and verses by the late Apostle Orson Pratt. When these plates were prepared in London, they were cast in duplicate, one set was retained at the Church office in Liverpool, and the other was forwarded to this city.

* The first Utah edition (2,500 copies) was printed July, 1871; since then twelve other editions, in all about 40,000 copies, have been published by the *Deseret News* office.



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The "Reorganized Church" has also published editions, and has lately had a committee of its officers examine the manuscript in the hands of David Whitmer; when they carefully compared that document with various printed editions and noted the differences in the text.

We also learn that still another edition has been published, this one in New York for Russell Huntley and Zadoc Brooks, in the interest of what some have been pleased to style "the Brooks faction of the Church." It was issued about 1856.

There is likewise a Gentile edition,also published in New York. It is prefaced by a garbled history of the coming forth of the work,gathered from various anti-Mormon publications, and giving the Spaulding theory as the true origin of the book.

EUROPEAN EDITIONS.

The first European edition of the Book of Mormon was published in Manchester, England, 1840. In the issue of the *Millennial Star*, for February of that year, its editor, Elder P. P. Pratt, makes the following remarks: "BOOK OF MORMON.—This long looked for work is now out of press. The European edition consists of five thousand copies, which we humbly trust will so far supply the public that they will now be able to peruse for themselves a work which has been so grossly misrepresented; and which is in reality of more value to them than all the gold and silver of England. What heart can be so indifferent as not to wish to peruse the record of half a world? Bringing to light God's dealings with them, together with their history of the past, and their prophesies of the future. I repeat the declaration, strange as it may seem, that a knowledge of the things contained in this record is of more value to every one of them than the gold and silver of Europe."

The second edition, was published by Elder Orson Pratt, at Liverpool, in 1849; the third, which was stereotyped, by Elder F. D. Richards, at Liverpool in 1852, the fourth, also stereotyped, "For Orson Pratt by Samuel W. Richards," Liverpool, 1854; the fifth, stereotyped, F. D. Richards, Liverpool, 1854.

Some short time before his death President Brigham Young appointed Elder Orson Pratt to rearrange the divisions of the Book of Mormon, so far as chapters and paragraphs were concerned. This Brother Pratt did by shortening the chapters, and of course, as a result, increasing their number; the lengthy paragraphs of the old edition were also cut up into verses, of a length much the same as those in the Bible. The following statement shows the comparative number of chapters in each book, in both the old and the new style:

| | *Old.* | *New.* |
|---|---|---|
| I Nephi, | 7 | 22 |
| II Nephi, | 15 | 33 |
| Jacob, | 5 | 7 |
| Enos, | 1 | 1 |
| Jarom, | 1 | 1 |
| Omni, | 1 | 1 |
| Words of Mormon, | 1 | 1 |
| Mosiah, | 13 | 29 |
| Alma, | 30 | 63 |
| Helaman, | 5 | 16 |
| III Nephi, | 14 | 30 |
| IV Nephi, | 1 | 1 |
| Mormon, | 4 | 9 |
| Ether, | 6 | 15 |
| Moroni, | 10 | 10 |

In 1878 Elder Pratt went to England* and superintended the work of getting out the new edition. The electrotype plates were made in London, and the first edition was printed at the Church office in Liverpool, and 2000 copies published the next year (1879) by Elder Wm. Budge, at that time the President of the British Mission. A second edition was issued from the same office in 1881, and another in 1883.

These editions, besides being divided into chapters and verses, by Brother Pratt, are also supplied with copious footnotes and references arranged by him, or by other Elders under his direction. It was at first intended to publish these editions in Pitman's phonetics, and a font of Phonetic type was purchased by the Liverpool office for that purpose, but after the death of President Young that idea was abandoned.

Nor must we omit from our list of edi-

* He arrived at Liverpool December 21st.

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tions that prepared by Elder Orson Pratt, in the Deseret Alphabet, and published for the Deseret University by Russell Brothers, of New York, in 1869. It is a much larger book than the editions printed in the ordinary type, owing to the size of the Deseret characters. On the fly leaf facing the title page is a table showing the sounds or value of each character, otherwise the edition is identical with the one in use at that time. This edition was also bound in parts, with the intention that these parts should be used as school books, an expectation that was never realized beyond a very limited extent.

FOREIGN TRANSLATIONS.

The Book of Mormon has been translated into the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Welsh, Hindostanee and Hawaiian languages. We have also heard it asserted that it was published in the Russian tongue in New York, in 1872. Of this we know nothing except that if this be true it was not done by the authority of the Church.

In the latter part of October, 1849, a number of missionaries started from the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The mission of several of these brethren is intimately associated with the history of the Book of Mormon, for through their labors and under their watchcare and presidency, the first translations of this sacred record were made into what English-speaking people call foreign languages. These Elders were John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow and Franklin D. Richards, of the Twelve Apostles, and the languages into which the book was very shortly afterwards translated are the French, Italian, German, Danish and Welsh.

The Danish edition (*Mormons Bog*) of 3000 copies was published by Elder Erastus Snow, at Copenhagen, Denmark, in May, 1851, it being the first edition of the book in any other than the English language. It has a somewhat lengthy preface or introduction, of course in the Danish tongue, signed by that Apostle. In 1881 an edition of the new style, divided into chapters and verses, was issued at Copenhagen.

The Italian edition (*Il Libro de Mormon*) was gotten out under the supervision of Apostle Lorenzo Snow, who held the presidency of the mission in Switzerland and Italy. It was published in London, England in 1852.

The Welsh edition (*Llyfr Mormon*) was published in Merthyr Tydfil, in 1852, as directed by Apostle F. D. Richards the president of the British Mission. The principal work of translation was done by Elder John Davis, afterwards better known as Elder John S. Davis, of Salt Lake City, (now deceased.) The testimonies of the witnesses are preceeded by a short article or preface, addressed to the Welsh readers of the book, dated Merthyr Tydfil, April 6, 1852, and signed by Elder W. S. Phillips, John Davis and Thomas Pugh, who were then, if we mistake not, the presidents of the Welsh Mission.

The French edition (*Le Livre de Mormon*), was also published in 1852. From its title page we learn that it was "translated from the English by John Taylor and Curtis E. Bolton," and published by President John Taylor, at Paris, from stereotype plates.

The German edition, (*Das Buch Mormon*), was also published that same year at Hamburg, under the direct supervision of President John Taylor. Its title page informs us that it was translated "by John Taylor and G. Parker Dykes." This issue was also stereotyped, and a second edition was published from the plates at Bern, Switzerland, in 1873.

The Dutch translation was made by Elder Paul A. Schettler, in the city of Amsterdam, while he was on a mission to Holland. He commenced the work of translation on September 24th, 1861, and finished July 19th, 1862. This translation has never been published, and the manuscript is understood to be now in Holland.

We condense from "My First Mission" President George Q. Cannon's interesting account of the translation of the book into the language of the Sandwich Islanders. He writes: "The conversations which I had with the natives concerning the Book of Mormon and the origin of the Red Men, made them

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anxious to see it; and I was led to commence its translation into the language of the Islands—the Hawaiian language, as it is called. My place of residence was at Brother J. H. Napela's, Wailuku. He was an educated, intelligent Hawaiian, who thoroughly understood his own language, and could give me the exact meaning of words. Probably but few in the nation were as well qualified as Brother Napela to help me in this respect. He was a descendant of the old chiefs of the island of Maui, in whose families the language was preserved and spoken in its greatest purity. In the last days of the month of January, 1851, I commenced the work of translation. The time occupied by me in this labor were the days and hours which were not claimed by other duties. The translation was finished on July 22d, 1853—about two years and a half from the time I commenced it. But it was not until the 27th of the succeeding September that we completed the revision.

"In December, 1853, I visited Kauai, the extreme westerly island, which is inhabited, of the group. I had a double purpose in visiting this island—to visit the Saints and bear testimony to all the people concerning the work, and to again revise the translation of the Book of Mormon. There was a native Elder laboring in the ministry with Elder William Farrer at that time on the island, by the name of Kauwahi, a man of acute intellect and talent and good education, and who was called the most eloquent and best reasoner in the Hawaiian nation. I was desirous to have him and Brother Farrer go through the translation with me, to see that no word had been omitted, and to correct any inaccuracies which might have escaped my previous reading. We commenced this revision at the town of Waimea, the farthest inhabited point west on the Sandwich Islands, on the 24th of December, 1853, and finished it on the last day of January, 1854."

President Cannon returned home before the book was published. He remained in Utah less than six months when he was called to take a mission to California, to publish the Book of Mormon in the Hawaiian language, and assist Elder P. P. Pratt in the publication of a newspaper. Brother Pratt, however, went home, while Brother Cannon established his office in San Francisco. There, assisted by Elders Joseph Bull and Matthew F. Wilkie, he printed and published (2,500 copies) the record of the house of Lehi in the language of this branch of that Prophet's posterity. When the edition was bound it was sent to the Elders on the Islands, and has been a powerful agent in the spread of the Gospel amongst that people. It is called *Ka Buke A Moramona*, and contains a preface written by Brother Cannon.

The translation into Hindostanee was made by a learned native gentleman under the supervision of Elder James P. Meik, of Calcutta, but it has never been published in that tongue. The manuscript, which is in book form, bound in half calf, and very beautifully written, is now in the President's office, Salt Lake City; the writing, like that of Hebrew and many other oriental languages, runs what we should call backwards, and the commencement of the record is where we should look for the end.

Elder A. W. Carlson furnishes us the following succinct account of the publication of the Swedish translation (*Mormons Bok*).

"In the year 1877, Elder O. N. Liljenquist, who was then the President of the Scandinavian mission, seeing the steady increase of the Church in Sweden, desired the Book of Mormon published in that language, and he called Elder J. C. Sandberg, who was laboring in Sweden at the time, to assist him in the work; but Brother Sandberg was soon after released to return home and nothing was done in the matter till the following winter. It then fell to my lot to take the matter in hand, having been called by President Brigham Young, August 16, 1877, on a special mission to translate and publish the Book of Mormon into the Swedish language. My instructions were to publish the work uniform with the new English edition, which was then

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being prepared for publication by Elder Orson Pratt in Liverpool. I left New York on the 28th of August, the day before President Young's death, and on my arrival in Liverpool I learned that Brother Orson Pratt was requested to return home in company with President Joseph F. Smith, in consequence of the death of President Young, and the publishing of the new English edition had to be postponed. As I had been depending upon the advanced sheets of this edition to translate from, and it was uncertain when it would be published, Brother Pratt kindly lent me one of his books, which was already marked in chapters and verses, and to be sure of having it uniform with the one he was going to use, the two were carefully compared, in which work I had the valuable aid of Brother Pratt as long as his time allowed, and of Brother Franklin S. Richards for the remainder. The marginal notes and references being too voluminous to copy in the limited time at my disposal, they were left in Liverpool, subject to instructions from the Council of the Twelve.

"On my arrival in Copenhagen, a month after leaving New York, Brother Liljenquist needed my services in publishing the *North Star*, which had been running behind since Brother Sandberg's release, and there were many other things connected with the mission that needed immediate attention, so that I could not commence my labors on the Book of Mormon till January, 1878, when Elder N. C. Flygare arrived and took charge of the mission. I then could give my attention to the book, and soon commenced the work in earnest. The people having expected it for a year, many who were making preparations to emigrate, were anxious to have it before they left, or have it sent to them by the last emigration that year. It was decided to publish a portion of the edition in pamphlet form of sixty-four pages to subscribers, and to commence printing as soon as the translation was enough advanced to keep the printer supplied. The first number was published in March, 1878, and the eleventh and last in August the same year, when quite a number of copies were bound and sold; the whole edition numbering four thousand copies. To get the work done in so short a time would have been impossible without the able assistance of President Flygare, who carefully compared with me the translation and the English copy, as also the first proof sheets. The book contains six hundred and seventy-six pages, exclusive of the index. It is printed on good paper, in plain, new type, divided in chapters and verses, but without marginal notes, which have been reserved for some future edition, in accordance with instructions from the First Presidency."

A few years ago (1876) a portion of the Book of Mormon was published in the Spanish language under the name of *Trozos Selectos del libro de Mormon*, or "Selections from the Book of Mormon." This was done under the direction of Elder Daniel W. Jones, and taken by him and his fellow-missionaries into Mexico on the occasion of their going to that country. Last November a revision of the translation of the whole book was commenced at Logan, under the supervision of Apostle Moses Thatcher, the brethren engaged in the work being Elders M. G. Trejo and J. Z. Stewart, who have completed their work and it is now ready for the printer.

BIOGRAPHICAL ITEMS.

In conclusion a few items may not be uninteresting with regard to the personal history of the three witnesses. We will commence with the living.

David Whitmer, was born at a small trading post, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1805. When David was four years old, his father and family moved to the State of New York, and settled at Fayette, Seneca County. He lived in that place until he was twenty-six. He first saw Joseph Smith in Harmony, Pennsylvania, as already related. He was baptized by the Prophet Joseph in Seneca Lake in June, 1829, at the same time as his brother John, and Hyrum Smith. He was ordained an apostle by Joseph Smith, shortly after Joseph and Oliver had been ordained to that priest-

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hood under the hands of Peter, James and John. During the troubles in Missouri he became disaffected, opposed the Prophet, and ceased to magnify his calling as a Latter-day Saint, and was cut off the Church at Far West, April 13th, 1838. A detailed account of the charges brought against him can be found in the "History of Joseph Smith," under that date. Since then he has never sought to be re-admitted into the Church, but has an ecclesiastical organization of his own, which claims to be governed by the Bible and Book of Mormon, but rejecting many principles and revelations accepted by the true Church.

Of Oliver Cowdery's birth and parentage the writer of these papers has no record. His association with the Prophet in the translation of the Book of Mormon has already been given in detail. He received the Aaronic Priesthood with Joseph under the hands of John the Baptist, May 15, 1829, and on the same day was baptized by the Prophet. With him he was ordained to the higher Priesthood under the hands of Peter, James, and John; and on the organization of the Church (April 6, 1830) was accepted as its second Elder. For a considerable period he was recognized as one of the Presidency of the Church, but by degrees fell into transgression, and many charges were laid against him which can be found in the "History of Joseph Smith." He was severed from the communion of the Saints at Far West, April 12th, 1838, and remained out of the Church until 1849, when he was re-baptized. He died at Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, March 3d, 1850.

The following statement regarding the last days of Oliver Cowdery will undoubtedly be of interest to the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR:

"Statement by S. W. Richards.—The arrival of Oliver Cowdery and his family at Council Bluffs from the east in the winter of 1848-9 was an interesting event in the history of the Church. That which relates to his renewal of covenant, etc., at that time and place, by rebaptism, is no doubt a matter of record to which you have access. With his family, he was on his way to the body of the Church located in Utah, but as some time must elapse before emigrant trains could venture upon the plains, he determined to visit his wife's friends, the Whitmers, in Missouri.

"While making that journey, a severe snow storm made it convenient for his family to spend several days with Elder Samuel W. Richards and family, who were temporarily residing in upper Missouri, awaiting the opening of the emigration season. That favorable opportunity was made the most of to discuss all matters of interest connected with the early history of the Church, with which Elder Cowdery was personally acquainted and Elder Richards was not.

"His relation of events was of no ordinary character, maintaining unequivocally all those written testimonies he had furnished to the Church and world in earlier days. Moroni, Peter, James and John, and other heavenly messengers, who had ministered to him in connection with the Prophet Joseph Smith, were familiarly but sacredly spoken of, and all seemed fresh upon the memory as though but events of yesterday. His language was considerate, precise and forcible—entirely free from lightness or frivolity—such as might be expected from one who had been schooled with angels and taught by Prophets; more of the heavenly than the earthly.

"His only ambition seemed to be to give himself and the remainder of his life to the Church; declared he was ready and willing, if desired, to go to the nations of the earth and bear his testimony of that which God and angels had revealed—a testimony in his personal experience of many things which no other living person could bear. His hopes were buoyant that such might be his future lot as cast with the Church, in the body of which he declared the Priesthood and its authority were and must continue to be. An overruling Providence saw fit to order otherwise. Soon after arriving among his relatives in Missouri, he was taken sick and died,

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in full faith and fellowship of the latter-day work, desiring the world might know that his testimony was of God."

Martin Harris was born May 18, 1783, in East-town, Saratoga County, New York, whence he moved to Palmyra, where he became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. His labors, generosity and errors connected with the publication of the Book of Mormon, have already been narrated in these chapters, as also the details of his important visit to Professor Anthon.

"When, by the commandment of the Lord, the Church was organized in April, 1830, Martin Harris was among the first to identify himself with the baptized Saints. When Jackson County, Missouri, in 1831, was designated as a gathering place for the Saints, as the land upon which the New Jerusalem should be built, and where a full consecration of all properties should be required, and the holy United Order of God should be established, Martin Harris was the first one called of God by name to set an example before the Church in laying his money before the Bishop. Notwithstanding these great favors shown to this remarkable man, he had, like all of Adam's race, his imperfections. He did not follow up his brethren in all their persecutions in the States of Missouri and Illinois, but remained for many years in Ohio.",

He paid a visit to England, many years ago, and though he was "at outs" with the Prophet and people, he never wavered in his testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon. In 1870 he came to Utah (being cared for on his journey by Elder Edward Stevenson), and took up his residence with his relatives at Clarkston, Cache County, where he died July 10, 1875.

*George Reynolds.*

## THE ARMY.

II.

THE United States army is divided into two distinct parts, the staff and the line. The staff comprises various departments and the line various arms.

The lieutenant-general of the army has command, under the President, over both branches of the service His personal staff is composed of the heads of the various staff departments, each of whom has the rank of brigadier-general, together with four officers selected by himself as aides-de-camp, and who rank, during such duty, as lieutenant-colonels. Since the retirement of General Sherman, last winter, Lieutenant-General Sheridan has been in command of the army. A bill is now pending in Congress for the appointment of Sheridan to the grade of general, and Hancock to that of lieutenant-general.

Geographically, the United States is divided into three military divisions: that of the Atlantic, commanded by Major-General Hancock; that of the Missouri, commanded by Major-General Schofield; and that of the Pacific, under the command of Major-General Pope.

The division of the Atlantic is subdivided into the departments of the south and east, both of which, as well as the division, are under the command of General Hancock.

The Division of the Missouri comprises the departments of the Platte, under Brigadier-General O. O. Howard; of Dakota, under Brigadier-General A. H. Terry; of the Missouri, under Brigadier-General C. C. Augur; and of Texas, under Brigadier-General D. S. Stanley.

The Division of the Pacific contains the departments of the Columbia, under Brigadier-General N. A. Miles; of Arizona, under Brigadier-General George Crook; and of California, under the command of the general of the Division.

The Staff departments of the army are, first, the adjutant-generals, now commanded by Adjutant-General R. C. Drum, with the rank of brigadier-general. Under him are two colonels, four lieu-

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tenant-colonels, and ten majors. These officers are either at Washington assisting the adjutant-general, or are stationed at the headquarters of divisions and departments as members of the staffs of the commanding generals. Their duties are to attend to the transaction of business at headquarters. All orders issued to the respective commands of the general officers they are serving with, are issued, "By command of ——— Gen. ———, etc," and signed "——— Assistant Adjutant General."

Second, the Bureau of Military Justice and the Corps of Judge-Advocates; of which the Judge-Advocate-General David G. Swaim is the head. There are four judge-advocates in this department, all with the rank of major; such, at least, was the personnel of this corps, until a recent law of Congress making some changes therein. These officers, as the officers of all staff departments, are at headquarters of the various divisions and departments. Their duties are of course to attend to all law matters which come up for attention under their jurisdiction. Officers are occasionally, and soldiers are very frequently court-martialed; it is the duty of the judge-advocates of a department, for instance, to see that the charges against the offender are so framed that technicalities cannot be pleaded for the effectual discharge of the guilty party. It is likewise their duty to review the proceedings of all courts-martial for the purpose of seeing that full justice has been accorded the accused.

A word on the subject of courts-martial. There are two courts-martial; the garrison and the general. The former is convened by the commanding officer of a post, and is for the trial of such offences as may be adequately punished by a month's imprisonment, or the forfeiture of a month's pay. If in the opinion of the commanding officer of a post, such a punishment would be too light, the charges are sent forward to department headquarters, with the recommendation that the offender may be brought to trial before a general court, which may inflict punishment for any offense, no matter how serious. A garrison court must have three members and a judge-advocate; the latter being usually an officer of any branch of the service, temporarily assigned to this position; his duties are to bring before the court all of the evidence, both for and against the prisoner. A general court is composed of at least five members and a judge-advocate. Commissioned officers can only be tried by general courts. The offense commonly before a garrison court is drunkenness; that before a general court is desertion; the former would be punished by a fine of from five to fifteen dollars, with, in some cases, confinement at hard labor for a few days; the latter offence, in time of peace, is punishable with imprisonment in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, for a period of three years in case of capture, or two years in case of surrender, although the sentences are not uniform for this offence.

The Inspector-General's department, under the command, at present, of Brigadier-General D. B. Sackett, is composed of the inspector-general, one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, and a major; however, there is at every general headquarters an officer detailed, either from this department or some other branch of the service, to act as inspector-general of the division or department. The name indicates the duties of the officers of this department; they inspect the troops personally, then drills, their quarters; the posts, the accounts, the quartermaster's stores, in fact everything, and report thereon to their superiors.

The Quartermaster's department is much larger than either of the others considered. The present quartermaster-general is Samuel B. Holabird. He is assisted by four colonels, eight lieutenant-colonels, fourteen majors, and twenty-nine or thirty captains. These officers attend to the purchase and distribution of clothing, to the erection and care of quarters, to the making of roads, etc., to the transportation of troops and supplies, to the purchase and feeding of horses—in fact, they

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supply everything required by the army, except food, arms and ammunition.

Brigadier-General Robert Macfeely is the commissary-general of subsistence. There are twenty-five officers in this department, whose duty is to feed the army. Officers and soldiers are, by an enactment of the last Congress, permitted to buy provisions from the commissary at cost price; formerly, ten per cent. was added.

The Medical department, under Surgeon-General Robert Murray, comprises one brigadier-general, six colonels, ten lieutenant-colonels, fifty majors, eighty captains, and thirty first lieutenants. Every post has a medical officer; some have several, depending on the size of the garrison. Medical treatment and the necessary medicines are furnished to officers and men without charge. Every post has a hospital with excellent accommodations for the sick; every hospital has a full line of drugs, under the hospital steward, who is an enlisted man, and a thorough prescription clerk. The officers of the departments previously considered are appointed by the President, and were originally officers in the line of the army, or were selected from civilian life. The only entrance to the medical branch of the service is by way of an examining board; the rank is at first that of first lieutenant; a captaincy is given by law after five years' service.

The Pay Department is commanded by Brigadier-General William B. Rochester, who is assisted by some fifty officers of the rank of major and above.

The Corps of Engineers is commanded by Brigadier-General John Newton. Below him are six colonels, twelve lieutenant-colonels, twenty-four majors, about thirty captains, as many first lieutenants, and six second lieutenants. There are, also, in this department, six companies of troops, forming the Engineer Battalion. Five of these companies are at Willets Point, New York Harbor, this being a school of instruction for engineers, and the place where experiments for the improvement of torpedoes are being constantly made. The other company is at the Military Academy. The duties of the officers of this department are, in times of peace, the improvement of harbors and rivers; in times of war, the construction of roads and bridges, and the laying out of earthworks and fortifications. The only entrance to this corps is through the Military Academy; those cadets alone, who, by special aptitude and the excellence of their records, receive the recommendation of the Academic Board, being appointed.

The Ordnance Department is under the command of the Chief of Ordnance, Brigadier-General Stephen V. Benét. In this department are some fifty-five officers. Their duties are to superintend the manufacture of arms and ammunition; to make experiments for the improvement of these.

The Signal Corps is under the command of the Chief Signal Officer, Brigadier-General William B. Hazen. He is assisted by a corps of second lieutenants and sergeants. To keep track of storms and post the people upon weather probabilities is their occupation in peace times; in times of war, they would probably attend to this duty as far as possible, while paying more particular attention to communications between armies in the field, both by means of telegraphy and the use of flags and mirrors.

There are twenty-eight post chaplains in the service, distributed as far as possible throughout the army.

The staff departments are auxiliary to the line; a fact often lost sight of by the former. It is a favorite remark on the part of line officers that the army is dwindled into two parts—the oppressors and the oppressed. The former designating the staff, on account of their greater rank as a rule, with which, of course, go better quarters and better pay; and their more pleasant duties.

There are ten regiments of cavalry, five artillery, and twenty-five of infantry in the United States service. Each of these regiments is commanded by a colonel, each, also, has one lieutenant-colonel. The cavalry and artillery regiments have each three majors and twelve

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captains; the infantry having but one major and ten captains. A cavalry regiment has fourteen first lieutenants; there being one for each troop or company, and a regimental adjutant and a regimental quartermaster of this rank, but not assigned to any troop. An artillery regiment has twenty-six first lieutenants, one regimental adjutant, one regimental quartermaster, and two first lieutenants to each battery or company. An infantry regiment has twelve first lieutenants, one for each company and two on the regimental staff, as before. The second lieutenants number in the cavalry, one for each troop; in the artillery, one for each battery; in the infantry, one for each company. In field operations, regiments of cavalry and artillery are divided into three battalions of four companies each, each under the command of the major; while the infantry is divided into two wings of five companies each; the lieutenant-colonel commanding the right wing; the major, the left.

Of non-commissioned officers, each regiment has a sergeant-major and quartermaster-sergeant. Every company, troop and battery has one first sergeant, four sergeants and four corporals, and a sufficient number of privates to make the total strength of privates and non-commissioned officers, in each company, from forty to fifty. The cavalry are armed with sabres, carbines and revolvers; the infantry with Springfield rifles, while the artillery are, in times of peace, armed as follows: ten companies with Springfield rifles—they are, however, not only drilled in the manual of the small arm, but are taught the service of the heavy guns and mortars now in use in our forts and sea coast and river defences; two of the companies are equipped as light or horse batteries, each with six guns.

The cavalry is entirely in the divisions of the Missouri and the Pacific; none being found in that of the Atlantic. The infantry is likewise chiefly in the west; the artillery, with the exception of some of the light batteries, being along the sea coasts, near the great cities, for the protection of harbors.

Two of the cavalry regiments, the Ninth and Tenth, and two of the infantry regiments, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth, are composed of colored troops, the commissioned officers being white.

The professors and cadets of the military academy are a part of the army. Each member of the United States House of Representatives is authorized to keep one cadet at the academy at all times; the President appoints ten in four years. The professors at the academy are as a rule permanently appointed to their various departments. Each department has an assistant professor, with the temporary rank of captain, and a sufficient number of instructors; all of whom are officers of either ordnance, of engineers, of the cavalry, artillery or infantry, and are selected for special fitness. They cannot remain at the academy longer than four years.

By law, every officer upon reaching the age of sixty-four years is retired at once from active service; provision is likewise made for the retiring of officers disabled in the service, and for the retiring of those who have served long without reaching the age of sixty-four. An officer, upon retirement, is relieved from all duty; his pay is three quarters of his pay at the time of retiring.

An idea of the pay of the army may be gained from the following: that of a second lieutenant is either $1,400 or $1,500, depending upon the branch of the service; that of a colonel is $3,500; that of a lieutenant-general $11,000. In addition, quarters are given as well as fuel at slightly cheaper figures than prevails in the market; and the privilege of buying groceries at cost. Ten per cent. is added to an officer's pay every five years, until the forty per cent. is reached; this does not apply to general officers.

The pay of the private soldier consists of his board, lodging, clothing, and a payment of cash which increases from thirteen dollars per month to sixteen during the first enlistment of five years, which is eighteen during the second enlistment, and which continues to increase during length of service. Careful sol-

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diers also save clothing money. The pay of the non-commissioned officer is, for the first year's service, fifteen for a corporal, seventeen for a sergeant, twenty-two for a first sergeant, twenty-three for a sergeant-major, and higher figures for hospital stewards, ordnance sergeants, etc.

The strength of the army is now about twenty-five thousand. The adjutant-general of the army estimates the fighting force of the United States at six million seven hundred thousand. Many of these men have seen much service; to-day large armies could be formed from the veterans of the late war, which for experience the world could not duplicate. Thirty officers are serving with various colleges throughout the United States, for the purpose of instructing their pupils in the art of war. *Richard W. Young.*

## ARCHITECTURE OF COMMON HOUSES.

III.

PAINTING.

THE principal object in painting should be to protect and preserve the materials used in construction, as also to give a good appearance. All exterior woodwork, though executed with the greatest care and in the most substantial manner, if left exposed to climatic influence, is very soon destroyed. It is economy to use only the best lead and linseed oil, in painting exterior woodwork. They will outlast all other compounds, present a better appearance, and in the end furnish a much better foundation for future painting. The first coat or "prime" should be put on with the greatest care, so as to thoroughly cover and close all the pores in the exposed surface. All windows and outside door frames, window caps, etc., should be primed before setting, especially their edges, where joinings require to be made, as it will be the last opportunity to do justice to these parts, where moisture is liable to collect and remain. Autumn is the best season to paint, after the extreme heat has passed, and insects have disappeared; the process of drying will be slower, and more perfect, with less waste by evaporation, leaving a smooth, solid surface.

For the outside painting of houses, quiet neutral tints should be chosen. The various shades of fawn, drab, gray and brown are all very suitable. All the positive colors, such as red, yellow, blue, green, black and white should always be avoided. Nothing can be in worse taste than the very common practice of painting houses white. The color is glaring and disagreeable to the eye, when presented in large masses; it makes a house an obtrusive and too conspicuous object to the landscape; it does not harmonize with the hues of nature—standing as it were, harshly apart from all the soft shades of the scene. Use any other color rather than white. Red, another glaring and disagreeable color is a common one for country houses. It is scarcely less offensive to the eye than white. A quiet fawn color or drab and a warm gray—that is, a gray mixed with a very little red and some yellow—are the safest colors to recommend for general use. The browns and dark grays are suitable for stables and outbuildings. To produce the best effect, several tints or shades of color should be used in painting the exterior of a house; and it is important that they be judiciously chosen and combined. If the color selected for the main walls be light, the facings of the windows, the roof trimmings, verandahs, etc., may appropriately be a shade of a darker color, and if the prevailing color of the building be dark, a lighter shade should be applied to the trimmings.

Painting chimneys, and brick-work generally, should be avoided. There is not the excuse for such treatment that exists in buildings of wood, where paint is necessary for their preservation. Brick is an honest material, and when of

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good color, appears well. Paint, when not used as a protection, has the appearance of covering up defects.

In the painting of the interior of our houses, a much wider field is open to us, and when proper care and study is taken, the painting has a great deal to do with the cheerfulness of our rooms. Now, in order to promote beauty and taste, it would be well to establish among the first principles the theory of complementary colors. We know almost instinctively that blue will not harmonize with green, and red will; but the theory upon which this is based is but vaguely understood. Natural philosophy teaches us that white is the reflection of all colors; that is, that all the combined primary colors produce it. It is the general impression that there are seven primary colors, viz.: those seen in the rainbow; whereas, in reality there are but three—blue, red and yellow.

Green, orange and purple, are secondary colors, produced by mixing the primaries. Thus blue and yellow make green; red and yellow produce orange, and blue and red, purple.

A knowledge, also, of the quantities in which these colors may be made to harmonize is requisite. The whole art lies in combining them in proportion which produces white. These in the primaries are five of red, three of yellow, and eight of blue; in the secondaries, thirteen of purple, eleven of green, and eight of orange. A primary color—say red—placed contiguous to the secondary green, which is its complementary, and arranged in proper proportion, produces the harmony required. It is also a fact, in looking at any color, its complementary is reflected. Thus, green reflects red, and when two colors are placed in juxtaposition, both become more intense, whereby richness of effect is produced. To complete the formula, blue and orange, also yellow and purple, are harmonious; for in each case, when mixed in the right proportions, all the colors producing white are present. By certain combinations, color may have an enlivening or depressing effect. For example, blue is a cold, quieting color, while red is warm and exciting. Each affects the mind in a different manner. Again, prominence or subordination may be given by their employment. For instance, blue produces the effect of distance, and if placed upon the ceiling causes it to appear higher, or, if in a recess, will deepen it. Yellow, on the contrary, appears to advance towards the eye; and, if used upon the ceiling, will seem to lower it; or if upon a projecting moulding, will exaggerate its prominence. Red, on the other hand, is the only color that seems to be stationary. Different rooms of the house require different treatment in the colors, to correspond with the use of the room.

A whitewashed wall is best for the kitchen, as it is pure and sweet, and can so easily be freshly whitewashed whenever it is soiled. The whitewash can be colored if a tint is desired. This makes a prettier wall, but has its disadvantage that, whenever any place becomes soiled, a whitewasher must be called in to repair the mischief, whereas the ordinary whitewash can be put on by anybody sufficiently well for the purpose. Painted wood work in a kitchen is not desirable; it soon looks dirty, unless washed very frequently with soap, which process soon wears off the paint in spots. The wood if left in its native state, requires a great deal of hard scrubbing, but if oiled and varnished, or simply oiled, will keep clean a long time, and can be easily and quickly wiped off with a little water. Dark walls should be avoided as much as possible, and when they are used, let them be in rooms less frequented than any other.

### FURNISHING.

The kitchen should be the first room furnished, then the dining room, next the bedrooms and halls; and lastly the parlor. This is the order of importance, because eating is absolutely necessary to existence, and refreshing sleep is also necessary, while one might live to a healthy old age, without a parlor. The dining room will answer for the purpose of a parlor in cases of necessity, but this arrangement is not desirable, and is not recom-

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mended where there are means to furnish a separate room. But do not have a poorly furnished kitchen and a meagre dining room or an uncomfortable bed for the sake of a parlor.

In the furnishing of the kitchen, great care must be taken to secure the best implements, for the class of work to be done. The furniture of this room need not be elaborate, and, in fact, the plainer the better. If the flooring is smoothly and evenly laid, the cleanest and least troublesome method of treating it is to oil it well two or three times a year. It does not soil easily then, and when soiled, can be washed readily, and without scrubbing. But we are far from commending the use of bare floors, that are neither stained or oiled. These require too much soap and sand scrubbing. They suggest tired backs, and weary arms, and aching knees. Everything should be arranged as far as possible to avoid scrubbing. Oil cloth is generally preferred for kitchen floors, but it is costly, when good, and no other is worth putting down in a room where it will be so hardly used. Within a few years a new article has been manufactured that bids fair to take the place of oil cloth. It is called linoleum, and is made of cork and india rubber, put upon a canvas back like the oil cloth. It is pleasanter under the feet than oil cloth, and is more durable, and is thought by those who have used both, to be superior in every respect.

Carpets are not suitable for kitchens, not being cleanly enough, and they are troublesome to manage, as they have to be shaken so often. If, however, you choose to cover your kitchen floor with a carpet, rag is the best, because it is thick and heavy. A cupboard is indispensable in a kitchen, and no other piece of furniture can be made as useful. If you have one made under your own direction, let it be large enough for two wide closets below, and three narrow ones above. The upper closet should be far enough above the lower to allow the top of the latter to be used for a shelf, or rather a sort of table. The lower closets should be at least two feet in depth. In the one nearest the stove, keep all the cooking utensils; in the other, the small stores of flour, sugar, coffee, tea, etc. It is well to have above these closets a row of drawers, in which to keep the tablecloths, towels, etc. The upper closets should be a few inches less in depth than the lower, and two of them filled with shelves. These can be used for temporary deposit for butter, meats, etc. If there is no laundry, in which to keep the implements for washing and ironing, try to dispose of them in some other place than the kitchen. You will need a table, unpainted and unvarnished, for your kitchen, and the size depends somewhat upon that of the kitchen; let it be provided with a drawer, in which can be placed, knives, forks, spoons, etc. The chairs for the kitchen should be strong wooden ones; they are the best when of oiled ash or common maple. Besides these things, you will of course have a sink. It should not be smaller than two and a half feet long, and a foot and a half broad. The under part of the sink to be filled with shelves and drawers. If possible, pipes for both hot and cold water should be run in the sink, and proper waste pipes to carry off the dirty water should also be provided. Many modern inventions can be bought to lessen the work of the kitchen, and the majority can be made very useful. The kitchen is pre-eminently the cooking room, and in furnishing, that should always be kept in view.

If on visiting a house for the first time, we are ushered into the parlor and find it elegantly appointed, we have no reason to suppose that the other rooms at all correspond with it. The bedrooms may be bare and uncomfortable; the dining room dark, half furnished, etc. If we are received in a bedroom, and find it all right, we may be almost certain that the parlor is at least equally as well furnished, but we have no guarantee for the dining room and kitchen; but if by any chance we happen to see the dining room first, and find it an attractive room, completely furnished and in good taste, we may regard it as positive proof that the whole of the house

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is ordered in the same complete and attractive manner.

For although a dining room may be one of the first rooms in the house sufficiently furnished to be used, it is generally the last to receive the finishing touches. A dining room should be made as attractive as possible, for it is not (or at least should not be) merely an apartment to hold a table and a sufficient number of chairs to place around it, where we may eat three times a day, getting through the meals as speedily as possible; the only pleasure anticipated or desired being the tickling of our palates by delicate flavors. Our meals should be social gatherings to which we look forward with pleasure from other motives than those of gormandizing, or even a necessary satisfying of our hunger. A healthy liking for the good things of the table is natural and healthful and should be encouraged by food appetizingly prepared. But the family meeting, the pleasant talk, the joking and laughter, should be, certainly, quite as eagerly desired. And such meetings might be extended to a much greater length than the common custom with advantage to the the family enjoyment and the family health. To accomplish all this effectually, the surroundings should be complete and comfortable, and suggestive of pleasant thoughts.

In case the dining room has never been painted, if you oil the wood with raw linseed oil, giving it three coats and varnishing it with white varnish, it will probably please you better than paint, even if the wood-work is nothing but pine, and the more knotty it is the prettier the grain, and you will find that the color will deepen with age.

Hang white or buff shades at the dining room windows, as these seem to throw a softer light on the surrounding objects. If the walls are quite light, the window hangings may be more sober tints if desired. For the dining room an oiled or stained floor possesses the most advantages; but if you prefer carpet, get a three-ply or ingrain with very small figures or mixed grounds, and in medium colors. Do not have such a very nice carpet that you feel you must cover it up with a drugget, except a narrow strip around the edge, left to show that you have a carpet. There is not much enjoyment to be got out of one's possessions if they are put out of sight. And, besides, it is of doubtful economy. An experienced housekeeper will say that the colors are apt to fade under the drugget, and that the dust that will inevitably sift through it on to your carpet will not add to its beauty. But a crumb-cloth may be laid under the table, to prevent the carpet from being greased or otherwise soiled. The above objections to druggets do not apply to crumb-cloths, because they are frequently taken up.

Extension tables are now almost universally used as dining tables. A plain substantial one, that will seat twelve persons, can be bought very cheaply, although expensive ones can be had. Dining chairs of walnut or oak are the most suitable for a dining room; for comfort they should have cane seats, and well made backs. It is by no means uncommon to see very prettily furnished dining rooms without a sideboard, as they are costly and not essential, particularly when there is a china closet convenient. If you have no sideboard, a table should be placed at the side of the room for the reception of the extra dishes, plates, glass, etc., which will be needed during the meal.

As regards ornaments for this room, vases with grasses, plants or flowers are very nice. A clock is allowable, but it is often an ungracious reminder that the dinner is late, or that the pleasant party has been a long time at the table. There is no room in which flowers and plants are as welcome. You cannot have too many of them. Put cut flowers on mantel, table and sideboard, and have plants growing in the windows or on flower stands in front of them.

Pictures are in good taste, and highly desirable, but not of fruits or desserts. These may be very beautiful or ingenious in themselves, but when we have the real thing before our eyes, we care little for the representation, and if we have it not, do not care at that precise

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time to be reminded of it. And pictures of dead game are not altogether pleasant and appetizing for dining room walls. If you have fine paintings or chromos of "still life," you had better hang them in any other room than this, if you wish them to be fully appreciated.

In the furnishing of a bed room, the chief object should be to secure comfort and a pleasing effect in the arrangements of the different parts of furniture. Next to the whitewashed wall (which is entirely out of date) in sweetness and cleanliness, must be placed the painted wall, and therefore it is peculiarly adapted to a sleeping apartment. Avoid sleeping in a room where new paint has been used. The vapor of turpentine, when inhaled, is apt to prove dangerous. Many cases of death have been known to occur from this cause. Several theories, more or less plausible, have been propounded to explain the prejudicial effects of the inhalation of these vapors. But, whatever be the correct explanation, there is no doubt of the danger of occupying a room recently painted, in which turpentine has been employed before complete desiccation has taken place. Another dangerous thing is to sleep in an apartment that has been newly plastered, and which is not thoroughly dry. The vapor from the drying lime is apt to bring on serious diseases of the lungs and throat.

If wall paper is preferred, the plain tint paper is the prettiest. Figured papers in various styles, widths, and quality, are very cheap at the present, and some are designed especially for bed rooms. With gay papers the window hangings should be chintz, of coloring and design that blends harmoniously with the wall, but not like it, for we do not wish to see precisely the same things wherever we turn our eyes. The carpet must be of one color, soft in tone—for instance, mouse color, with a darker border. Light colors and small figures make the prettiest bed room carpets. Here a good deal of white is allowable. For summer use matting can be used, but we would recommend the use of bare floors, as much as possible, in bed rooms, on account of the freedom from dust. Rugs can be placed before the bed and an oil cloth in front of the washstand.

A full suite of bed room furniture consists of ten pieces, bedstead, bureau, wash stand, towel rack, small table, five chairs and rocking chair. These are the low and medium priced kind. The more costly ones vary somewhat in number and kind. One or two attractive pictures are particularly desirable for a bed room, as there growing plants are entirely out of the question, and even cut flowers are unwelcome unless inodorous. The only desirable fragrance in a bed room is that imparted by perfect cleanliness, and by pure, sweet air.

A bed room should be light, airy and cheerful, and above everything else, well ventilated. "To sleep in a room without a fire" is often cited as a highly proper and healthful thing to do. And it may be to sleep in a room where the fire is not kept up at night, but to sleep where there has been no fire during the cold season is quite the contrary to a healthful practice. In our climate every bed room that is occupied should have a fire lighted in it during the winter, at least for a short time every day. A fire is oftentimes a great purifier. Not that we advise a hot bed room; or indeed any hot room, but it must be borne in mind, that the important thing is, not to keep the room cold, but to take such precautions that a sufficient quantity of fresh outside air shall be regularly supplied.

A hall, properly speaking, is a wide and lofty apartment, from which, generally, not necessarily, rises a spacious, imposing staircase. But in our country, we call narrow entries halls. In ordinary houses, the hall is usually occupied by hat stand and umbrella rack combined. Such narrow halls should have carpets laid down without borders, as they only make them look narrower than they really are, except in the case of a very short entry, when a border makes it look longer. In wet weather it is well to lay down a strip of linen or woolen drugget on the hall carpet, otherwise,

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snow-slush or mud will be tracked over it, notwithstanding the mat at the door. A gas fixture, or lamp of graceful pattern, should be suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the hall, or between the stairway and the front door.

It is doubtful whether the room we are about to describe is a parlor. It certainly is not in common acceptation of the word in America, although very applicable in its original signification. For the English word parlor comes from the French *parloir*—a name bestowed upon that room, in a monastery, set apart as a reception room for visitors—and that again from the verb *parler*, to converse. And our room will inevitably become the talking-room of the house. But, in this country, the parlor is regarded as the "company room," entirely distinct from the reception room, corresponding with the English drawing room, and the French *salon*, and is applied indiscriminately to the long suite of lofty, elegantly appointed saloons of the millionaire, and to the "ten-feet-by-ten" best room of the fifth story of a tenement house.

And was there ever an American woman, who, furnishing a house, did not first lay aside the money for the parlor? A parlor there must be, even if after it there comes the deluge. And, when this much desired room is complete in all the splendors of Brussels carpeting and walnut furniture, the children must not play in it, the husband must not smoke in it or lounge on the sofa, the sunshine must never look in, even the fresh air is unwelcome because the open windows usher in the flies. When such a room is opened on company occasions the dampness strikes to the bones of the guests, while the touch-me-not cleanliness and frigid dignity of the grand furniture settle on their spirits with the weight of lead. In describing this room let us commence with the ceiling. It is to be hoped, for the sake of comfort as well as of beauty, that this is high, but if, unfortunately, it should be low, do not have it of a dark tint. White is most generally used, because it looks well with all kinds of wall papers, but is not always desirable. A delicate pink or buff throws down a more agreeable and softer light on bright days, if the paper hangings will allow these tints to be used.

In regard to wall coverings, paper hangings are the most popular and are used everwhere. There is, we think, no style of wall paper to be compared as to beauty with the plain tint paper. The effect is fine and yet unobtrusive; it does not dwarf the size of the room as pattern paper often does; on it pictures show to good advantage; it corresponds with any style of furniture; and it is always in fashion. There is a prevailing opinion that it soils easily, but this is a mistake; it will keep clean as long as any paper. After the walls are decorated to your taste, put something on them; for bare walls, however pretty, need relief. Mirrors will at once suggest themselves. They add greatly to the handsome appearance of a parlor; and two placed opposite will convert an insignificant room into quite a spacious apartment apparently. If you have a choice between a mirror and pictures, choose the latter without hesitation. If you are not a judge of pictures get a friend who has some knowledge in such matters to select your chromos and engravings, and do not fall into the mistake of thinking that one chromo will do as well as another, for some are nothing but daubs. There are other things besides pictures for adorning walls and giving beauty to a room. But we must conclude.

A visitor ushered into a comfortably furnished room, at once feels at home. A cordial welcome greets him in the very air. It is emphatically the "house-place" and the home life is all around, and suggests topics for interesting and friendly talk. And, when money has become plentiful, and you have added to the modest little home a library, picture gallery, music-hall, state bedrooms, and magnificent suits of elegantly furnished parlors, don't fail to keep such a "house-place" for your family and old friends, and the new ones who are worthy of such distinction.

*William S. Hedges.*

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# LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

IN FOUR ACTS.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Castle of Inverlochy.*

*Enter* MONTROSE, MUSGRAVE, HALL.

MONTROSE. So, Fate, and his own cowardly temper have driven Argyle from his last stronghold. By skilfully improving this victory, we may consider the campaign nearly ended. But it is a necessity that Allan, so headstrong and impetuous, be kept apart from these Children of the Mist, or more blood will be shed in our very midst.

MUSGRAVE. My lord, I learn that Seaforth and his party, who were on the march to join Argyle, are not far distant, and there is rumor of disaffection among them.

MONTROSE. Then, when he learns the results of to-day's battle, he will readily join our forces instead. It is not disloyalty, but despair of our good cause that has induced him to take up arms against us.

MUSGRAVE. The opportunity, my lord, seems too important to be lost.

MONTROSE. We will send a commission to him at once. Go you to Allan McAulay, with orders that he unite with that commission, being a Highland gentleman of rank, befitting that of Seaforth, and of talents and of influence such as may make an impression on him. Send Allan to me for specific instructions. This (*exeunt* MUSGRAVE *and* HALL) will at once improve our strength and dispose of Allan for the present. Besides, he is in every respect the fittest for this important mission; for he knows every pass and glen in the Highlands, as well as the manners and customs of every tribe. (*Enter* MENTIETH.) My gallant kinsman. (*Embraces him with warmth.*)

MENTIETH. My lord, your praise thrills me with a warmer glow than I can well express. The applause of the king himself could be no more welcome.

MONTROSE. All praise is yours, my dear Mentieth, and it is rendered with fullest credit, I assure you. But how fares Sir Duncan? Is his wound dangerous?

MENTIETH. It is at least severe. But he will find us treat him generously. I have given orders that every care be taken with our venerable prisoner, and I have more hopes for his early recovery than he himself entertains.

MONTROSE. And now, Mentieth, you know my constant friendship for you. Will you take it hard if I offer you advice on another subject?

MENTIETH. Your counsel is always wise, my lord.

MONTROSE. When have you seen Annot Lyle?

MENTIETH. (*With confusion.*) Not since the evening before last—excepting—for one moment, about half an hour before the battle began.

MONTROSE. My dear Mentieth, were you one of our gay cavaliers, I should not plague you with enquiring into such an amorette as this. It would be an intrigue only to be laughed at. But this poor girl is beautiful, and has talents formed to captivate your romantic temper. You cannot think of injuring her—you *cannot* think of marrying her?

MENTIETH. My lord, you have repeatedly urged this jest, for so I trust it is meant, somewhat beyond bounds. Annot Lyle is of unknown birth—a captive—the daughter, probably, of some obscure outlaw.

MONTROSE. Do not be angry, Mentieth, I am seriously anxious about this; more so than if your feelings and those of Annot, were alone interested; but you have a dangerous rival in Allan McAulay; and there is no knowing to what extent he may carry his resentment.

MENTIETH. My lord. I know what you mean is kind and friendly. I assure you that Allan and I have discussed this matter; and I have explained to him that it is utterly remote from my character to entertain dishonorable views concerning Annot, and that her obscure birth pre-



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vents my thinking of her on other terms. I will not disguise from you what I have not disguised from Allan, that if Annot Lyle were born a lady, she should share my name and rank.

MONTROSE. And so you have agreed both to worship the same mistress, as idolaters do the same image, but that neither shall extend his pretensions farther? Mentieth, I am sorry for you, and only hope that all may turn out well. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ANNOT *with herbs.*

ANNOT. Alas! In the train of human strife, what dreadful scenes of pain and misery will always follow. I bless the accident that gave me a knowledge of medicine, but O, how sad the task! Poor Sir Duncan, he bears his agony like the brave old hero that he is; and I feel my heart go out for him. Why is it that the presence of that old soldier so affects me? And while I feel a strange affection for him, I see also in his face a tender love for me, such as a father might have for his child. (*Sighs. Retires to near window. Moon thrown on window.*)

*Enter* ALLAN *excitedly.*

ALLAN. Annot!

ANNOT. (*Starting.*) I thought—you had already set out.

ALLAN. My companion awaits me. I go instantly. (*He grasps her arm and gazes fiercely at her.*)

ANNOT. Shall I take the harp? Is the—the shadow falling on you?

ALLAN. (*Drawing her to window and pointing down and outward.*) There is the battle field. Does the sight please you?

ANNOT. (*Covering her face.*) It is hideous! How can you bid me look upon it?

ALLAN. You must learn to look upon it if you remain with this destined army —you will soon have to search a field for my brother's corpse—for Mentieth's —for mine—but that will be a more indifferent task. You do not love me.

ANNOT. This is the first time you have taxed me with unkindness. (*Weeping.*) You are my brother—my protector—and can I then *but* love you? But your hour of darkness is approaching, let me fetch my harp—

ALLAN. Remain! Be my visions from heaven or hell, or from the middle sphere of disembodied spirits—or be they, as the Saxons hold, but the delusions of an over-heated fancy, they do not now influence me; I speak the language of the natural, breathing world. You love me not, Annot—you love Mentieth—by him you are beloved again, and Allan is no more to you than one of the corpses which encumber yonder heath.

ANNOT. You forget your own worth and nobleness when you insult so helpless a being, and one whom fate has thrown so totally into your power. You know whom and what I am, and how impossible it is that Mentieth or you can use language of affection to me.

ALLAN. Mentieth does not seem to think so.

ANNOT. You know from what unhappy race I have too probably derived my existence.

ALLAN. I will not believe it. Never flowed crystal drop from a polluted spring.

ANNOT. Yet the very doubt should make you forbear.

ALLAN. Argue no more. Hear me, my beloved Annot. Leave this scene of terror and danger—come, fly with me—go with me to Seaforth—I will place you under the guardianship of his noble lady, where you will be in safety.

ANNOT. You consider not what you ask of me. To undertake such a journey alone with you, were to show me less scrupulous than maiden ought. I will remain here, Allan—here, under the protection of the noble Montrose, and, as soon as possible, I will contrive some proper means to relieve you of one who has, she knows not how, become an object of dislike to you. (*Weeps.*)

ALLAN. Annot, you know too well how little your words apply to my feelings towards you—but you avail yourself of your power, and rejoice at my departure, as removing a spy upon your intercourse with Mentieth. I go on this mission, but beware, both of you, for

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when was it ever heard that an injury was offered to Allan McAulay, for which he exacted not ten fold vengeance.

[*Exit.*

ANNOT. Ah, now, to what depth of misery am I consigned by this terrible declaration of love and jealousy! He is so haughty and so violent, his vehemence of passion terrifies me. I must find some means to get beyond his reach. I must seek Mentieth; ah! Mentieth, Mentieth. (*Sings.*)

ANNOT'S SONG.

"Wert thou, like me, in life's low vale,
With thee how blest, that lot I'd share;
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft, or bounding galley bear.
But parted by severe decree,
Far different must our fortunes prove;
May thine be joy—enough for me
To weep and pray for him I love.

"The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
When hope shall be forever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal,
No selfish murmurs ever own.
Nor will I through life's weary years,
Like a pale, drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
May wound the heart of him I love."

[*Exit* ANNOT.

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SCENE II.—*An apartment furnished with old fashioned furniture. Door, couch, table and chairs.*

*Discovered:* SIR DUNCAN *lying on couch,* MENTIETH *near by attending him.* RANALD *lying wounded on floor,* DALGETTY *kneeling near him.*

DALGETTY. Mine old friend, I would willingly do anything to pleasure you in return for the wound you have received while under my safe conduct.

RANALD. (*In pain.*) If you think you owe me anything, it is in your power to grant me a boon.

DALGETTY. Now, my friend Ranald, I have read of these boons in story books, whereby simple knights were drawn into uncomfortable engagements; so I pray you have some thought on what you ask from me.

RANALD. It is no great concern to you, but much to me. I want to speak to my grandson, Kenneth. He will be found in the outer apartment.

DALGETTY. It is something out of order to bring outlaws into the presence of a knight; nevertheless, as your boon, as you call it, is a slight one, I shall not deny compliance with the same. [*Exit.*

*Enter* ANNOT LYLE *with medicines.* MENTIETH *advances to meet her.*

ANNOT. My lord, how is it with Sir Duncan? Can I do nothing for him?

MENTIETH. Annot, you were ever an angel of mercy, and carry in your face balm for wounded hearts. Go, speak to him. Your presence itself will do good, for he takes an unusual interest in you.

ANNOT. (*Approaching* SIR DUNCAN.) Sir Duncan, if it lies in my small power to ease your sufferings, speak freely, for freely my assistance will be given.

DUNCAN. (*Taking her hand.*) My child, I am glad you came. Your presence is as welcome as a flower in the desert. The lot of a wounded prisoner in the hands of his enemy must needs be desolate; but if aught could lead me to contentment, it would be such sympathy as thine.

*Enter* DALGETTY *and* KENNETH. DALGETTY *retires.* KENNETH *passes behind* RANALD *and kneels, with bowed head, over him.*

RANALD. Kenneth!

KENNETH. Sire!

RANALD. Kenneth, hear the last words of the sire of thy father and mark them well. A soldier and Allan McAulay of the Red Hand left this camp within the hour, to travel to Seaforth's party in the country of Caberfal. Pursue them as the bloodhound pursues the red deer—swim the lake—climb the mountain—thread the forest—tarry not until you join them—

KENNETH. (*Drawing his knife and raising it aloft.*) And then—

RANALD. No! It is not by thy hand he must fall. They will ask the news from the camp; say to them that Annot Lyle of the Harp is discovered to be the daughter of Sir Duncan, and is to be wed to Lord Mentieth. Tell them you are sent to bid guests to the bridal. Tarry not their answer, but vanish like

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the lightning when the black cloud swallows it. Farewell, beloved! I shall never see thee more, nor hear the light sound of thy footstep. Mayest thou die like thy forefathers. Begone! Begone! Live free, and requite the injuries of thy race! (*Falls back, exhausted.* KENNETH *returns to kiss his brow and exits rapidly.*)

ANNOT. Who is this poor man, my lord? His wounds seem to press hardly on him. (*Approaches* RANALD, *who has partially risen to watch* KENNETH'S *departure, but covers his face as she draws nigh.*)

MENTIETH. He is some out-rider of our camp. Go you not near him; he is beyond your assistance. (*Draws her back.*)

RANALD. (*Makes an unsuccessful effort to drag himself forward, then beckons* DALGETTY.) I beg of you draw me nearer Sir Duncan.

DALGETTY. (*Dragging him.*) Unless you mend your health, my friend, you will not ask me many more boons.

RANALD. Are you he whom men call Sir Duncan Campbell?

DUNCAN. The same—what, would you with one who is in great pain?

RANALD. Your pain can scarce equal mine. My hours are reduced to minutes; the more grace if I bestow them in the service of one whose hand has ever been against me, though mine has been raised higher against him.

DUNCAN. Thine higher against me? Crushed worm! What mean you?

RANALD. Yes, my arm hath been highest, though thine hast dealt me deep blows. I am Ranald McEagh—I am Ranald of the Mist. The night that I gave thy castle to the winds in one huge blaze of fire, is now matched with the day thou hast fallen under my sword. Remember the injuries thou hast done our tribe.

DUNCAN. (*Starting almost to his feet.*) My lord Mentieth, this is a proclaimed villain, at once the enemy of king and parliament—of God and man—one of the outlawed banditti of the Mist; alike the enemy of your house, the McAulays, and of mine. I trust you will not suffer me to be embittered by his barbarous triumph.

MENTIETH. He shall have the treatment he deserves. (*To* DALGETTY.) Let him be instantly removed.

DALGETTY. But, my lord, he—

RANALD. (*With vehemence.*) No! be rack and gibbet the word! Let me wither between heaven and earth, and gorge the hawks and eagles of Ben Nevis; and so shall this haughty knight and this triumphant Thane never learn the secret I alone can impart. Come hither, Annot Lyle, fear not the sight of him to whom thou hast clung in infancy. Tell these proud men, who disdain thee, that thou art no blood of ours—no daughter of the Mist—but born in halls as lordly and cradled on couch as soft as ever soothed infancy in the proudest palaces!

MENTIETH. In the name of God, if you know aught of this lady's birth, do thy conscience the justice to tell it before departing from this world.

RANALD. And bless my enemies with my latest breath? Let me first know its worth. What would you give, Sir Knight, to know that there still remains a descendant of your house?

DUNCAN. I could—but that I know thy race to be liars and murderers from the beginning—but could it be true thou tellest me, I could almost forgive the injuries thou hast done me.

RANALD. Hear it! O, great reward! And you, gentle lord. They say that you would purchase with life and lands the tidings that Annot Lyle was of noble race. What will you give? Will you swear to marry her this day if I can prove good my word?

MENTIETH. For my part I will, by heaven!

RANALD. Then know that Annot Lyle is the youngest, the sole surviving child of Sir Duncan Campbell, knight of Ardenvohr!

ANNOT. Can this man speak truth? or is this some delusion?

RANALD. I will yield you ample proofs. Sir Duncan, did not your daughter, in her infancy, receive a severe wound in her left wrist?

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DUNCAN. Yes, yes, she did.

RANALD. Look at the wrist of Annot Lyle.

DUNCAN. It is true! My darling child! (*Embraces her.*)

DALGETTY. Indeed, it *is* true. I can certify to it, for I heard the whole story three months ago at Inverary Castle.

MENTIETH. Then why, in the name of heaven, did you not inform us of it sooner?

DALGETTY. Because, my lord, the whole day has been occupied with matters that I supposed of more importance. Besides, I had my armor to polish, and that took me nearly two hours.

MENTIETH. Base fool! (*Retires to Annot.*)

DALGETTY. Friend Ranald, let me bring you our worthy chaplain. He will confess your sins in less time than I could smoke a pipe of tobacco.

RANALD. Saxon, speak no more of thy priest. I die contented. To my most deadly foe, who has my dearest blood on his hands, I have now bequeathed agony of mind, jealousy, despair and sudden death. Such shall be the lot of Allan of the Red Hand when he learns that Annot weds Mentieth!

DALGETTY. I believe my friend Ranald is little better than a heathen.

RANALD. No more. Spirit of the Mist! called by our race our father and our preserver—receive into thy tabernacle of clouds, when this pang is over, him whom in life thou hast so often sheltered. (*During this speech he raises himself to his feet, staggers and falls dead. Two attendants enter and drag him off.*)

ANNOT. O heaven, he is dead!

DUNCAN. He dies, the fitting end of a wild outlaw. I should now see, even if I had not before observed it, that your interest in this discovery, my dear Mentieth, has no small reference to your happiness. You love my new found daughter—your affection is returned. Unless your union is formed at once, Argyle will throw a thousand obstacles in its way. You can fulfil your promise to yon piece of clay and be wed immediately.

*Enter* ANGUS MCAULAY.

MENTIETH. Angus, see what strange news we have for you. Annot proves to be the daughter of Sir Duncan beyond all possible doubts.

ANGUS. Indeed, I wish my protegé much joy of her new father. This will be a still better chance for Allan. Annot Lyle could always charm my brother out of the sullens, and who knows whether matrimony might not make him more a man of this world?

MENTIETH. I must spoil your castle-building, my dear Angus, for the lady is already wooed and won, and is to be wedded to me this very night.

ANGUS. My lord, I think, without arrogance, I might have been consulted. I wish you well, but I must say I think you have been hasty in this matter. Allan's sentiments towards this lady are well known, and I, for one, cannot see why his pretensions should be set aside.

DUNCAN. McAulay, be reasonable. I should scarcely confer my daughter's hand upon Allan, whose excellent qualities are overclouded by others that make all tremble who approach him.

ANGUS. Gentlemen, my brother has, as God made us all, faults as well as merits. But he knows as well as most men how to resent his quarrels. He has sources of information that are beyond ordinary messengers, and I should not be surprised if you saw him soon. (*Aside.*) In either case I quit the camp. [*Exit.*

MENTIETH. Annot, darling, you see the necessity for haste in the consummation of our marriage. Farewell, for a few short moments. Go, prepare yourself, and we will meet here within the hour. (*They embrace and are about to part.*)

*Enter* ALLAN *hastily, with drawn sword.*

ALLAN. Draw, Mentieth, and defend yourself like a man, or die like a dog!

MENTIETH. Allan, you are mad!

ALLAN. You lie, traitor! you lie in that as you lie in all you have said to me. Your life is a lie!

MENTIETH. Did I not speak my thoughts when I called you mad, your

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own life were a brief one. In what do you charge me with deceiving you?

ALLAN. You told me that you would not marry Annot Lyle! False traitor! you are now preparing for the altar.

MENTIETH. It is you who speak false. I told you the obscurity of her birth was the only bar to our union. That is now removed; and whom do you think yourself that I should yield up in your favor?

ALLAN. Draw, then, we understand each other!

MENTIETH. Not now, and not here. Allan, you know me well—wait till to-morrow, and you shall have fighting enough.

ALLAN. This hour—this instant—or never. Your triumph shall not go further. Mentieth, I entreat you by our relationship—by our joint conflicts and labors—draw your sword and defend your life.

*Enter* MONTROSE *and* SOLDIERS.

MENTIETH. Begone, madman!

ALLAN. Then be the vision accomplished! (*Stabs* MENTIETH *with dagger.* MENTIETH *staggers under the blow and falls into the arms of* MONTROSE.)

MONTROSE. Hold, hold! Forbear!

OMNES. McAulay.

DUNCAN. Rash, misguided boy; what have you done?

ALLAN. (*Aghast.*) Ay, what have I done? Accursed fulfilment of fate and prophecy; I have killed my—my more than brother. O, I am not fit to live. Annot, my love, I die. (*Stabs himself.*)

MENTIETH. Hold! hold thy frenzied hand! I am unhurt. A concealed coat of mail I wear has saved me from all except the fury of your blow. Great heaven, he is dying! He has killed himself. (ALLAN *falls*, MENTIETH *rushes to him.*)

ALLAN, Ah! (*With relief. Extends hand to* MENTIETH.) Thank God, my kinsman, I die, my hands unstained with thy blood.

ANNOT. (*Kneeling behind* ALLAN.) Oh, Allan, my brother!

ALLAN. Forgive me, Annot, forgive me. I was mad, and could not bear to think you loved him. But I have atoned my sin. The pang of death is on me! And you, too, Mentieth, can you forgive me?

MENTIETH. Yes, yes! Most freely I do forgive you.

ALLAN. You may well do so; for the approach of death throws wide open to my gaze the portals of the future. All auguries of ill are now fulfilled; and I see therein naught for you both but happiness and love. Mentieth, Annot, with my dying breath, I bless you both. (*Picture.*)

*Slow curtain.*

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CONSIDERING that Canada has less than six millions of inhabitants, scattered along the shores of the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, the great lakes and along the northern boundary of the United States for a distance of more than three thousand miles, it is not surprising that the Dominion should possees railroads of great length. The Grand Trunk Railway is the longest line yet completed, being two thousand one hundred and fifty-two miles in length. The Intercolonial Railway comes next with nearly one thousand miles of line in operation; but these roads will soon be exceeded by the Canada Pacific, which when completed will be more than two thousand four hundred miles in length. At present one thousand seven hundred and eighty miles are in operation, and the work is being vigorously pushed forward at each end of the line. The effect of this road is already apparent in the activity everywhere manifest on the coast of British Columbia. When the province was admitted to the Canadian confederation in 1873, it had scarcely ten thousand white inhabitants; now the

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population exceeds sixty thousand and is increasing with a rapidity which defies calculation. New Westminster, which was then only a straggling village of scarcely five hundred inhabitants, is now a thriving town of seven thousand. The architecture also is far in advance of most western towns, showing that the people have faith in themselves or rather in the glorious future that is opening before them. Few of the public buildings are yet completed. Many of them when finished will present an imposing appearance. Among those partially completed or in course of erection may be mentioned the Legislative Hall, the Hudson's Bay Company's warerooms and offices, the Provincial University, the governor's residence, and the offices, buildings and machine shops connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

But most of all, the activity is observable at the docks which are being prepared for the steamers of the Pacific and Oriental Steamship Company. These Clyde-built steamers when finished will be of surpassing strength, beauty, swiftness and convenience; and, owing to the higher latitude, this route to Yokohama and China will be much shorter than that via Honolulu. Here then in British Columbia is to be built a great metropolis. What New York is to the eastern, New Westminster will be to the western coast of America.

British Columbia is in extent about six hundred miles from north to south and four hundred from east to west. Vancouver Island, once a separate colony but now joined with British Columbia, is fully three hundred miles in length by seventy miles in average width. Dark, frowning cliffs girdle its shores, and several peaks rise in the centre of the island, where white patches of snow may be seen even in June. The valleys are well wooded and exceedingly fertile. Owing to the warm ocean current known as the Japan current, the climate somewhat resembles that of Ireland, with more of heat and not so much of storm on the western coast. The glassy waters of the Gulf of Georgia, which divides Vancouver Island from the mainland, present a striking appearance, dotted with many little islands, and enlivened by swiftly gliding canoes filled with painted Indians, slow-paced sailing ships and spluttering steamers. On the side of the gulf opposite to Vancouver Island loom the dark shores of British Columbia. At first sight the whole country appears to be clothed with forest; but when the traveler moves inland he learns that the forests frequently take the form of belts enclosing rich valleys and open prairies.

The impressions which this country leave on the mind are of grandeur and awful solitude, rendered more dismal by the howl of beasts of prey. Streams white with foam flow amid cliffs and ravines, forming at places magnificent waterfalls. Forests of the deepest green present to the eye vast masses of foliage, fresh and glittering in the sunlight; whilst, far above, from overhanging cliffs and mountains, gleam piles and pyramids of ice and snow, and glacier gorges of remarkable splendor. The deer, the elk, the bear, the fox and the wolf people the fastnesses of the forest. Fish swarm along the shores, and in the numerous lakes which stud the country. The salmon is especially abundant. The Indian, by a few hauls of the net, fills his canoe with them. The bear sits by the side of the river, and paws them out for breakfast, dinner and supper.

There is a great diversity of climate both in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. The arctic fox and the hummingbird, the reindeer, lichen and the cactus may be found in the limits of this one territory. Generally speaking, the climate of the sea coast is milder and finer than that of England, but wet in winter. In the interior the winters are colder, while the summers are hotter.

In the early days of the colony, gold mining was the chief pursuit of the inhabitants, but with the commencement of the Pacific Railway commenced also the agricultural prosperity of the country. A fertile soil, mild climate, and good markets are the inducements of-

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fered to settlers. The rich valleys of the Fraser and its tributaries offer a home and subsistence to millions of the human family. Schools are not only free, but compulsory to all children between the ages of six and sixteen. A certain portion of the public domain has been set apart for educational purposes; and thus the people are relieved from the burden of taxation.

Included in the limits of British Columbia is the mining district of Cariboo, (a corruption of *Cerf-boeuf*, a large species of reindeer which inhabits the country,) near the sources of the Fraser. This district is generally described as a

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.

The only portion of the district that has been explored is a patch of country fifty miles from north to south and thirty from east to west. It bears a striking resemblance to the richest regions of California. As far as "prospecting" has yet gone this character has been fully established. The gold is found a few inches, a foot or two, and very seldom more than six feet below the surface. The gold is all coarse gold—granulated, gravelly stuff, mixed with pellets and pebbles of pure metal of considerable size.

*J. H. Ward.*

## THE SPIRIT OF JANE ADAIR.

WHEN I was quite a young girl my father took into his employ as a farm laborer, a young man just arrived from "Salt Lake," as it was expressed in those days in that part of the country, (California.) Mr. Colton, as I will here call him, was a very steady, well meaning, though quite illiterate young man. He had been raised by Latter-day Saint parents, and knew little of the world and people outside of Utah until this, his first adventure in search of a fortune. For awhile he was quite punctual in attending the Sabbath meetings and prayer meetings held by our people, and very diligent in faithfully performing his duties. At times, he seemed much given to mournful reflections and would sigh heavily. On one occasion father courteously asked him if the cause of his dispondency was "homesickness," as Mr. Colton had informed us he was the only child and this his first absence from home and friends. He quite readily replied, that poetry and music would much better explain his feelings at present, than ordinary conversation could do; and forthwith assumed a more appropriate position for his purpose, and began singing: "My parents raised me tenderly," and it was not long before we discovered the burden of his grief to be: "The girl I left behind me." At so unexpected a revelation of confidence, my parents were undoubtedly discomposed, but father, beyond a sudden elevation of his eyebrows, betrayed no further sign, but listened respectfully to the extraordinary nasal, vocal efforts of the singer. My mother hurried her face into her handkerchief and at one time I thought she was sobbing sympathetically, although she had never before to my knowledge, betrayed such signs of emotion during the best singing I had ever heard. I gave up the problem, in mystification. At the conclusion, father gravely advised Mr. Colton to "look on the bright side of the future," and then turned to matters belonging more directly to the young man's position with himself.

A few mornings later, Mr. Colton gravely asked father if he had ever investigated spiritualism? Father replied no, and had no desire to do so, advising him if such a temptation lay in his path to shun it as worthless imposture that would only unsettle his peace of mind and bring him no reward for his research. Mr. Colton replied mysteriously that he had heard things that he would not like to treat with disrespect. Father changed the subject. Next morning Mr. Colton wore a distressed countenance at breakfast, and informed us that he had been

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visited the night before by mysterious rappings. He had puzzled his mind to solve the question, who, from the realms of the dead desired to communicate with him. He had at last arrived at the conclusion that the girl to whom he had once been engaged, but whom through mistaken self importance he had jilted, and who was later, by an accident, cut off from life in early womanhood; was the spirit which hovered over him, disturbing his sleep and peace of mind. Father assured him that no good young woman would condescend to so trivial and unworthy a means of redress, that more probably she was where his conduct in the past, however important remorse might make it appear to him—was entirely overlooked and unimportant to her.

It was quite evident, however, that Mr. Colton firmly believed his own views, and suffered in his mind. The following morning he announced that he had again been awakened (after returning from a spiritualist meeting) by three distinct taps. He had nerved himself to ask who was wanted—if it were he, to make it known by three taps. As he covered his agonized ears with the blankets, he heard distinctly three dreadful taps. Some time elapsed before he again could address the dreadful unknown, although, after regular intervals, apparently challenging him to speak, it rapped vehemently. At last he demanded that if it was the spirit of Jane Adair, she was to rap three times. He said his head swam at the *immediate* response. He then inquired if she had come to visit vengeance upon him, and desired his life in expiation of his wrongs toward her. He then covered his head again, but in vain, and while he heard the three soul-searching raps repeated, he resigned all objects and plans for the future, and was even now firmly convinced that but a few brief weeks at most were allotted him here, that perhaps a sudden and violent death awaited him, and then an awful eternity! His face was indicative of the most abject terror and determined belief. I was then surprised to hear my mother say, "Come with me, Mr. Colton; I think I can solve this mystery." He hung back, but father rose and said, "Yes, come." Mr. Colton's room was in one end of a large storehouse where was kept, in separate rooms, grain, meats of different kinds, dried fruits, discarded furniture, etc.; in the latter room, separated by a thin partition from his, was a tub turned upside down. Three raps startled him as they entered. My mother lifted the tub, and out flew a fractious, fussy, persistent setting hen. Father looked at Mr. Colton, and then burst into a hearty laugh. "So, Caroline, you have dispelled the impending calamity! Mr. Colton, let this suffice to prove to you the falsity of spiritualism; it has been a good lesson." Poor young man! he was almost crushed by mortification, and soon left us to go where no one would know of his weakness and folly. *A. J. Crocheron.*

It is inconceivable how much wit is required to avoid being ridiculous.

## PINKERTON, THE DETECTIVE.

THIS celebrated agent of law and justice was of Scottish parentage, and born in Glasgow, August 25, 1819. He was the son of William Pinkerton, a weaver by trade, but who was some time a sergeant of police. William Pinkerton died when Allen was about nine years old, from the effects of injuries received while making an arrest. The boy obtained employment with a print-maker, but afterward served an apprenticeship with a cooper. When about twenty-one years old the Chartist movement for a more liberal form of government, with which he was identified, culminated in the Birmingham riots. Several of the leaders were arrested and convicted; some of them were put to death and others received various terms of imprisonment. Young Pinkerton's activity

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in connection with this outbreak made him a marked man, and so apprehensive of arrest. He hurriedly married Miss Joan Carfrae, a young lady to whom he had been for some time engaged, and on the following day sailed for Quebec. The vessel in which the young couple embarked was shipwrecked near Sable Island, on May 9, 1842, but the passengers were picked up by a passing vessel and taken to Quebec. This misfortune left them in a destitute condition, but they were aided in securing passage through the lakes to Chicago, where Pinkerton went to work at his trade. After a few years he established a cooperage of his own at Dundee, Ill., which became prosperous.

About this time his first piece of detective work was done, almost by accident. He had been in the habit of visiting the Islands in Fox River to procure materials for his stock, and one day he stumbled on a gang of counterfeiters. His love of adventure led him to investigate the operations of the gang, and he was so successful as to break it up. This was not accomplished without much risk, as he was shot at and wounded.

This exploit led to his appointment as a deputy sheriff of Kane County, Ill., a position in which he was instrumental in breaking up several gangs of horse-thieves and counterfeiters. His fame spread to Chicago, and the sheriff of Cook County offered him the appointment of deputy sheriff. This place he filled for some time, when Mayor Church made him detective of the city force; an entirely new position. In 1852 Mr. Pinkerton became impressed with the importance of establishing a detective agency that would be independent of political influence. Securing the assistance of E. L. Rucher, an attorney, he established his agency and soon had the patronage of several railway companies. Among the four or five men first employed by Mr. Pinkerton was George H. Banks, afterward general superintendent of the agency, who remained with the agency until his death last year. Another was Timothy Webster, who was hung as a Union spy in Richmond in the late war.

Mr. Pinkerton's agency soon grew to large proportions, and his reputation extended to all the leading cities of the country. One of the first important cases that came to him from the east was that of the robbery of Adams' Express Company, at Montgomery, Alabama, of $40,000. He traced the thieves from Alabama to New Jersey, and succeeded in recovering nearly all the money in the original packages. This established his ability for the express companies, and he afterward undertook many other important cases in their behalf, and with success. In 1861 he was employed to look out for incendiaries on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road, and while at work discovered a plot to assassinate President Lincoln. He at once took charge of the Presidential party while *en route* for Washington, and carried Mr. Lincoln safely through Baltimore. When the war broke out President Lincoln authorized Mr. Pinkerton to establish the Secret Service Division of the Army, which he did under the name and title of Major E. J. Allen.

Among the many famous exploits connected with his name, was the capture and conviction of Augustus Stuart Byron, whose father was Lord Byron, and his mother Mary Stuart, and of a young man named Napier, a nephew of Admiral Napier, of the English navy. These men wrecked a train on the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, and secured a large amount of money by robbing the mails. He was engaged in the pursuit of the James boys in Missouri, losing five men in one year while thus occupied. He declared that he would have captured them had he been backed by the Governor, as Governor Crittenden subsequently backed other detectives. Other operations of his that met with success were the breaking up of the organization of Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coal regions, which occupied a period of eight years, and the extermination of the band of desperadoes led

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by the four Reno brothers, whose headquarters were at Seymour, Ind. It was through his agency also that the capture of the Bidwell brothers, the Bank of England forgers, was effected, the conviction of the bond forgers Roberts and Gleason, and the capture of the Northampton Bank robbers.

Mr. Pinkerton's success was in a great measure due to his stubborn adherence to several rules that he regarded as cardinal. In the first place, he laid it down as a maxim that a criminal cannot keep a crime secret. He has to tell it to some one, sooner or later, and Pinkerton trained his men to obtain the confidence of lawbreakers. He also made it a rule to employ honest, reliable men. He had the utmost contempt for the practice of setting a thief to catch a thief. The work done through his agency, whether successful or not, was charged for at unvarying *per diem* rates. Divorce suits and matters involving family scandals he never touched. The extent of the business done by detectives may be inferred from the fact that his agency has thirty-five detectives connected with the office in New York, forty at the Chicago headquarters, and twenty working with Philadelphia as a centre. It also has a private night watch of two hundred men in Chicago, guarding the banks, express offices, and wholesale houses. This force was established over thirty-five years ago when there was no regular police in Chicago.

Besides his detective business, Mr. Pinkerton was a farmer on a rather large scale in Illinois. He owned and cultivated two farms of seven hundred and fifty acres at Onarga, on the Illinois Central Railroad, south of Chicago, where recently he planted nearly a million Scotch larch trees imported for him. He was the author of fifteen volumes of experiences in the disclosure of crime and the arrest of the perpetrators. Among these are the following: "The Spy of the Rebellion," giving a history of the spy system of the United States army during the war for the Union; "Professional Thieves and the Detectives," and "Thirty Years a Detective."

His death occurred on the first of July last, from the effects of a fever contracted several weeks before in the south. He had previously suffered three paralytic attacks—over which a naturally powerful constitution seemed to triumph, but they left him, doubtless, in a much weakened state.—*Phrenological Journal.*

## LIFE ON THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

III.

WHILE we write, a story comes from the north that the Piegan Indians are starving by hundreds on their reservation. These people, as do nearly all reservation Indians, depend upon the supplies government provides for their living. If, before the reservation system was adopted, they hunted and fished, gathered berries and roots, and secured the remainder of life's sustenance by begging, the attitude of dependence and submission they are forced into on the reservations is reason for discontinuing those vocations which before enabled them to live. It is a conspicuous fact that the disposition to get their own living, even by primitive Indian methods, is being rapidly supplanted by a listless dependence, which is stubbornly expressed by folding their hands and starving to death, when the agency supplies run short. But they ought never to be thus exposed, and probably would not be were their rations carefully provided and distributed to them. While the allowance made by Congress is inadequate for the entire support of the nation's wards, it would go a great deal farther in that direction if honestly handled.

The warfare that has so many years been waged against them, the forcible occupation of their hunting grounds and the extinction of game, their miserable,

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loathsome condition of immorality, all appeal to the sympathetic consideration of the nation and the "superior race." It would seem as if some plan ought to be devised to benefit this despised and fallen people. It is being demonstrated that their little children, when taken away and trained in practical schools, make excellent, in some cases, astonishing, progress. It has become a matter of history, and is generally understood, that the Indian readily inclines to the pure principles of Christianity, when not obscured by sectarian dogmas, and he sees his teachers practicing the truths they profess to believe. In this inherent tendency to learn the will and respect the authority of the Great Spirit, will be found the key to the Indian's heart and mind. For this reason the labor of civilizing the Indian is a labor devolving first and most urgently upon the Latter-day Saints, for they and they only are in possession of the key referred to. They are able to tell the poor red men of their ancestry, and of the predictions the voice of inspiration has uttered for their future, to awaken hope in the breasts where only despondency has for so long a period dwelt, to hold out the incentive to reformation that invites their effort to abandon the sins of their fathers, and arise from the degradation to which their wickedness has subjected them.

The government has, within recent years, opened one door to the Indian by which he may emerge from the low condition of dependence to which the reservation system forever binds him. It was done in the act of Congress providing for the holding of lands in severalty by Indians, when they abandoned their tribal relations and were disposed to make homes and enjoy the privileges of citizenship in the republic. The following extract from a *Deseret News* editorial explains the law, and expresses the endorsement it receives from our people:

"We have been requested to explain the rights of Indians under the law to acquire title to public lands. It is thought by some people that Indians have no rights which persons of the 'superior race' are bound to respect. But it is beginning to dawn upon the enlightened mind that there is considerable good in the red man, which only needs opportunity and cultivation to make conspicuous. 'There is no good Indian but a dead Indian,' is no longer a favorite quotation. It has been demonstrated that youthful Indians can be educated in the book-learning of the age, and that the arts of civilization can be taught with success to the redskins, young and old.

"The policy of encouraging the roving, begging, lazy Indian to cultivate the soil, raise stock and acquire title to real estate, is the most humane and sensible thing the government has done in regard to the descendants of the primal owners of the land. And as soon as the Indians can be brought into that condition that they will hold their lands in severalty, instead of as common hunting grounds for wandering tribes and bands, so soon will they take a step upwards from their savage state towards a higher and better mode of life.

"It should be generally understood that Indians may homestead land in the same way as white men, but with these differences: The Act of Congress of March 3, 1875, extends the benefits of the homestead act of May 20, 1862, and the acts amendatory thereof, to any Indian born in the United States, who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and who has abandoned, or may hereafter abandon his tribal relations, but the title to lands so acquired may not be alienated for five years from the date of the patent. An Indian who is twenty-one years of age may thus enter a quarter section of land under the homestead laws, whether he is the head of a family or not, and if he is the head of a family, he need not be twenty-one years of age; but he must show that he has abandoned his tribal relations. This is done by his own affidavit and that of two disinterested witnesses.

"This is sufficient proof that the Indian applying has complied with the law.

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There is no particular formality with which we are acquainted that is necessary to the severing of the connection of an Indian with his tribe, except the foregoing. The acquisition of title to land is recognized by the Indian tribes and chiefs in this region, as a virtual severance of tribal relations on the part of the Indian obtaining it. No tribal authority is afterwards attempted to be exercised over him, and he no longer acknowledges or submits to it.

"An Indian who thus severs his tribal relations and pays his taxes, is recognized as a citizen and, in this Territory, as a voter. He is numbered with other inhabitants in the census of the population. Being born in the United States, and not under allegiance to any tribe or chief, he is a citizen and needs no naturalization or formality to establish his status other than that we have named.

"Special protection to Indians who have acquired title to land is enjoined by law upon the agents and superintendents, and neither other Indians or white marauders are permitted to encroach upon them in their peaceable possession of the soil they hold in severalty."

During our visit to the Shoshone Indians, we found among the chief men of the tribe a most absorbing interest in this subject. It had been imperfectly explained to them that provision was made by which they could become individual owners of and secure government patents to sections of land. No other theme was so agreeable to them, and none could doubt, while watching the expression upon their faces, the delight the thought gave them as the full force of this action of the government became known to them. There is a spirit at work among the Indians. Its mission is one of peace; its influence is exalting, and the Lamanite feels it swell in his bosom, inciting him to improve his condition, to come out from his degradation and take the place God and the Prophets have predicted he shall occupy in the dispensation which has been ushered in to prepare the way for the Millennial reign, when peace and the prosperity of Zion shall be the lot of the Indian as of all the descendants of the Israelitish race. *De Vallibus.*

## THE BLARNEY-STONE.

WHO has not heard of the "Blarney-stone?"—allusion being often made to it when one is speaking of a person who possesses readiness of tongue. The Blarney-stone is related to one of the most interesting ruins of Ireland, the castle of Blarney, which is situated about five miles northwest of Cork. The neighborhood, however, has a history much older than the castle, for in the early ages, two thousand or more years ago, it was a place of importance to the Druids. There those semi-barbarous people performed their strange rites, and relics of their worship remain still.

The castle was built in the year 1449, in the midst of a fertile valley on the banks of the Comaun, a small stream. Evidently it was intended to subserve an important purpose of defence in those stormy days, as may be inferred from the great thickness and strength of its walls. Several times it was the centre of sanguinary conflict. In 1643 it was besieged and taken by Lord Broghill; after the Restoration, it sustained a siege by the army of William, and was then in a great measure demolished, together with other fortifications that were originally very extensive. Little indeed was left intact, save the walls of the large tower or donjon that rise about one hundred and twenty feet above the ground, and form a very prominent feature in the landscape. Attached to it is the well wooded demesne, comprising a mirror-like lake and the "Sweet Rock Close." Although this place has its picturesque attractions, including the

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stream, and the lake, and tower, and the little town near, yet the chief point of interest for the visitor centres in the stone, that, to use the language of Father Prout in his Plea for Pilgrimages, "is endowed with the property of communicating to the happy tongue that comes in contact with its polished surface, the gift of gentle insinuating speech, with soft talk in all its ramifications, whether employed in vows and promises light as air, such as lead captive the female heart, or elaborate mystification of a grosser grain, such as may do for the House of Commons—all summed up and characterized by the mysterious term 'Blarney.'"

The southern and eastern sides of the tower are surmounted by parapets having numerous openings, and several small chambers, closets and dormitories occupy the north side from base to summit, and are reached by a very steep, narrow, winding stair. On top, the wall is broad enough to make a good footpath; and that part of it where the famous stone is to be seen, is held in its place by irons. In order to reach it one must lean out through an opening between two and three feet wide; and the visitor who has no assistance, can not expect to secure the mystic influence by an application of his lips to the stone; to attempt that would be to fall headlong down. One who ascended the tower and surveyed the prospect that it commands, says: "There is no door left in it from the foundation to the top; I cautiously crept to the edge of the wall, and while the sides of the old castle seemed to sway to and fro, I reached out to the parapet and touched the stone with my finger tips; this is as near as I ever got to it; but I have had enough. There is a stone downstairs on the ground floor which is far more convenient, and is usually substituted for the original."

For more than four hundred years this castle has been the sole feature of importance in a cheerless though lovely landscape. At the base of the tower we find the prisons, two gloomy, ill-ventilated halls; a little to the west of the donjon is the cave, a low, dark, subterranean passage; in the immediate vicinity of the castle is the Rock Close, an area of a few acres of ground, tastefully laid out, with numerous rocks covered with lichens and heath blossoms here and there distributed over it, that appear as if they were natural products of the soil. There are shady retreats that command very pleasing views of the neighborhood. Other objects of interest to the tourist are pointed out; for instance, a flight of steps, roofed in by massive stones, that leads down to the "inch" or island, washed by the waters of the Comaun. This is known as the "witch's stairs." Adjoining it is the "witch's kitchen." On the island stands a cromlech of immense size, covered by a luxuriant growth of moss and lichens. This is a relic of the ancient Druid worship, a form of devotion supposed to have been derived from the Phœnicians. The ancient Celts probably sacrificed to Baal; and here on this altar offered up their victims, a thousand years or more before the foundations of the castle were laid.

Progress uses foes as aids to success.

## STUDENT-LIFE AT LEIPZIG.

Of all the German university towns, of which there are some twenty, Leipzig is the best for the observation of student-life. The university there is one of the oldest in the Empire, and has the largest number of students. It has been founded four hundred and seventy-four years, and has at present some three thousand students. About the middle of the century, the illiberal policy of Saxony seriously injured it, causing many of the ablest professors to resign, and hundreds of the students to leave. Since then it has more than recovered

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its former prosperity, which is greater to-day than ever.

While most of the students are Germans, as may be supposed, two or three hundred are generally foreigners, and among these are always to be found a number, usually from forty to fifty of Americans. It is very easy, in the majority of cases, to tell the Americans by their appearance. They look very unlike the Germans, being apparently younger, much slighter in figure, more delicate of complexion, more supple in movement, and fuller of the restless, nervous energy which is a national trait. They are said to be quicker in mind and better fitted for a variety of studies; but having neither the patience nor the application of the Germans, they do not so distinguish themselves by their attainments. Hardly any of them continue their intellectual training after graduation from the university, but entering upon some active profession or employment, they neglect in the world of practicality, the ample stock of scholarship they have brought home. A large proportion of Germans, on the other hand, form such academic habits as to feel unfitted for ordinary life, and so cling to their books and traditions of learning.

The Leipzig University, like all the other German universities, is under the complete control of the government; but it is not dependent, like most of them, on state appropriations, but has a very handsome private property. It has kept its large landed estates, and owns, besides, many buildings in the city, from which a fine revenue is derived. From this come not only the salaries and all necessary expenses, but provision for the poor free students, who vary, with different years, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. The government is represented by a curator, whose duty it is to see that the official laws and regulations are carried out; by a quæstor, who collects the dues from the students, and by the professors, all of whom are chosen by the ministers of public instruction. The professors, numbering more than one hundred, elect annually the rector, the real head of the institution, the chancellor, the assistant of the rector, and the deans of the four faculties—philosophy, medicine, law and theology. Each faculty is governed by its own professors and dean, subject to the general regulations of the university, and consists of the professors, ordinary and extraordinary, and the private lecturers, who are numerous.

The course of study is four years, and as the students may go where they like after and before the lectures—not even being required to attend these—and may choose their own boarding and lodging places, they have great freedom, more, no doubt, than many American parents would approve. The degrees conferred are those of doctor, the degree of doctor of philosophy answering to that of master of arts with us. The other faculties are, of course, for the education of young men intended for what used to be distinctively known as the three learned professions, to which journalism, literature, science and others might be added. Every candidate for a degree must submit to an oral examination on his particular studies, and prepare a thesis, or essay, in German or Latin. If these be unsatisfactory, the degree is withheld, which often happens, though less often than might be thought from the apparently indolent and dissipated habits of many of the students.

After a student has written his name and address in the register of the university, and has agreed to obey its laws, he is entitled to the freedom of the city, as it is called, and also, it may be added, to his own freedom. His time, his studies, his place of abode, his habits, are within his personal control. He may be diligent or indolent, clever or stupid, worthy or unworthy, just as he chooses. The university, except when he breaks its laws, lets him severely alone. The common idea of German students is that they pass most of their leisure in drinking beer and fighting duels, of their peculiar kind. They do a good deal of both these things at Leipzig; but the things are confined to comparatively few.

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Out of three thousand students, there are naturally many scapegraces, and these give a bad reputation to the whole number. Beer-drinking and pipe-smoking are almost universal there—they are, in fact, the time-honored and unchangeable habits of the entire nation; but beer-drinking to excess, at least as the Germans count it, is by no means general. They consider eight or ten glasses, four or five quarts, a day as moderate; while some of the students, who sottishly pride themselves on their guzzling capacity, will, incredible as it may seem, drink daily not less than three or four gallons. And this enormous quantity can scarcely be said to intoxicate them, so seasoned are they. It makes them dull, or surly, or quarrelsome. The great beer drinkers are apt to be the noted duelists, and frequently very noisy and riotous. The students from the United States seldom enter into rivalry with the natives in such sort of dissipation; and if they do, find they cannot compete successfully. Actually, they have no such power of holding liquor, and if they had, it would so derange their stomachs and heads as to make them ill. A quart of beer will affect them more than a gallon will affect a German. Though both of the same stock, they are singularly unlike in body and mind. Where one has but a downy mustache, the other is likely to have considerable growth of hair all over his face, while his ruddier and coarser countenance and the spectacles he is pretty certain to wear, give him an elderly appearance.

A favorite resort of the students is Auerbach's Cellar, near the market place, which has been frequented for two hundred years. It is not at all attractive, having an ancient, dingy, dreary interior, very common wooden tables and chairs, flanked with beer kegs and wine barrels. Hardly any change takes place in it from generation to generation; the interest of the owner being to keep it as it was when described by Goethe, who made it famous in his "Faust." Almost any evening, the students may be seen there in numbers, smoking, drinking, talking loudly and singing. They are a noisy crew, often ill-mannered and insolent, having no respect for the citizens, whom they call Philistines, or for strangers generally. Their pipes turn the atmosphere blue, and the clinking of their glasses, pounding of the tables, their shouting, loud laughter, roaring songs and disorderly clamor, make the cellar, and other places where they meet, anything but pleasant. Quiet people seldom go where they go, unless from curiosity. The students have such a contempt for the townsfolk, such a hatred of them, too—having periodical fights with them, frequently growing into riots—that the latter are apt to shun them. They have their own haunts, and usually have these mostly to themselves. Only they, in the flush of youth, buoyant with hope and high spirits, all the world before them, would enjoy such follies and such license.

The duels, of which so much is said, are as stupid as they are brutal. They have not even danger to commend them; for they never prove fatal, if fought in the approved and regular way. No vital part is exposed, the breast being covered with swathings of woolen and leather, and the person so encumbered that a combat in the true sense is impossible. The face is the principal point of assault and defence, and he who is willing to have his cheek laid open, or his features slashed and disfigured, is ranked as a hero. Two duelists in position, so hampered with bindings and wrappings as to move with difficulty, striking at one another with their swords, gashing nose, ear, or chin, is a sight at once ludicrous and repulsive. Some students bear many scars, the result of these encounters, and are far prouder of them than of any proficiency in study or intellectual success. These damaged and hacked simpletons, who rarely have any beauty to lose, always have enthusiastic followers that look up to their battered brows and split noses with envy and admiration. The Americans are generally averse to such duels. If challenged, if forced to fight, they are inclined to choose pistols, which may kill, but do not disfigure. They have repeatedly

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killed their antagonists, and caused, on the part of the Germans, a great outcry at their desperation. Any duel is barbarous; but a real duel, where life is in peril, however savage, is not ridiculous. The laws of the university oppose dueling, drunkenness, gambling and all misdemeanors; but these continue, because custom is stronger than regulation.

The majority of the students, even if very wild, are not vicious, and the worst of them are seldom really bad-hearted. But many, as ardent youths are prone to be, are vain, egotistic, disorderly, overbearing, turbulent, learning self-restraint and wisdom only when their blood is cooled. German students, as a class, are by no means so romantic or interesting as commonly represented. They have their full share of weaknesses and meannesses, and they do not improve on close acquaintance. To read of them in novels is one thing; to live with them is quite another. One of the unconsidered advantages of attending the Leipzig, or any other of the universities—the educational advantage is uncertain—is the banishment of delusions about German students. *Youth's Companion.*

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.—*Arthur Helps.*

## REFLECTIONS IN THE GRAVEYARD.

Peace to the ashes of my absent friends
Who lie interred beneath these mould'ring heaps,
Where now the solitary tombstone keeps
Sentinel, and where the seared sunflower bends
To ev'ry passing breeze; you once were gay
And full of wisdom, joy and social mirth.
The talented, the smart men of your day,
Though here all mute and mingling with the clay
You wait in silence for your earthly birth.
Mysterious change! And shall their bodies rise
From earth to meet their spirits from the skies?
Where worms and putrefaction have destroyed
The last remains of all their vestige here,
That's now with all the elements alloyed—
Earth, air, gases of this mundane sphere;
These elementary parts composed in whole,
Joined with the human spirit, forms the soul.

No legs, nor arms, like meteors through the air,
Disjointed on some far-off battlefield,
As ignorance on supposition build,
Will need to come to form the body fair.
Here lies the seed that will the harvest yield.
Disrupted nature, seeks each part its own
Congenrick kind, so far as nature's known.
Start not, ye skeptics, but ye Saints rejoice,
There's nothing lost; stern Nature ne'er destroys
Herself, though low and rotten with the clod,
The seed of human form will from it spring
And rise immortal in the form of God,
When freed from sin and its corrupting sting.
Yes, ye shall rise, and these elements all
From which your bodies on the earth were made,
By food and temp'rance will be at a call—
Bones, flesh, nerves, sinews, unitedly arrayed
To form again your bodies from the shade
Of dark forgetfulness and dreary death,
That shrouds their noble ashes underneath.

What shall we say of all these little mounds
Whose inmates died who knew no sin nor hate?
Shall they arise from these uneven grounds
To share the blessings of a future state
Who had no real probationary claim
To prove them pure and worthy of the same?
Yes, all their agency that gained reward
Was wrought out by them e'er they ventured here;
They got their bodies, laid them under guard
And left to join their first celestial sphere.
Say, shall the Great Designer not have power
To say return into your form again,
The prestige of your former state and dow'r
And live forever without fear or pain?
Free from the curse of earth's turmoil and storm
Where Nature will not need again reform.
Come then, my soul, keep fast thy faith divine,
While gazing o'er these tombstones, sorry-led,
It will be so, as 'twas by Jesus said,
When He commanded water into wine,
On raising Lazarus to life, when dead.

*John Lyon.*

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year,* *In Advance.*

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER, 1884.


## VOLUME SIX.

IT is with feelings of gratitude that we chronicle the successful conclusion of another volume of the CONTRIBUTOR, and review the labors that have been performed in its formation. The fifth volume of our magazine possesses some distinguishing features that will ever mark it among its companions that have already been issued, or that may in the future bear its title. Chief of these, of course, will be the historical engraving of "The Three Witnesses," which forever preserves the likenesses of those distinguished men, whom God honored by the visitation of his angel to them and the revelation of His will delivered by His own voice unto them. Accompanying the engraving is the History of the Book of Mormon, by Elder George Reynolds, which has been received by our readers with the utmost satisfaction and interest, and is beyond doubt the most complete and readable epitome of the whole subject ever published, embracing, as it does, an account of the contents and historical facts connected with its coming forth, and its circulation among the nations of the earth. Many of the most intensely interesting items in this connection were never before published, and certainly the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR may congratulate themselves on being in possession of most valuable and entirely reliable facts, compactly arranged and in form for preservation and ready reference upon this, one of the principal features of Church history.

We might enumerate the other series' in the volume, but it is not necessary. Volume Five of the CONTRIBUTOR will ever be known as the Book of Mormon volume, and we are led to hope will ever be taken up with pleasure and perused with profit.

For Volume Six it was suggested, perhaps by the death of the venerable and beloved Bishop Hunter, that it be made the volume of the Bishops, at least that it contain in its leading pages an account of the Aaronic Priesthood and the varied and exceedingly important principles associated therewith, in the Government of God. It occurred to us that in olden times much was written—the burden of Scripture in fact—upon the nature, duties, obligations, authority and labors of the Lesser Priesthood, while in modern times, especially in later years, greater prominence has been given by writers to the High or Melchisedec Priesthood, its authority, duties, etc. On submitting the proposition, to make the Aaronic Priesthood the leading feature of the new volume, to the authorities, it met their cordial approval, and Bishop Orson F. Whitney, whose literary ability is well known, and whose interest in the subject, both from his office and connection with one of the presiding Bishops, is naturally very great, was solicited to undertake the preparation of the series. At first he hesitated, but upon further reflection, and on learning the wishes of Presiding Bishop William B. Preston, he consented to undertake the task, one which as it grows upon him is giving him great pleasure, and we doubt not will be gratefully appreciated by the many readers of the CONTRIBUTOR, who cannot fail to be edified and blessed in the careful reading of so grand and yet familiar a subject, when presented in a form, we have every reason to expect, will meet the wishes and approval of all intelligent readers.

To make the Bishops' volume—as we expect Volume Six will be so designated—of the greatest possible interest to the Bishops and Lesser Priesthood and to the people in general, we have arranged to present, in connection with our leading serial, full-page portraits of the four

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principal Bishops of the Church, viz: Edward Partridge, the first Bishop, who was in the days of Kirtland and Missouri, ever distinguished by the Lord as, "The Bishop of my Church in Zion;" Newel K Whitney, Bishop of Kirtland and in Nauvoo, and for many years Presiding Bishop in the valleys where he died; Edward Hunter, late Presiding Bishop, whose familiar form and eccentric ways are yet green in the memory of the living; William B. Preston, present Presiding Bishop; all men whose history and characters are dear to the Latter-day Saints, and whose faces will be looked upon with pleasure, as reminders of the various periods of Church history which they severally represent.

Other serial articles will be contributed by Elders George Reynolds, B. H. Roberts, H. W. Naisbitt, William W. Day and others, upon a variety of subjects already announced in the prospectus of the volume. We are promised, in addition to these, some pen portraits of the so-called "Utah reformers," in which the characteristics of those who have been prominent in their enmity to our people will be "photographed" by the satirical pen of Elder John Nicholson. Historical Fulfilment of Ancient Prophecies, another serial that escaped mention in the prospectus, will be contributed by Edward E. Brain; and the volume promises to be better supplied with correspondence from abroad, and sketches of people, places and incidents of lasting interest, than any previous one. We respectfully return our thanks to the patrons of the magazine who have assisted in making it successful, and trust they will be better pleased with the forthcoming volume than with any of its predecessors.

## "FOR THE TRUTH'S SAKE."

THE blood of the martyrs has been taken again to establish the work of God in this generation. The sad event of August 10th, which records the cruel massacre of four of the servants of God, swells the long list of those who have fallen by the hand of violence for the Truth's sake. The promises of God are sure, and experience teaches us that faith in them will be verified even to the cruel extreme. Some must seal their testimony with their life's blood. It has ever been so from the beginning, and the Saint whose bosom swells with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit feels in his heart that whatsoever God may require to make his salvation sure and to promote the work of the Lord, is its highest and best desire. To such it is easy to win a martyr's crown. For them we can but rejoice, even in the midst of our sorrow and lamentations over the cruelty that deprives us of their companionship and robs us of their aid and society here. We must bow, in such emergencies, to the will of Him who doeth all things well; whose purposes are not always manifest to us, but whose interest in the mission we are performing in this life is greater than our own, and whose wisdom is not as the wisdom of men.

The testimony of such a scene as was enacted on that Sabbath morning in Tennessee ought to convict reasonable, intelligent men everywhere, who learn the truth regarding it, of the divinity of the mission the Elders were performing. The blood of martyrs has always been shed for truth, it is not necessary that it be taken to establish error. The father of lies is content to let his children enjoy unmolested the brief period of mortal life, but his vengeance frequently overreaches its object in his endeavor to block the progress of truth by taking the lives of those who advocate it. Truth will prevail, and nothing that the wickedness of Satan, operating through the blindness of a dark and spiritually benighted generation, can do will hinder its progress or delay its glorious victory.

We sorrowfully mourn the loss of Elders John H. Gibbs and Wm. S. Berry and of the young men who stood by them to the death in their hour of martyrdom. With Brother Gibbs we were personally acquainted, and had enjoyed his society under most delightful circumstances. He was as pure minded and upright as any man we ever knew. His greatest interest was in the welfare of Zion, and he was a worker among the

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young men of the Improvement Associations, whose example was almost perfect. He undertook a few years ago, at the time he was president of the Association at Paradise, to effect a reformation among the members and the young men of the settlement generally, not only to have them keep the Word of Wisdom, but to reform their lives so far as bad habits, vulgar speech or conduct marred them. To accommplish this task, he prayed fervently for guidance and became satisfied that it would be better to avoid in public meetings making any reference to the work he had undertaken. He resolved upon making a confidant of every young man known to have bad habits, and between each and himself, alone, to reprove their sins, elicit confession and reconcile them to repentance, and thus save his brethren. How many young men of Paradise and Richmond know of these confidential labors and have been blessed by them, we do not know, but we are sure that Elder Gibbs' memory will ever be dear to very many because of them. We sympathize with the bereaved families of these noble men of God, who have given their lives for the Truth's sake. May the comforting influence of the Spirit of God abide with them, that even they may see in their present loss the infinite gain that our Father shall work out for them and those faithful to Him. We shall publish in the next issue of the CONTRIBUTOR a complete historical statement of the massacre and the incidents connected therewith, written for the magazine by Elder B. H. Roberts.

## THE CITADEL OF GAETA.

AMONG the great conflicts which in later years have shaken Europe, and in which our own country has taken so deep an interest, we ought to remember Garibaldi's brave contest in the south of Italy, in 1860, which joined at last both of the Sicilies to one part of the united Italy. How often was Gaeta mentioned in the reports of the conflict. It was at Gaeta that King Bomba, the last of the Neapolitan Bourbons, faithfully assisted by his Amazon wife, defended his fallen throne. It was here, in their last stronghold, the Bourbon dynasty of Naples, so hateful to the friends of liberty, ended its days. Gaeta was its last protection, and did not surrender until sickness and loss made any further defense of its terribly assailed fortress impossible to maintain longer.

Those who lived before these events may remember the revolutionary year 1848, when Pope Pius IX was obliged to fly from Rome and seek refuge in Gaeta. And if one go further back in the history of Italy, he will find that once before has a pope found shelter within its massive walls, and many times has Gaeta endured famous sieges. In 1712, the Austrians, after having discharged twenty thousand cannon shots and thrown in fourteen hundred bombs, succeeded in taking Gaeta from its small band of defenders, consisting of two thousand four hundred Spaniards.

In 1806, Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I, besieged it for six months before the fortress fell into his hands. The name Gaeta will always bring to the mind of the well educated, memories of bold conflict and patient endurance. We can trace it back to the darkness of legendary time, and to the Roman period. Virgil tells us that its Latin and ancient name, Cajeta, has its origin from having been the burial-place of Cajeta, the nurse of Æneas, who followed him here after his long travels. Strabo says it comes from a Laconian term, Baidria, a hollow or cavity, alluding to a receding of the shore. Gaeta, indeed, can rival Rome in age, and during the reign of her emperors was a favorite resort for the nobles. In Gaeta are many classic remains. There are to be seen ruins of villas, theatres, and of the circus, and there is a fine marble vase by the Athenian sculptor, Salpione. In the great strong tower of the citadel is the tomb of the Constable Bourbon, killed when Rome was taken in 1527. In its early growth we see the coming grandeur of Italy's proudest republics. There are now above sixteen thousand people in Gaeta, thriving upon its fisheries, and oil and wine and fruit trade.

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Gaeta is most beautifully situated on a promontory projecting into the Mediterranean, and joined to the mainland by a low, narrow isthmus, protected by solid walls. On the top of this promontory is the circular tower d' Orlundo, said to be the ancient mausoleum of Lucius Munatius Glaucus, the friend of Augustus.

The striking position of Gaeta makes it a strong fortress, and also gives it a delightful climate. So high is the promontory that on all sides the cooling sea breezes come, soothing and allaying the oppressive summer heat. Its beautiful bay has been celebrated in the verse of Homer, Virgil and Horace. The deep blue sky, the not less glorious ocean; the glowing, ever changing green and olive and orange, all worked into life with Horace's fairest children by the warm sun of lovely Italy, contribute to the great attractions of this fair spot of earth. Beyond the region of the Alps the sun never shines as brightly as on Gaeta's matchless landscape, with its ever variegated charm.

If you are right, you can conquer.

## THE ONE WAY.

MEN acquire impressions in regard to some matters, more from their own feelings than from honest love of the right and true. There are those, also, who assert themselves and parade their knowledge in such a way that it becomes an offense even without intention. The best and most successful of teachers are those who have humbly sought without dogmatism to present the truth, whether that truth was new, or seen in new combinations, or as being arrived at through the flexible law of personal experience.

Truth may be so advocated that it shall repel, or it may be so clad that it is transparent as the atmosphere of early summer. The tone, the language, the spirit of an educational effort may win the heart, and satisfy the judgment, and convert the soul, where another teacher may be accepting and enforcing the very same truth, principle, dogma or thought, and resistance will be evoked; there will be repulsion rather than attraction, and increased prejudice rather than education. There are those who are advocates of plain speaking, and these in practice rarely "become all things to all men in order that they may save some," their own ideas, conceptions, and evidences or proofs, are not as conclusive to everybody as to themselves, and repudiation of vital truths is not always the product of prejudice, or from desire to avoid an issue because of consequences.

In the presentation of unknown truths, by an experienced speaker, there is always present the assumption of ignorance as to the listener, and there is nothing more offensive to a sensitive and conscientious mind than the implication of ignorance; by an expression, self-respect or self-love may be so wounded, that time alone will bring healing enough for after consideration.

Truths are often most potent when presented by illustration. Eastern methods are apparently more decided in this direction than are those practiced by the denizens of a more cold and northern temperature. The Bible is a literal storehouse of teaching by illustration, and no teacher ever reached the matchless method adopted by Jesus of bringing home through the every-day avocations of life, the sublime, yet simple truths He taught.

How many hardened men and worldly women have melted beneath the parable of the prodigal son? How many resolves have borne precious grain in the harvest field of sectarian religious life, from fervid home thrusts drawn from this pregnant illustration? Take the parables of the vineyard, the sower, the fisherman's net, the lost sixpence, and many others, and the secret as to why "the common people heard him gladly," is very easy of solution. Somewhere it is said that "a truth poorly presented is

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of less force than an erroneous principle well presented," and it was doubtless something of this idea which found expression in the heading of *The Mormon*, published by President Taylor in the city of New York: "It is better to represent ourselves, than to be misrepresented by others;" yet even this might have been supplemented by an idea uttered by the once reformer, Joseph Barker, he said, "I am not so anxious that the people should understand me, as that they shall not misunderstand me."

Immortal John Bunyan was an apt desciple of Paul in his estimate of human nature, and in his desire by adaptation to reach for good the greatest number of his fellowmen. Hear how he sings:

"You see the ways the fisherman doth take
To catch the fish; what engines he doth make.
Behold! how he engageth all his wits;
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks and nets!
Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine, can make thine;
They must be groped for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catched whate'er you do.
How does the fowler seek to catch his game?
By divers means, all which one cannot name.
His guns, his nets, his lime-twigs, light and bell;
He creeps, he goes, he stands, yea, who can tell
Of all his postures? Yet there's none of these
Will make him master of what fowl he please.
Yea, he must pipe and whistle to catch this,
Yet, if he does so, that bird he will miss."

It is partly, no doubt, due to this, that his wonderful allegory, embracing the travels of Christian and his family from "the City of Destruction," to the "Celestial City," has won such a marvelous and enduring popularity, and making it next to the Bible, the most extensively translated and published of all the books of Christendom.

A truth may be eternal and logical to the extreme, and yet rebellion seems to spring from its promulgation; of such principles that of the unity of salvation, is the most prominent, but it often offends because of its presentation; and while no man of conviction or experience would seek to evade the issues involved in such a truth, yet it may be softened by illustration, by conclusion drawn from every day experience, and by enlightened appeal to the reason, judgment and experience of those, who are strangers to the consideration of its righteousness and reasonableness, and repelled because there is more or less of reflection as to their research, intelligence and desire.

Men are willing to believe that in the days of the Savior it could be safely asserted, that in Him, and in His gospel alone, all men might find salvation; modern liberalism and unbelief doubts this because of the absorption of error, and thinks that the vast nations and hosts of heathendom, because they have never heard the name of Jesus Christ are forever numbered with the lost. There is, however, one church in Christendom that denies salvation to all heretics and unbelievers, and everywhere concludes that those living and dying without priestly teaching, without sacramental efficacy, without church membership, are verily and indeed the children of the evil one, and that salvation to those outside its pale, is of so little value and significance as to be unworthy of name.

Some of the daughters of this mother church, hold in a modified form to the power of her rites, ceremonies and priesthood, because they have become divested of the more glaring errors and evils of their gigantic and overshadowing spiritual predecessor. Then there are numberless sectaries and little church coteries, who hang and air their secession in some special or single truth, as though treason and division were only to be overlooked because of the infinitesimal reason for such secession.

Disputants are very rare in Christendom as to the need of salvation by fallen man, and probably most would admit that no system or order of things could be better or more likely to achieve this salvation, than the one revealed and established by Jesus; preached by His successors, and embalmed as history in the New Testament, loved and cherished ostensibly by myriads now, and in the ages of the past. Yet the churchman says, "Episcopalianism was good enough for my fathers and mothers, and I guess

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it will be good enough for me." The Methodist and the members of every religious body, say, "As my parents lived and died, so also will I live and die; and the gospel that saved them and gave them Jesus will surely give me the blessings I am satisfied they received." Their religious views are not personal but traditional, and query as to their truth or error, their value or consistency is as far from consideration as the ethics of Confucius.

It will be seen on trial, how far-reaching education, tradition and custom may be felt when you call in question by suggestion of personal enquiry the wisdom, devotion and religious life of a man's father, mother, or school teacher. Many rebel instinctively, some violently, but almost all resent this wholesale destruction of their "household gods." Yet, to call in question the conclusions of ages, seems to be in the line of every "Mormon" Elder's mission, or if not so, he, by virtue of ordination and testimony does this by the preaching of the Gospel, even if allusion to popular faiths is outside of his method and contrary to his calling. And yet it is astonishing how readily men lend themselves to the same vital truth when they meet it in the uncontroversial walks of life. It is incumbent on every child sent to school for the acquisition of the rudiments of mental and scholastic salvation, that he shall pursue an exclusive routine. A, B, C, is in the very nature of things at the threshold of advancement in this direction, and no "royal road" has ever yet been discovered that could dispense with so easily understood a course; it never yet was made the excuse for the withdrawal of a pupil that he was obliged to pursue this inexorable and exclusive method.

So when men seek to give their sons the knowledge of a trade or profession, when women seek to make their daughters good housekeepers, good prospective wives and mothers, the routine of discipline only begets experience when established upon well understood and everywhere acknowledged fundamentals of domestic success. Still more close is the parallel between the precision of courts in the granting of naturalization to the alien, and the precision of the Gospel in conferring blessings only, or at all events most assuredly through well arranged, and divinely revealed routine in the great science of salvation.

Charging the "Mormons" with dogmatism, with illiberality, with lack of charity, because they credit divinity with at least as much intelligence as man, is something that is strange, passing strange; to declare that human method means order, system, law, and to believe that divine method is confused and chaotic, that the methods devised are not best, the very best, without contest or equivocation, is to assign to Deity that mental and spiritual weakness and imbecility which all experience deprecates in man. In fact, the eternal unity and sameness of the Gospel plan, is the best evidence of its high origin and its infallible triumph; if so important a matter had been left to schools or governments, or if man had been endowed with the power of individual choice, yet limited vision, the membership of churches would have been also limited; for every man would have been his own, and the unity of creation, of science, of human practice in all material and progressive directions would only have burlesqued the insufficiency of Deity in the guarantees of a limitless and now assured future.

We are fond—that is, the religious world are fond—of quoting the realization of marvelous blessings on obedience to command; reference is made to the eating of the forbidden fruit; to Naaman the captain of the Syrian host; to the lifting up of the brazen serpent; to the sounding of the ram's horns around the walls of Jericho; to the building of Noah's Ark; but when it comes to Gospel rite, to baptism, to the laying on of hands, to the blessings following the believer, to the organization of the ancient church, to a Priesthood possessing authority, to the gathering of the Saints, to the building of the Kingdom of God upon the earth; sectarianism

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does not know, salaried ministers are not sure, Christendom waxes mad, and for God to interfere with or regulate society, in morals, in marriage, in religion, in colonization or trade is supposed to be repugnant to the civilization of this age, and a libel on the multiplicity of schools, the power of the press and the labors of a hireling ministry, so that nothing but persecution, oppression, falsehood and blood can meet or cope with the quietly asserted truths of the Gospel of Christ, and the testimony of the Elders in regard to "the dispensation of the fulness of times."

Yet "Mormonism" is truth, God's purpose is manifest in its promulgation and success, as well as in the reflection of that message which bringeth "salvation to all men," "especially them that believe." The unity and beneficence of the Almighty will be made manifest, and while human "ignorance and inherited superstition may bid defiance to the truth for but a little season, the prophet declared that in due time the Son of Man would be revealed, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel."

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### NOTICE.

THE Semi-Annual Conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations will be held probably on Sunday evening, October 5th, at least on one evening during the General Conference. The superintendents and other officers are requested to be present. It is expected that important instructions will be given the officers for the coming winter's session, and all, so far as possible, should avail themselves of their benefit. Those Stakes failing last spring to send their statistical reports are requested to do so now, that the general records may be complete for last season's work.

### QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.—EMERY STAKE.

THE conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. of this Stake was held at Castle Dale, Emery County, Utah, August 30, 1884, occupying the afternoon.

There were present on the stand, President Joseph F. Smith, Apostle Erastus Snow, President C. G. Larsen and counsel, and Bishops, High Councilors, presidents of Associations, etc.

Conference called to order by Superintendent Jewkes. Huntington choir sang. Prayer by Elder J. E. King, of Ferron. Castle Dale choir sang. Each Ward was represented and the Associations reported as doing well and holding meetings regularly except in one or two places; nearly every Association is raising a crop of grain with the intention of buying libraries with the proceeds; Huntington Association has a library already which consists of about one hundred and twenty-five volumes. Brother O. W. Warner, of Moab, gave some good instruction on the Word of Wisdom, followed by Superintendent S. R. Jewkes and J. F. Foot on same subject, all speaking from interesting experience.

The general and Stake officers were sustained, the latter as follows: S. R. Jewkes, superintendent; J. F. Wakefield and C. G. Larsen, Jr., counselors; John S. Curtis, recording secretary; M. E. Johnson, corresponding secretary; John Y. Jensen, treasurer.

President Joseph F. Smith addressed the congregation upon the subject of improvement and the objects of the Associations and duties of members and officers, and urged that we all endeavor to make the work of Mutual Improvement a success.

Huntington choir sang.

Benediction by Counselor C. G. Larsen, Jr.

*M. E. Johnson,*
Corresponding Secretary.

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